SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII NOVEMBER, 1902 NO. 5

IN THE PATHS OF IMMIGRATION

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. BURNS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

A Boy Immigrant.

IT is ten years now since that well-remembered epidemic of cholera in Hamburg among the Russian immigrants, which, being carried by them into New York Harbor, for some weeks kept this country in a fever of dread. The cholera did not obtain a hold among us at the time, nor afterward, but we can all very well recollect how general was the fear of it; and ever since then the business of transporting this class of travel has been allowed to continue only under the strictest oversight by the health authorities in this country and abroad, and, as an outcome of the restrictions imposed in 1892, the poor Russian who would now leave the old country for this more careful, if also more promising land of ours, finds his road hedged in with all kinds of bewildering regulations.

He comes—to take a well-travelled route—as one of several car-loads to Eydtkuhnen, the largest of the frontier towns of Germany, where a combination of four great Continental steamship companies has established, under the supervision of the German authorities, what are called "control-stations"—places where the immigrants are examined and inspected, persons and baggage, and detained in isolation until such time as there may be enough of them to make an economical shipment to the port where they are to take steamer. The idea is to keep them together, to allow them to mingle with none outside their own class—class as the authorities have determined it—until they are safe aboard ship.

A timid, wondering lot they appear to be when the train finally arrives at Eydtkuhnen. Before coming to the little bridge that spans the creek dividing the two countries here, they have been able to make out the armed Russian sentinels pacing back and forth, less than fifty metres apart, and very watchful that no man, woman, or child crosses the frontier without the usual papers. If the stranger must have a passport to break into Russia, the native needs a similar document to get out.

The train comes to a full stop. Their car-door is unlocked, a guttural guard "herauses" them out, and they scramble out and down to the platform with boxes, bundles, and babies dragged below and carried aloft. As Eydtkuhnen is a town of some importance, there are those from the train who, having some business to transact, are away to attend to it, after, of course, an inspection of their tickets by the uniformed guardian of the gate. But our immigrants, though they do not know what is to happen next, know very well that their way lies not after such free people, and so holding on to household goods and children, they halt for further orders. A Continental immigrant early learns that

Copyright, 1902, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when he arrives in a strange place, he must do nothing whatever in the line of progress until some official person in uniform comes along and gives him orders.

However, they are looked after eventually. "Auswanderer, Auswanderer, Herr Greunmann," shouts somebody, and another uniform comes along — epaulets, green coat, red stripes, buttons, and the cap with the official rating in metallic letters—waves an inclusive arm, and in the patois of some province or other of their country, which some understand and some do not, shouts at them that soon they will be taken to the steamship company's lodging-house and there attended to. And then comes the first man thus far out of uniform with whom they have had to deal, the superintendent himself—Herr Greunmann—a large man, with good-humor in his face, who goes among them, asks a question here, examines there, and finally gives them in charge of a little old man, with a puckered face, who skilfully masses them in an irregular square and starts them off for the company's lodging-house, where they are to stop for the night.

A two-story house is this where they lodge, wherein the floors are well scrubbed, with separate rooms for men and women, and bunks clean and inviting, though stacked in tiers and divided one from the other only by iron piping. On the ground floor is the kitchen, with long tables, on which always may be found the useful samovar. In the yard is a pump for fresh water, where the women may wash the dishes or small pieces of clothing, and against the walls are benches, whereon the men may sit and smoke and talk of things to come. There was, to bother them, a man of the company, not a learned man nor a man of importance, just one who looked like themselves, who went about without a uniform—yes, without a coat even—and who made it his business to be forever telling them that they must keep the place clean. To his bothersome ways they became accustomed only after two or three routings, when they minded him no more; and the building and its arrangements being very fine indeed, they all took great comfort there.

Next day, in the middle of the forenoon, came again to them the shrewd-looking little old man, who had led the march from the railroad station. Now he counted them over, up and down, and marched them, with their bags and bundles and babies, through the streets of Eydtkuhnen to the control-station. They had heard of that place, the control-station, and they knew that their ordeal was coming. They meas-

The cots were . . . like one wide bed divided into spaces by iron piping.—Page 522.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Waiting-room.

The immigrants sit in this room till the train is ready to take them to the coast. On each table is a samovar for their use.

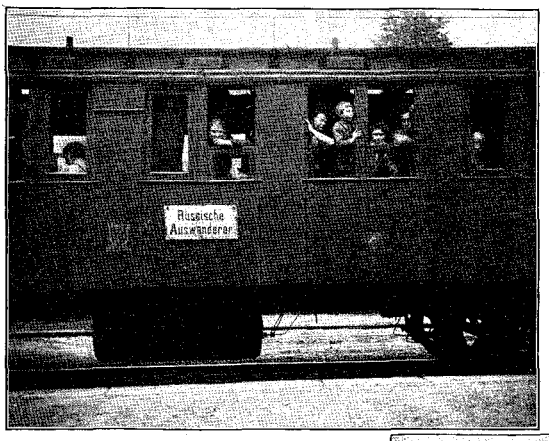
ured it up when they came to it—many buildings with a high fence all about, a gate that locked behind them, and a long board walk down which they filed under the hot sun until they came to the last building of all. Here they huddled together under the searching eye of a man, whom they all knew at once for the surgeon that was to examine them—he that was to say who had disease of the hair or the eyes, or any of the other forbidden infirmities—to say who might go on to America and who must go back to Russia.

A look of business had the surgeon. Fifteen thousand came under his hands and eyes every year, though our immigrants did not know that. The forty here now hardly made an average day for him, and he went at them with precision. First, he sized them up. Then the commands: "Now then! caps off and shirts open!" He didn't even look carefully about to pick any particular one, but suddenly said, "You!" and the man at the head of the line jumped painfully.

It was a lesson to watch that first man who had to face the surgeon. We, who have never lived in a country from which we are longing to escape, might not feel as did this man, to whom pretty nearly everything of moment in the world was at stake just then. There might be something wrong with his eyes or hair, or with some part of him inside—he did not know. He had never before been examined in this way by a doctor, and how was he to know? And so many had come back, too. Think what it meant to him if he was sent back. The money for his passage had come from a relative in America—possibly all the relatives for whom he cared were already in America. Think what this meant to him.

And so he faced the surgeon, while thirty-nine others fixed distressful eyes upon him as the indicator in a measure of their own fortunes. As he was served, so too would they be served. As a brave conscript might face his first battle, so did this man arise and walk toward the surgeon. It is a deep breath, and a tautening of the sinews. He draws nearer. The eyes begin to set, and the lips to tighten. He stands rigid before the man who is to decide his fate. The surgeon's hand draws his head forward, and the man quivers. The surgeon's voice, with the fingers rolling back

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Russian Immigrants en Route to Hamburg.

the lids of his eyes, commands his eyebrows to the light, and the man shivers. The surgeon drops him, and his chest flattens and his shoulders droop; but quickly the chest rounds out and the shoulders are squared when the professional hand again reaches for him, now to tap him over the heart and sound the lungs. Another look at the hair, and he is motioned on. He is not yet through, but he has passed thus far, and the shadow of tears leaves him. And around the room runs a wistful sigh of confidence. As it has been with him, so it may be with them.

Manager of the Control Station, Eydtkuhnen.

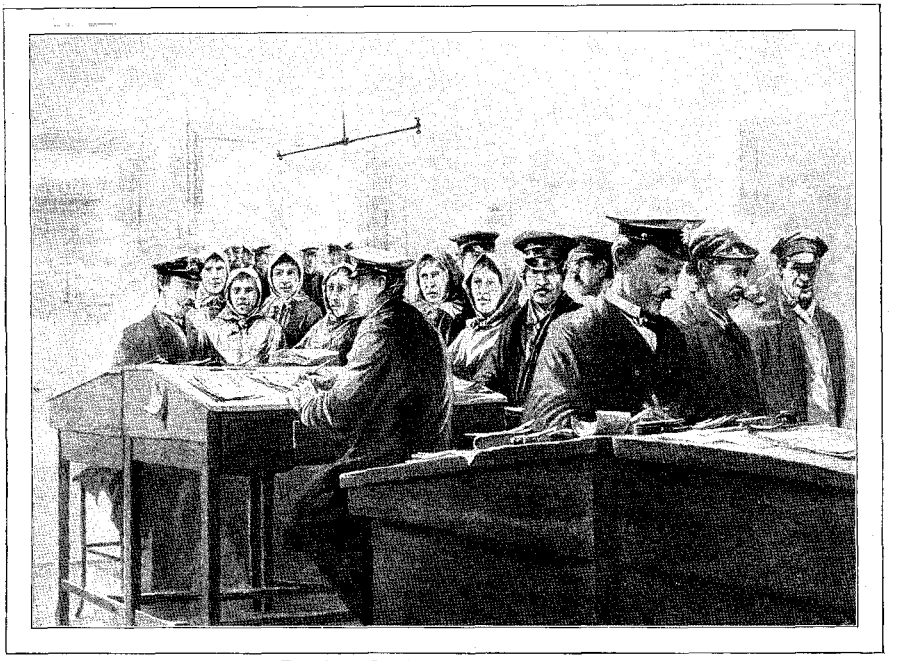
However, there were several rejections. There was the old woman who had come with her daughter and her daughter's children. The daughter's husband had sent the money on from America, and they had been rarely happy that morning Three more days and they would be on the great steamship, and then!—it was but a short trip to America then! But the old woman had a disease of the eyes. Did she not know? Know? and how should she know? Sickness of the eyes! She touched them with her fingers. Her eyes? She had seen to sew with them all her life. Why, she had seen to make all the clothes for all the babies with them—for all the babies. Only the last night at home, she had finished the dress the littlest one was even now wearing—oh—oh—the little baby! She looked over at the baby, and in her poor old eyes, despite the love of two generations, was seen the reason of the surgeon's decision. And the rejection held.

There was a young man, and a girl trying to soothe him—not an uncommon case—talking bravely to him as they sat together, she on the top of a green box and he below her on a round bundle of bedding. They may have been brother and sister, they may have been betrothed — certainly they cared for each other, and now they were to part.

There was another, a man of middle age, who sat over in the corner, as far away as he could get, with his bundles and boxes about him. When the door of that room should be thrown open and the gate of the control-station unlocked, he would be allowed to go out and wait for a train to take him back to Russia. He was a strong one, who had earned his passage-money himself, but now the years of saving were gone for naught. He would go back and live out his life in hard Russia, not in beautiful America. Why had somebody not told him and spared him the extra toil? What for now were the nights and days of pleasure he had put aside? He looked about him. Dry as the old woman's eyes were his own hopeless eyes, but for him there was not even the prattle of a little child to lead to an hour's forgetfulness.

The accepted ones passed out of that room and into another, where, on command, they discarded coats, waistcoats,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Examining Immigrants' Papers, Hamburg.

and hats, which were piled up on the slatted tables—coats, waistcoats, and hats in separate heaps. For any money or jewelry they might have to check they received a numbered tin tag, which was hung around the neck by a string, and guarded as if it were a religious token. Some seemed to have nothing to check.

And now they were told to separate, the women to the right-hand room, the men to the left, where they were to take a bath while their outer clothing should be undergoing disinfection in the big steam-box.

On the men's side the surgeon came again and examined them yet more closely. There was no delay, except for consultation over a young man who happened to be gifted with a right dorsal muscle that stuck out like a fin. He was a young fellow with a good face, which blushed during all the time his muscular formation was under discussion. His name was shouted back and forth. The superintendent was called in to look, and then somebody else was called in to look. Every other immigrant in the bath-room stretched his neck and had a look. The lad squirmed. There was nothing there to hinder him from becoming a good citizen or doing a good day's work—they agreed on that. And he seemed to be a well-behaved and hard-working lad, too. But this peculiar development had to be noted, despite the lad's mortification. So they set it down on a blank form, with his name, and age, and other things, before they allowed him to pass on to his bath.

After the bath they had only to go down to the superintendent's office, settle for their tickets, if they had not already done so, and then all sit around in the waiting-room until the officials should make ready the train that was to take them on to Hamburg or Bremen or whatever port it was to be. So they waited, with everybody having a little something to eat while waiting. And a little something to drink, too. There were two tables, with a good-working samovar on each, and they made tea, and got out their bread, cheese, and dried beef. Some there were who had sweet brandy, by these much preferred to tea. So they ate and drank and chattered and looked after the babies—and there was a nursery of babies—watching them while they rolled around, soothing them when they cried. Things were looking brighter now.

They had hoped to be away by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Last Examination.

middle of the afternoon, but it was nearly dark when the train pulled out. A half dozen had come to join them during the day, and they were now forty-odd in number, divided between two little cars on the end of the train. Such little cars! No seats such as are given to ordinary travellers, but narrow benches, lengthwise along the sides. By crowding close they all found room.

It seemed to be a sort of accommodation train this, that bumped along after a way of its own and stopped at the smallest stations. All along the road people left the cars and went away—that is, from every car except theirs. They were locked in, although not on that account forgotten. Whenever they seemed to be side-tracked, or whenever, for one reason or another, the train halted for longer than five minutes, a man would come, always in uniform, stick his head through the upper part of the door and gaze around upon them, count them over, and check up the tally on what must have been his official list. "As if we would escape!" commented an immigrant with an eloquent shrug of the shoulders.

There was not much sleeping among them that night. They curled up on the benches and on the floor and pretended to sleep, but there was really very little sleeping among them. They had had a good sleep in the lodging-house at Eydtkuhnen the night before, and because of that, and possibly because this was really their first night away from their own country, they did not feel quite like it. The babies slept of course, though restlessly, with now and again a cry for the mother. It was rather a springless sort of car for young ones, but they slept. At every station the more nervous of the elders were up and crowding the square little windows to see what was doing outside. At such places there was a great banging of doors from the other cars, but nothing from their cars. Their doors were shut, and kept shut. But the guard, the inevitable man in uniform, kept looking in the same as ever, except that now, with the darkness covering all things, he held up a lantern.

It was good when morning came, and especially good when they were allowed to leave the car at one station and get under a pump. It had been a hot summer's night, with no water in their cars, and they bathed hands and faces, and let it run streaming over neck and chest, and drank it up until they could hold not another drop. Ah, but it was good! And they filled their water-bottles until they spouted from the neck like little hydrants.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the morning they watched other immigrants coming in from the train.

Back to the cars after that, and then their morning meal, which was much the same as at Eydtkuhnen, except that now there was no samovar, and so no hot tea, no fine coffee. Some, grieving for their usual tea or coffee, consoled themselves with a swallow of sweet brandy from companions more variously provided. Later in the morning the station boys, who attended the trains with loaded trays of foaming beer, sometimes found time to come to them, after all the other cars had been supplied, and then it was good, that beer; but not all could afford it.

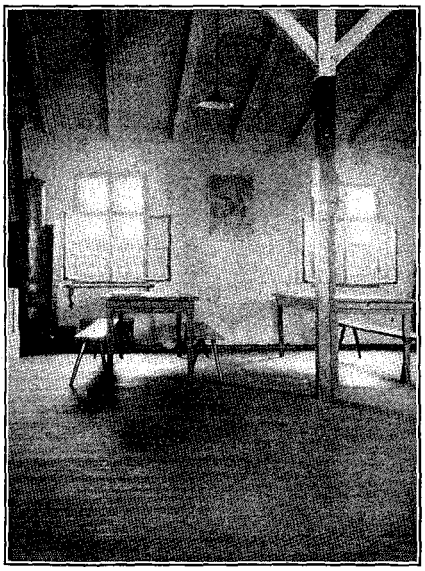
Through all the long, hot day the train made its way over the fertile fields of northern Germany. At every station our immigrants could see men and women rush from the train toward the platform, and other men and women rush from the platform toward the train, and meeting, there would be a laugh, a cry, an embrace, and children, maybe, held up to be kissed. But none rushed from out of their cars, no more than did any rush toward their cars for greeting. And babies to be kissed! Yes, when they cried, a mother's kiss was needed to quiet them. However, these others did not mean that they were to remain unnoticed. Quite often people did come up, and stand, and stare at them, and read and re-read the placards beneath the little windows of their two cars. RUSSISCHE AUSWANDERER it said on each placard—RUSSISCHE AUSWANDERER—in big black letters. People spelled that out—not the best of people, perhaps, but yet free people, who could come and go as they wished—people spelled it out and repeated it to each other, and then looked up at them with immense curiosity—and sometimes laughed aloud.

In the evening they came to the great city of Berlin. None of them had ever seen Berlin before, and none of them could say for certain that this was Berlin, but in some way the word got to them and they gazed eagerly out of the little windows. Berlin! They knew of it as the great city of the great German Empire, as St. Petersburg was of mighty Russia. Berlin, St. Petersburg, London, Paris—they knew them for the great cities of the world. And this New York they were going to? Larger than them all, said one. Larger than Berlin? Yes, indeed. Ah! they gurgled at that, and took a fresh look at the lights of Berlin from out of the little windows.

They were held for several hours at Berlin, guarded more carefully than ever, and before they left it, some time in the middle of the night, other cars were added to the train—from Poland, Austria, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

southern Russia they were told—and all went on together. Morning was longer in coming this time, even though earlier in the evening they had thought they would be sleepier than on the previous night. All day long they had been munching at their poor food, but munching is hardly eating, and there had been no hot tea, nor coffee, and they missed them so. They were thirsty, too—no water in their cars since Berlin, water-bottles empty, and no chance to refill them along the way. They had stopped at many places—it seemed as if they were forever switching and jolting—and at many of these places they had seen drinking-fountains, but the guards would not open the doors for them and nobody quite dared to climb through the little windows.



There were the separate kitchens for Jews and for Christians.—Page 522.

They slept all over the car that night, curled up on the benches, tucked under the benches, sprawling about the floor, and two there were with heads under the stove that still remained in the car from colder days. The benches were not so bad, thought some. As wide as a small man's foot was long they were, and there were those who managed to hang on to a three-foot section of it lengthwise. By bending the stiffening joints, one could manage. The great trouble about sleeping was that the benches not being fastened down, and also the legs not being quite equal in length, and the floor not quite even, and the matter of flat wheels and bad springs not having been carefully looked after in the construction of their cars—the bother at times, accented also at sharp curves, was to stay in the same spot where one turned in, especially if it was on top of a bench and not under it. And so it happened that most of them awoke many times during the night to the fact that their sleep was not as sweet as they had found it in dreams of happier nights. But even to these morning came at last. With apathetic eyes they arose and viewed the sliding landscape. By this time they were rather tired of that same landscape, and it drew no particularly approving comment from them; but when they heard that they were nearing Hamburg, and when at length they came into sight of that city, they stirred themselves. The tall masts, the first signs of the immense shipping of the port, were viewed by them with wonder. Some of them had never before seen a ship. They had seen river boats in their own country and along their line of travel, but nothing like these tall ships in the distance.

When the train stopped—and for them the last time it was to stop—they found themselves close to the famous Auswanderer-hallen, the finest thing of its kind in the world, descriptions of which had come back to them from friends and relatives gone before. A collection of many fine buildings they saw it to be, with a fence around all, the same as at Eydtkuhnen, though here it was a much more luxurious place. For those who could not carry all their bundles in one load—and there were some such, among the old women especially, tired after their long journey—for these there were stout young porters of the steamship company to take what was left behind. This was good of the company indeed, although they had no manner of doubt that it was done to save valuable time.

In the waiting-room were the most comfortable benches—benches with backs—and on the walls the notices were in Russian as well as German, and truly that was a great convenience. A keen-eyed energetic little man, surprisingly agile for his age, hopped in and about among them,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Immigrants' Waiting-room, Hamburg.

asking questions of everybody and taking care to put them all in the right way of things. Like a clicking mill-wheel he was, so snappy and quick, but he was kind to the women and children, and patient with the men. It was he who saw them to a room where, behind a rail and many desks, were many clerks asking quick questions, and setting everything down on large sheets of paper. Such foolish questions, too, some of them, and such personal questions, others; but, of course, one had to answer.

And more examinations in baths, not for them who had come from Eydtkuhnen—no, God be praised, not for them—but for some who had come from other places, and for others of whom the surgeons were not quite sure. Eyes and hair again, yes—and bundles that did not have the red disinfecting cross to go through the steam-box yet.

It was the control-station all over again, but here things were so much better. Truly, one could go through this examination, if examination there must be, in comfort. Comfort? Luxury! Such great high rooms, with cement floors all so clean, and in the bath-rooms white tiles against the walls and porcelain basins to wash the face and hands in—everywhere arrangements like that. Was it not like in fine houses? And if one had money, there were Hôtel Nord and Hôtel Sud. Such large buildings they were, one for the women and the other for the men, where for two marks—one ruble—in the day, one might sleep in a bed in a room where only three other beds were, and could eat in a great wide hall, where hot faces might be cooled by the pleasant breezes that came in from the veranda through one door and out the other.

And there were the shops where things could be bought cheaply, one for the men and another for the women, outside each of which it was painted beautifully on a tall board what one could buy inside—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

skirts, shoes, stockings, corsets, gloves, bonnets, parasols, and what not—everything a woman might need if she wished to look her best when at last, with the long voyage ended, she stood among her friends on the other side of the great ocean. For the men it was the same—the tall board with the paintings of shirts, suspenders, waistcoats, hats—such fine, round, hard hats. Who could not be satisfied?

And when it was time to eat, there were the separate kitchens for Jews and for Christians, and eating places also apart. And no weak one need be tempted through shame or hunger to avoid religious duties here, and when it came time there were the places of worship for all; for the Jew his synagogue with the round top, for the Catholic his church with the cross, and for the Protestant also a church, with a place for the Emperor—all fine buildings with plenty of seats. And in the evening there was the garden, along the paths of which were placed such comfortable benches, where once more the elder men might sit together and smoke and discuss the greater things, and the younger ones sit and talk or remain silent, as they wished.

A Type of Immigrant.

That night they went to bed by electric light, in a long room, where the cots were not in tiers as at Eydtkuhnen, like one wide bed divided into spaces by iron piping only; but here there were two rows of beds, every bed resting on the floor by itself, with a decent space on either side, so that he who cared might feel free to undress, and not go to sleep in his clothes. And if it were cold weather now, those of them who knew told the other wondering ones that they would be kept warm by the steam, which, as well as the electric lights, was everywhere to be had in this wonderful place. And for all this, a mark and sixty pfennigs, less than one ruble, and if one had not that to pay—well, if he was a Jew, there was a committee of rich Jews in Hamburg who saw that the money was paid to the steamship company, and if he was not a Jew—well, there was some mysterious way.

In the morning they stood by and watched other immigrants coming in from the train, and by and by—about noon it was—they were all told to get ready to leave for the steamer. That was the announcement that thrilled them. Somewhere in the river below the steamer that was to take them to America was even then waiting. Hurriedly they gathered their bundles together and made ready the children, seeing to it that all the little ones got into their stockings and shoes, except of course those that had no stockings nor shoes to get into.

The company's band was playing lively airs while they were assembling. It was this same band that had played to them in the yard the day before, that played every afternoon in fact. Now when they were about to leave for the steamer this lively band helped to put heart into them again. It was American music they were playing, something that would tempt a lame man to hop along bravely, and to the marching music of that band they left the wonderful Auswanderer-hallen behind. The company was good to them again. A wagon with two strong horses came to take all their heavier bundles. But there were some who, trusting no wagon, preferred to take their bundles on their backs, and they did so.

Out they went, across the long bridge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the Way from the Train to the Auswanderer-Hallen.

above the Elbe, down the dark quay and aboard the tender—the little ship. Down the river the tender took them, past the great ships, which, now that they were close to them, looked greater than ever—greater than anything they had ever heard or been told of—as high as a synagogue were some, or a church, and as long as a village street. And such chimneys out of them! Was it in one of these immense things they were to cross the great sea? Surely no waves could ever sink them? But they had been sunk. So? What storms there must be on the ocean!

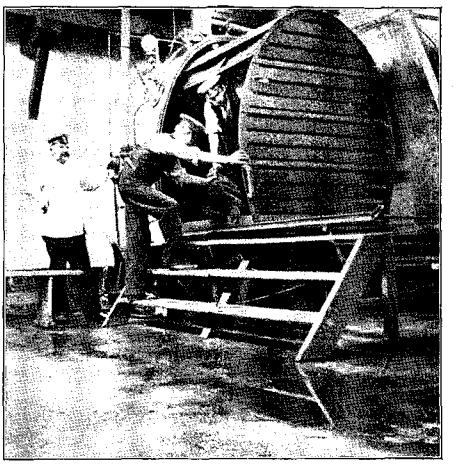
Once more they went ashore, and again it was a surgeon who looked at doubtful eyes. Back again to the tender by way of a gangway, where they were rushed along and counted like so many sheep, down the river again, down past the great ships—such a lot of great ships!—until to their own particular great ship they came at last, none of them all larger than she. They had to look almost straight up in the air to see all of her. Then it was more shouting, more ropes, more hurrying—would there never be an end to the hurrying? But aboard they were at last. Amid a shouting and a churning and a heaving of ropes they were aboard at last—crowding and bumping, up the gang-plank and down the long deck, and at last below. Amid rows of tiered bunks packed close together they were now, but they had come to a place of rest at least, and dropping their bundles and thankfully sitting on them, they heaved sighs all around and listened to the music that came floating down to them from the upper deck. Most significant—though not to them—was that music. The ship's band, while they were piling aboard, was playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." These poor immigrants did not know what national air it was, did not know that it was a national air at all, this story of an incident in connection with the flag that to them was soon to stand for so much, and to their children after them, if their blood was not water, so very much more.

That trip with those Russian immigrants was not carried beyond the lower decks of the German liner, as she lay at the mouth of the Elbe River, although we know that in good time they reached New York. Possibly all things were not to their entire liking, but it was assumed that our steerage passengers were carried across the ocean with as much comfort or lack of discomfort as could be reconciled with a fair profit on the amount of passage-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money paid in. Considered merely as a business proposition in the case of a company with a plan big enough to construct the Auswanderer-Hallen at Hamburg at a cost of $350,000, one might fairly assume that, and feel safe in jumping over to Havre, France, there to observe the treatment meted out on the ocean trip to another great body of immigrants.

The type of immigrant that is particularly interesting in the United States by reason of the strange customs and the new tints he is adding to the nation's life, comes from southern Europe and Asiatic Turkey, from the Mediterranean countries of Asia and Europe and from southern Russia, Austria, and France.



The big steam-box in which the outer clothing of the immigrant undergoes disinfection.—Page 517.

Havre offers a quick route for the greater part of southern Europe, and so these countries choose to shoot their emigrants through here. From Asiatic and European Turkey, from southern Russia, from Greece, from Austria and Italy they start for us; by way of Smyrna, Constantinople, Piræus and Naples, through Moscow, Vienna, and Berlin they come, and increasing as they come, so that when they reach Paris, where all rail routes converge, there is a vast army of them. Here they are gathered like lost tribes and set right on their wandering journey. At Havre they, too, are switched on to stone piers, passed through physicians' hands, and later hustled into the holds of great ships. Eventually all are dumped into New York, where the wide-meshed Immigration Bureau, taking charge, sifts them through Ellis Island and discharges them on to the country.

One of the biggest liners sailing out of France, with 800 steerage passengers aboard, was selected for observing the manner of handling steerage passengers bound for America.

A firm conclusion reached after the experience of that trip is that an immigrant of this class has to put up with much unnecessarily unpleasant treatment: First, simply because he is an immigrant, and therefore in judgment meriting it; and, secondly, because, being what he is, he has not yet learned to protect himself. The picture conjured up by the term "immigrant" in the minds of those who have their care *en route* is not at all the color of the vision that arises before us with the word. Here in America we have a notion of a band of earnest, and it may be, if we are uncharitable, worn and unwashed men and women with families (though the family and the washing are really outside for the moment), hurrying from hard conditions of life—scant, underpaid labor, ignorance, oppression, misrule—pressing on to what they must conceive to be a bright land of promise, or they would not be rushing here—to a glorious young country, where all men are free and equal and all that sort of thing. But the man who has to see that these immigrants are given food and bunk, and that they do not fall sick below, has no such fancies; his sympathy, he will tell you, is not for the immigrants, but for the country that is to get them.

Those in charge of the immigrant from southern Europe will tell you that he is not a desirable creature. They have handled many, many thousands of his kind, and they should know something of him now. The company transports him, it is true, but as to that, he is freight, freight of good profit. The company would take freight to the highest degree distasteful, if so be the rates were paid. Indeed, yes, it is business. There is a large profit in the immigrant—oh, yes—but as a fellow-passenger, he is—oh, well, repulsive, repugnant, or whatever you say in your language. He has such ways, such habits that are—well—objectionable, would you

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Down the river the tender took them.

say? He is neglectful of the commonest civilities, he is slothful, he is boorish, he is—m-m—dirty. And his manners! b-r-r h! He is—Oh, what is he not that is distressful?

It is the steerage stewards that tell you this. They are pleasant little fellows, these stewards—courteous, cheerful, entertaining, even desirous (after you have attended to the matter of the tip) that you will take with them an extra dipper of wine from their table after the others have gone. Chemical, purple wine it is, but no matter, you like them already and you feel that you will like them better before the trip is done. But even as they tell you these things, and even while you appreciate their kindness and good-fellowship, you also feel that there is much in their own attitude to set on edge the feelings of a self-respecting immigrant, who is made to understand from the first that he is low-caste aboard ship. He needs not the gift of intuition to discover that. It almost rises up and hits him in the face.

It is possible that the poor immigrant is deficient in many ways. He may not be given to a morning tub and to regular tooth-brushes. He may be unaware of the uses of many modern improvements, of the latest things in plumbing, of the last variation in court etiquette. Of many other curious devices he is not cognizant. He himself suspected it long ago, and every surreptitious peep into luxurious second-class quarters is strengthening lately acquired suspicions that he is missing some desirable things in life. That he is really behind the age in many particulars is not to be denied. He would

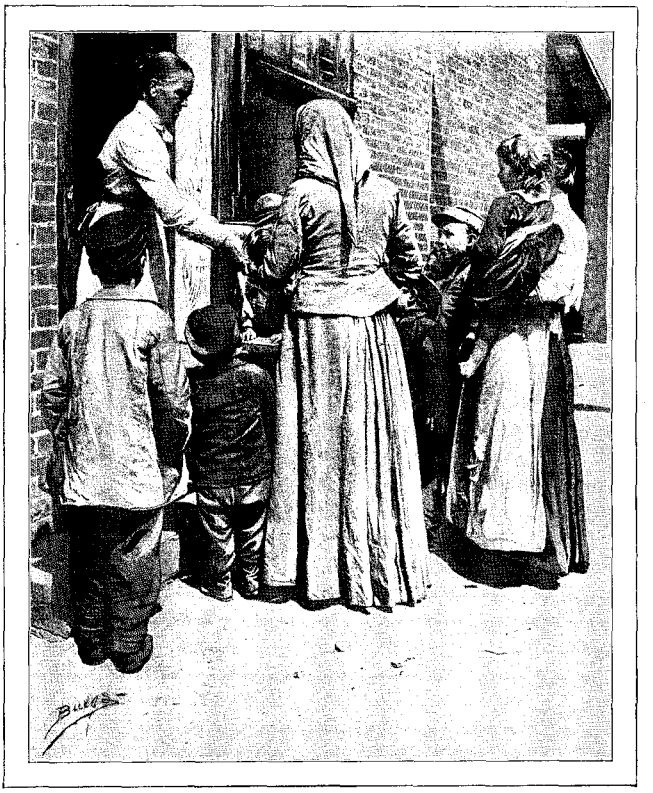
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

probably admit it to anybody who would present the argument in speech that would not damage the little self-respect that still clings to him.

But it is rather rough that before he heaves in sight at all, before his height, weight, complexion, or shape of head is known, he is assumed to be an inferior kind of creature, a dull brute on whom consideration would be thrown away. And there you have it. And from the time he crawls out of his bunk in the morning, until he backs in again at night, and crawls out again next morning—he is "up against" the hard features of steerage transportation.

If the servants of the company would but be kind to him, the immigrant's lot would not be so bad; but the servants of the company are not kind to him. The stewards, quoted in a previous paragraph, really come nearest of all to extending him kindness aboard ship. (Possibly that is because they have the feeding of him.) One might think that the ship's crew would be disposed above all others to show sympathy for the immigrants. But it does not seem to run that way. Steerage and crew, as things go ashore, would be rated about the same caste. If it is a question of social standing, as conventionally measured, neither has much the advantage—as a class. It may be true that the immigrant has small use for a sailorman. But as it lies principally with the ship's people whether relations are to be friendly or otherwise, and as the crew generally prefer to squelch any advances on the part of the steerage, with the crew should rest the blame.

Now should these same immigrants make the trip back, after having lived here ten, fifteen, or twenty years, they will look for a different state of affairs. They will resent the old treatment, and if the ship's people persist, they will complain, even when they suspect the complaint will never reach head-quarters. The difference between the green immigrant and the same man after he has lived in the United States for a decade or two is well known to steamship servants. It is common talk



At the Kitchen Door.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

below deck on ocean liners that steerage going west and steerage going east are not to be handled in quite the same way.

The moral of it all may only be a logical deduction from the social evolution which has for a long time now been considered an inevitable, or possibly indispensable, part of our better growth, and which—or something like it—will enter into our growth for a long time to come. It is likely that in the future this social development may take on less violent transitions than some we have seen in the past, although that is open to free argument. The average immigrant that comes here and soaks in our national life during a residence among us of ten or twenty or thirty years, is a vastly better creature, take him all round, than when he came to us a timorous immigrant. He is aware of the change, rates himself the higher for it, and expects that others will rate him higher also, and, without stopping to reason it out, the others do so.

AT EVENFALL IN THE GARDEN

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

UNDER the swaying tops of the ancient and overgrown garden,
Lighter than south winds blow, what is it flowers so long,
While yearly in honeyed drops the gums of the plum-tree harden,
And the bird, as long ago, stirs with the dream of a song?

Through breast-high hedges of box, and beside the old blossoming border,
Beside the moss-green walls where the dewy pathways meet,
Through the clove-gilly and phlox and the wandering woodbine's disorder,
While the slow twilight falls, what is it flowers so sweet?

Where the flittering night-moths fly over flower-de-luce and snap-dragon,
Where lilies in summer-tide hold their forsaken state,
Where the sweet-sultans sigh, and the spice-plant pours his flagon,
Where breathes the mourning-bride, what is it flowers so late?

Like a soul earthward bent, is it the sense half of sorrow
The southernwood sheds on the air, the leaf that so often here
The mother plucked as she went on many a Sunday morrow,
Till it seemed a part of her prayer, a part of her smile and her tear?

Or is it the breath of the rose the young girl dropped as she fingered,
Filled with the loveliness of the pleasant evening hour,
While under her deep repose the thought of her lover lingered
And far in the dusk her dress glimmered white as the prick-song flower?

Laughing of children, and sighs of the sad and of lovers close-clinging,
Presence of unknown powers under the trembling bough,
While, out of star-sown skies, bells over water are ringing,
By something sweeter than flowers the garden is haunted now!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

Before she had half finished reading the cards . . . the bugle sounded for the next class.—Page 533.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARRY OF ENGLAND

By Julia Magruder

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

WHAT if the hundreds of people who envied Kate Chesterton could have looked into her heart, instead of looking at her income?

As a matter of fact, the ranks of her enviers would have been more accurately computed by thousands, albeit those who had actual access to her presence and acquaintance could have been, in a general way, estimated by as many hundreds as she had fingers on one hand not counting the thumb. She belonged to the essential upper-tendom of New York, and she held this position by virtue of both birth and money. The former she had acquired from her father, who was still living, and the latter from her mother, who was dead.

The fortune which was to come to Kate, as the only child, was so great as to make her notable as an heiress, and that is why she was an object of envy to the thousands who had never heard of her, except through the columns of the newspapers.

So much for Kate's income. Now for her heart. This last was a far more sedulously locked and guarded thing than was the money in the banks.

For Kate had a secret, and, although she would not have owned it to any living soul, she, herself, was unceasingly aware of the fact that she cared, deeply and dearly, for a person who ignored her very existence. Who, to look at her, could have believed this? For she was very lovely, in a refined and dainty way which made her prowess in horsemanship all the more remarkable and all the more bewitching. She not only rode and drove, to the admiration of all who saw her, but she did it in a manner that differentiated her from others. Where had she learned her art? That question, as often as it was put, would never fail to bring the color to her cheeks, and make her eyes shine, with memories of the lessons given her every summer since her childhood, at her grandmother's old place, down in Virginia.

Her instructor had been a neighbor, whose name was Henry Chalmers. He was the last of his race, and, although left quite alone, he clung tenaciously to the old colonial estate, which had never been bought or sold, but was part of the royal grant to the first Chalmers, who had emigrated to America, and who had manifested his love of country in the somewhat fantastic way of naming his new home "England." Kate, when a romantic schoolgirl, had read Henry V., and, from that hour, had endowed her Virginia friend and riding-teacher with the manly and soldierly and sportsmanlike qualities of this hero, and had dubbed him, in her heart, "Harry of England," and so dreamed of him by day as well as night. She had committed to memory the last beautiful scene of that play, but she never dared to whisper it even to herself, for was not her name Kate, even as his was Harry, and did she not know full well that such avowals as the king made there, the more recent Harry of England had long ago offered to another woman than herself—a great commanding, blonde creature, who had deceived and betrayed him, and who was therefore responsible for the fact that Mr. Chalmers avoided the society of women and would have none of them! The knowledge of this fact made all the more precious those hours of companionship with her, when he would, at the request of her grandmother, instruct her in the arts of riding and driving, or let her sit and watch him as he schooled his horses. He was a famous hunter and steeple-chase rider, and the dangers that he encountered thereby kept poor little Kate's heart in her mouth most of the time.

It was a pretty big mouthful, for Kate's affections were ardent, thorough, and enduring. It was difficult to dislodge any being who had once secured a place there, and this gallant gentleman, who was, perhaps, ten years her senior, remained impregnable in his position, despite the fact

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that five years had now passed since she had seen him, her grandmother having died, and her visits to Virginia having consequently ceased.

Kate was now twenty-one, and had come into her fortune. She had come also into the full possession of her young woman's beauty and charm, and this, together with the years of school-room cultivation and foreign travel, had made her very charming to the eye and to the mind, apart from the fact of her wealth and position.

But Kate, in her own heart, was well aware that what she desired above all things—(she was at the romantic age, and this was love)—could not be bought with money, and so her great fortune seemed to her unavailing, and her lot unenviable.

One pleasure she had, which never palled, and that was her delight in horses. Her father, who was proud of her skill and daring, encouraged her in this, and now, at last, she was to have the long-coveted pleasure and pride of driving her own pair of spirited high-steppers at the horse-show.

During all that summer of foreign travel, it was this event which she had looked forward to far more than the pleasures of ball-rooms or dinner-parties, and when, at last, the great week came she felt that she was as happy as anything in this world had power to make her—except one thing, which, now and then, in spite of her, would lift an aspiring head, only to be sighed down and suppressed.

The great night came, at last. The harness class, in which Kate's pair was entered was about the middle of the programme, but she was in her place in her father's box early. She wanted to see it all.

To tell the truth, Mr. Chesterton had somewhat weakened, in face of the arguments that had been brought to bear upon him. Friends and relatives alike had blamed him freely for this indulgence of his daughter's whim. Some of them remonstrated, on the score of the danger, in that crowded ring, while others had taken the ground that it was entirely too public and conspicuous a thing for a young girl to do. However, to these were opposed the entreaties of Kate herself—which proved the more effectual.

So now the supreme moment had come, and here they were, her father and herself, seated side by side, in the front of the box, just overlooking the fascinating tan-bark ring, the very smell of which was delightful to the girl. In their stalls, close by, she knew that her two satin-coated beauties stood waiting, under their jaunty blankets. Her heart swelled with pride, for she felt that they were unsurpassable. It was not on account of the small fortune which they had cost; but she knew the points of a horse, and she was confident that these two bays—one with the white star in his forehead and the other with the long white stripe down his face, which had caused her to name the pair "Star and Stripe"—were more than a match for any that might compete with them.

Kate was looking as fresh as a flower in the costume which she had chosen in Paris especially for this occasion. She was, moreover, a good deal excited, and the knowledge that her father was decidedly uneasy about her, now that the time had come, made her more proudly secure in her bearing than usual.

All of it—every bit—was a delight to her, and as class after class was called, judged and dismissed, she watched with a rapt attention that was a contrast to the look and manner of most of the people about her.

It so chanced that the box in which she sat was directly opposite the gates by which the horses entered the ring, and directly over those by which they left it. In this way she got sight of the entries under all conditions.

The fourth class on the programme was for middle-weight hunters, and Kate, as she saw them filing in, in answer to the bugle-call, ran her eye eagerly over each one, to size up its points and chances. In doing this, she ignored the riders—not having time for both.

The first horse that entered was a gray—good enough, but not wholly to her liking. The next was a champing, rearing, plunging black, which she mentally relegated to the opposite gate. The next was a handsome bay, fine enough to hold her attention longer than the others, though it soon seemed evident in his case, too, that manners did not equal conformation. Then her eye turned quickly to the next

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

horse which was entering, a splendid chestnut whose spirited action was finely controlled by the hand upon his bridle, which, light as it was, seemed a communication with the spirit of his rider rather than with his strength.

Something—a subtle sense of familiarity in the horseman's manner with his mount, made the girl glance quickly upward, from his hands to his face. As she did so, all her blood seemed to rush back to her heart.

There he was—quite the same. The same swart, black hair was parted clean in the middle, making a straight line, which his straight nose, the division of his small dark mustache, and the cleft in his square chin carried out severely. The hair was straight as an Indian's and brushed very smooth, and the man's whole costume seemed so keenly severe and correct that it gave him much the air of a thorough-bred race-horse himself.

Just as he used to be in riding through those fields in Virginia, he was all in white —his riding-breeches meeting at the knee the patent-leather boots, which seemed to harmonize, in a way, with his sleek black hair. The white shirt and stock that he wore, easy as they were, yet indicated both the grace and strength of the figure beneath, and as his horse came forward to the line with a controlled springiness of motion, which showed so plainly what he was able to do, once liberated by that quick hand upon the rein, Kate's heart grew weak within her, for very admiration.

He did not look toward the crowd at all, but, swaying gently with his mount, he seemed to be communing with it, in spirit at least, as a half-whimsical smile at the animal's impatience just lifted the ends of his mustache.

It was as if he said to it: "There now, you needn't be so impatient to win. You'll do it all right, but it takes a little time."

The row of handsome creatures was now lined up before the Judges, who were looking them over critically.

As for Kate, the blood had rebounded from her heart, crimsoning her face, and half suffocating her, as she remained with her eyes fixed upon him. She had forgotten his horse—forgotten all the horses that ever lived, in the rush of remembrance about this black-haired, white-clad rider, who had stopped just beneath her, and, with a motion of as complete unconsciousness as he had ever shown in a Virginia field, had thrown his leg over the saddle and was sitting side-ways, as he drew up his stirrup another hole. How unaware he was of the eyes that watched him, and of the feeling of the heart that looked out from those eyes!

It was, in a way, an impersonal feeling, for he was far more an ideal than a reality to her. But to be brought as near as this to one's ideal, in an atmosphere of electric light, tan-bark, and music, was certainly somewhat disconcerting.

But now the contest was to begin. They had put his number on him, his horse curveting and bridling at the delay, and Kate fixed her eyes upon the big 18 which added another touch of black and white to his costume. The horses that preceded him were, some good, some bad, and some indifferent, but Kate scarcely knew what they were doing, so fixed was her gaze on that quiet man, who seemed to be thinking no more of the crowd about him than if they had been the pines and oak-trees of his Virginia England, which were the usual spectators of his riding.

She was vaguely aware that some horses were gated, some refused, some blundered, some fell, and others went over the jumps to the cheers of the crowd, but all this was a blur upon her mind until 18 was called and Chalmers rode forward toward the first jump. Smoothly, easily, brilliantly, it was taken, and the second one as well; also the third and fourth. As the crowd cheered, Kate could see the faint quiver of a smile at the corners of the dark mustache, while the rider looked neither to right nor left, but went forward to the fifth jump. This, the dashing chestnut went up to in fine form—then, as if from some unaccountable whim, refused.

A half-smothered "Ah!" of regret rose from the crowd, but Kate was speechless. The disappointment was too bitter. She had a feeling of real tragedy in her heart, as she looked at Chalmers.

Just the same small, still, collected smile was hinted, at the corners of his mouth. She saw that he was smiling to himself at defeat, just as he had done at victory.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three times he made the effort to get the animal over; but three times it refused, and so he rode out of the ring a loser! Kate, who, by bending forward, could look directly down on him, ached with the weight of her sympathy, but from here she could see, even more distinctly, the unchanged expression of his face.

She forgot to watch the other horses, in her resolve not to lose sight of this defeated rider. She saw him disappear toward the stalls, but she saw him also reappear on foot and take up his stand a little to one side of the entrance. He had put on hat and coat, but he still held his little riding-stick as he stood with folded arms looking on at the performance in the ring with quiet interest.

He had a very individual way of folding his arms high across his chest, with one hand concealed and one out-spread in the crotch of the other arm. It gave him a certain look of aloofness, as if he were a looker-on, not only at the show-ring, but at life.

But when the awards were made, and the ribbon-winners were cantered around, he unfolded his arms long enough to clap enthusiastically, and then refolded them and became a looker-on again.

One other class intervened, and then the harness class was called, in which Kate's pair was entered.

As she followed her father from the box and made her way to where the two beauties were harnessed to her splendid new park-phaëton, and awaiting her, she became aware that she was trembling, and the consciousness that her father, who was to occupy the seat at her side, was anxious and uneasy about her, increased this feeling. When the time came for her to mount to her seat, she felt an utter lack of courage for the ordeal before her. Her pale face and trembling hands did not escape her father's notice, and he began to urge her to give it up.

"I understand how you feel," he said. "It's a sort of stage-fright. You cannot drive when you feel like that. You will fail utterly, or get killed. Give it up, Kate, give it up!"

"Give it up?" she answered, pale to the lips. "Fail, I may, and get killed, I may, but give it up, I won't."

There was the light of a sudden determination in her eye.

"Here, Peters," she said to the groom. "You see that gentleman yonder by the pillar—the one with his arms folded and the stick in his hand? Go quickly and tell him I want him to come here at once."

Then, turning to her father, she issued her commands to him as decisively, if more deferentially, than to the groom.

"That is Mr. Chalmers, who taught me to drive. You will give your place to him. You are frightened, and that frightens me. With him I shall feel perfectly calm."

It seemed the work of an instant only. Chalmers had come, the brief recognitions had taken place. She had asked him to mount to the seat at her side, and he was there, as controlled and calm as ever, and she had gathered the reins in her hands. The next minute, while the band played bewilderingly overhead and the lights and crowds and horses swam about her in a sort of haze, she rode into the ring, with Star and Stripe stepping in splendid form, and "Harry of England" in the seat beside her.

The change in her consciousness meanwhile was little less than intoxicating. She felt as calm and as assured as he appeared, and it seemed to her that, had she been driving six horses instead of two, she would have handled the reins with as perfect ease. Nevertheless, it was a pleasant thing to have him advise and direct her now and then, in the old authoritative way.

"Too fast!" he would say, in a low, strong, steady voice, or "Let them go—don't hesitate"—or "Well done," or "Gently here," or sometimes "Good work!" with a hearty commendation that made her feel in the seventh heaven of delight.

Indeed, those swiftly flying minutes were a taste of rapture to Kate. Never had Star and Stripe so answered to her demands on them—never had they moved so superbly—never looked so well. And to feel that this was so and that her long-dreamed-of hero and friend and teacher was here beside her, well pleased with her performance, made her heart so full of joy that she felt it could not have held another drop.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

While the test went on she could do no more than drive and breathe and be happy, but when the order to "Line up" was given and she brought her pair of beauties finely to the spot, and skilfully stopped them there, she had a moment's time to think and to look about her.

"Magnificently done!" said Chalmers, softly clapping his gloved hands together, and then, with his own familiar quiet smile he added:

"And now, will you kindly let me look at you, and find out who you are?"

"Then you did not know me!" answered Kate, reproachfully.

"On the contrary, I knew very well who you used to be—my little friend and pupil, Kate—but it is your acquaintance as you are now, a full-fledged woman of fashion, and a Garden Blue-Ribbon Winner, that I feel I have to make."

"I am just the same," she said; "I am just your friend and pupil Kate, and if by any chance I should be a blue-ribbon winner it will be wholly due to your presence. I was frightened out of my wits—completely demoralized in fact. If papa had stayed with me, all four of us—he and I and Star and Stripe would have been given the gate."

"As I was just before you!" he said, smiling.

"Oh I *was* angry?" she cried. "He took the first four jumps so beautifully."

"But he refused the fifth."

"Were not you dreadfully disappointed?"

"A good deal. I expected him to win for me there."

"But, as you went out, you were smiling," she said.

"It was rather a good joke, you know. I had been so confident, off there in Virginia, that my horses were the best. It turned out to be a mistake."

"Have you any more entries?"

"Two more, to-night."

"Which?"

"The green hunters and the high jump."

"Do you expect to win them?"

"I'm not so sure about the green hunters as I was."

"And the high jump?"

"I still expect to win that. I shall certainly try the harder, now that I know you are watching."

Several other pairs had been sent out, while they were waiting, and now the judges, approaching Miss Chesterton with marked deferentialness, asked her to take Star and Stripe out once more.

They were the only pair now being shown, and as Kate, regulated by a quick hint now and then from her companion, put them through their paces, the crowd became enthusiastic. So beautiful was the sight that the judges let it go on longer than seemed absolutely necessary, before they called Miss Chesterton's team in and pinned on it the blue ribbon.

Then, as a clamor of applause went up from the crowd, the band, by some happy intuition, struck up "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and, with the noisy music of both band and hand-claps ringing in her ears, and the man at her side murmuring a sweeter tribute yet, she drove the winners once around the ring and then out at the gate.

Here her father was awaiting her, in excited triumph, flanked by a score of enthusiastic friends, who pressed upon her such a shower of congratulations and handshakings that it was not strange that, in all the confusion, her late companion was lost sight of.

When she returned to her box, she found it a mass of flowers, and before she had half finished reading the cards on these, the bugle sounded for the next class.

In they came, a turbulent lot—green hunters all, who had probably never been under electric lights or over tan-bark before. It was not hard to pick out Chalmers, in his black and white, and, once recognized, her gaze never left him.

There was a rather wholesale weeding out on the part of the judges, and when this was over, the test began.

It was a fiery young brute that Chalmers rode, and Kate, with all her courage, was half sickened at the wild, haphazard style in which he took his jumps. It was a wonderful feat of nerve and strength and skill to get him over them, but over he went, showing an extraordinary quality that promised all things after training. At present, though, he was wild as any deer, and, in spite of all Kate's hopes and prayers—in agreement with her alarms and misgivings, she saw him give

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a sudden lunge just at the jump, and fall heavily across it, flinging his rider some feet away, face downward on the tan-bark.

She did not scream, as many about her did. She hardly seemed to breathe, as she stood profoundly still and watched him there, lying flat and motionless, and, for all the sign of life he showed, dead before her.

It was only a moment, but it seemed a long and terrible time before there came the slightest sign of life. Then he moved, and made an effort to rise, but he had no more than got to his knees when he fell back heavily.

For an instant, it seemed to Kate that blindness, deafness, unconsciousness had seized her. There was a space of complete oblivion before she saw and comprehended again. Then, some men had run to him and raised him to his feet and she saw him standing there, white as the shirt he wore and with a great deep red spot on one side of his face. Under it a little stream of blood had trickled down the throat, staining the white stock.

But he was apparently unconscious of it all. A man had caught his horse, which was unhurt, and he now motioned imperiously for it to be brought to him, shaking off the hands that would have detained him and going forward to meet his mount. His motions, quick and energetic as they were, were not entirely steady, and Kate's heart grew cold with fear.

Fortunately, all about her were too absorbed in watching the ring to notice her pale and tragic face, and she made no sound. All the force of her spirit was concentrated in looking at what was going on in the ring.

When had she ever seen him avail himself of help in mounting a horse before? But this young brute was wild with the excitement of his fall, together with the other bewildering sights and sounds, and it took two men to hold him while another helped his rider up.

Once on his back, however, with full command of whip and spur, it was easy to see who was master. Yet the stamping and curveting and wheeling still went on, and Kate could hardly believe her eyes, when she saw about the corners of his mouth the hint of that quiet smile that she had learned to know so well. Never had she seen anything that was at once so gentle and so indomitable.

Now and then he seemed to say a soothing word to the frantic animal and when, by dint of much strategy he got him near the jump and then suddenly wheeled him round to it, the creature rose in the air and soared over it like a bird, leaving a margin to spare that made the crowd go wild with acclamation.

Then fear gave place to pride, in Kate's excited heart, and she lost sight of everything but triumphant satisfaction. As she saw the blue ribbon fastened to Chalmers's mount, the clapping of her small gloved hands did their best to swell the tumult that applauded the sight.

"Now comes the High Jump," she heard someone near her say, and again that feeling of sick fear gripped her heart.

She knew that Chalmers was entered for this class, but she prayed Heaven that he would not attempt it, in his present state. Oh, if she could only see him and beg him not to! She would have been willing to brave the consequences of going to him herself, but she knew it would be useless —unless, indeed, he felt himself unequal to it—as she profoundly hoped he would.

But now the bugle sounded, and the horses for the high jump began to file in.

There were only five. The first was not he; the second was not; the third was not; the fourth was not. She began to breathe more freely, especially as there was no other horse in sight.

"Evidently, Chalmers is knocked out," she heard a man say near her.

At that very instant there appeared at the gates a horse and rider that contradicted the words. The red spot on his face had been washed off, and she now understood that it must have been more tan-bark than blood, but there were some ugly scratches there still, and although the bloody stock had been replaced by a fresh one, there was a slight stream of blood still trickling down the face.

At sight of him, the crowd sent up a shout, but to this he seemed oblivious. Where the blood and tan-bark had been washed away the face was deadly pale, and Kate had a strong feeling that nothing but nerve and determination were carrying him through.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fortunately, the horse that bore him now was the antipodes of his recent one. It came forward into the ring, with a gentle, springy gait, to the motion of which the rider swayed lightly in his saddle, as though the two had been one. Kate saw at a glance that here was a thoroughly schooled and disciplined animal.

This gave her a sense of relief, but, for all that, her anxiety was so keen that the whole thing was a bewildering blur before her mind and her eyes. She saw that Chalmers's mount did his work unerringly, as the bars were raised higher and higher. She saw that the others dropped out, one by one, until only two were left, and, in the end, she had the exultant joy of seeing Chalmers acclaimed as victor, and the blue ribbon fastened to his good steed's head.

He had triumphed, and his triumph was hers, but it had cost them both dear. With her, the fear that she had felt, on seeing him on one side of those alarming-looking bars, was perhaps quite equal to the joy of seeing him each time safely on the other. The last was almost too much for her, but when that masterly animal took it clear, after his rival had blundered and failed, all the sporting blood in Kate's body seemed to laugh aloud.

But still she preserved that perfect silence. Her one hope was that she might catch his eye, as he rode out of the gates, directly beneath her.

She leaned forward, in a moment of self-forgetfulness, and the large bunch of violets in her dress fell off and dropped upon his horse's neck. Instantly, he drew rein. They had fallen to the ground, but someone handed them to him quickly, and, as he took them, he glanced upward, bowing in acknowledgment.

His face was ghastly white, and he made no effort to smile.

Kate, who, in her romantic heart, had always identified him with Sir Lancelot, as with her other heroes, seemed to see in that grave, upward glance, the reflection of those words:

> For God's love, a little air!
> Prize me no prizes, for my prize is death.

He had disappeared, and the crowd about her had risen and were slowly dispersing. This was the last class of the show, and it had been a notable one; but what of its after consequences?

Avoiding the friends who crowded round her, she managed to get away, with her father, and to induce him to follow her lead and take her out by way of the stalls. She had said that she wanted to give some directions about Star and Stripe, but, once arrived, she made bold to insist that Mr. Chesterton should go and look up Chalmers, and see if he were ill.

Accordingly, in obedience to an authority which he rarely questioned, Mr. Chesterton went off toward the stalls. Hardly had he turned his back when Kate saw Chalmers coming toward her from the opposite direction.

How absolutely he looked the gentleman-rider, in contrast to so many of the men near him! How familiar, and how individual was the rapid gait with which he was approaching her!

When he saw Kate there, with no attendant but the groom that her father had summoned, he hurried forward, saying, eagerly:

"What are you doing, here, alone? What luck to run across you!"

"I am waiting for papa," she said, demurely, and at that instant Mr. Chesterton reappeared.

He was profuse in the congratulations which Kate had not expressed (unless it had been with her eyes), and then, speaking from a sudden impulse, prompted, no doubt, by the quality of hospitality in his Virginia blood, he wanted to know why Chalmers could not come home with them, and be their guest for the remainder of his stay in town.

Kate gently seconded the invitation, and, almost to her surprise, it was accepted. He asked permission, however, to put off coming until the next morning, when he would send his belongings up from the hotel.

So the next morning he came.

Kate, the romantic, felt herself something different from the modern hostess, but seemed, in her own consciousness, like some fair chatelaine who entertained a knight, or like the "Lily maid of Astolat," when she "lived in fantasy."

And, indeed, it seemed to her like the experiences of some story-book world—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those few so happy days that followed. They drove together in the park, she holding the reins and manipulating Star and Stripe to his obvious admiration. And, better than that, they rode together, he on his splendid high jumper, and she on her beautiful favorite whom she had named Plantagenet. (She told him its name rather shyly, but he plainly saw no special significance in it.) And in the evenings there were dinners, to which a lot of gay and fashionable people came. Through it all there was the tie of old friendship between these two. Kate was acutely aware of this. She wondered if he was also.

And was he? His heart would have been promptly ready with its answer. How well he remembered having said to himself, on parting with Kate after her last visit to Virginia, "If I didn't hate all women, I could love this one," and the reflection had left him wistful-hearted ever since. But he had looked upon her as an adorable child then—and now that he found her a yet more adorable woman he asked himself whether it was true that he hated all women now. Was there not an exception?

So insistently did this question knock at the door of his heart, that he turned and fled from the threatening danger.

But before the train had carried him half way from New York to Virginia, he began to feel that he had been a fool. Of course, that bewildering little beauty and heiress would never care for him, but why did he, without actual need, turn away from the sunshine of her presence?

Never had the gloom and cloud of his lonely home seemed so oppressive. He wrote her, as in duty bound, a letter in acknowledgment of her hospitality to him.

She answered it, in her shy and girlish way, and though it was rather a prim epistle that she wrote him, he read it over a hundred times. He answered it and got another.

Thereafter, he haunted the post-office at mail-time, until a succession of these guarded little missives seemed likely to drive him distracted.

Next he began to look about him for an excuse to go again to New York. Any would do. In one letter she had mentioned that Mansfield was going to open an engagement the next week, and that she was looking forward to the first night with great delight.

He seized upon this pretext. He had never seen Mansfield, nor cared a button whether he ever saw him or not, but he wrote that he was coming on next week, and asked if her father and herself would not go with him to see the distinguished actor in his new play. The invitation was accepted.

The night had come. It had turned out that Miss Chesterton had engaged a box for the occasion, before receiving Chalmers's letter. So he was to be her guest, instead of her being his.

There was a dinner beforehand, over which Miss Chesterton and her father presided, and at which Mr. Chalmers was the only guest. He found himself in the same position at the theatre. The father had left things entirely to his indulged daughter, and it was so she had arranged them.

"When it is Mansfield and Shakespeare together," she said, "I cannot have a lot of chattering people around me."

"What is the play?" asked Chalmers. He had not even thought to look.

"Henry the Fifth," said Kate, and blushed to the roots of her hair.

He saw the blush, and noticed that it was deliciously becoming, but he thought no more about it.

Then the play began, and he found himself enthralled. It was a thing after his own heart, which had no fancy for the false sentiment and cheap comedy so much in vogue. Kate was as enthusiastic as himself.

Mr. Chesterton, for his part, declared that any play on earth would bore him that had four acts presented, without a woman in them, and by the time the fifth began he declared he must go out and amuse himself a little.

"No one will know that you have not a chaperon tucked away behind you," he said, smiling at his daughter as he went out and shut the door.

When the curtain went up on the fifth act they were alone.

Their consciousness of this made them somewhat oblivious to the humor of the first scene, and they smiled a little absent-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mindedly at the bandying of words between Fluellen and Pistol.

At the next scene, as familiar to Kate as it was unfamiliar to Chalmers, who had not read the play for years, the girl turned directly away from him and fixed her whole attention on the stage. His attention, meanwhile, was fixed with equal absorption upon the fair and beautiful profile that intervened between him and the players.

When he saw the entrance of the Queen and Princess and their ladies, a temporary interest made him look toward them, but only to look back at the so far lovelier face beside him.

He did not notice much the utterances of the actors. His own most agitated thoughts were too compelling. How could he ever hope to win the love of this enchantress at his side? What were his country-bred ways, and rural arts, to such as she, who had the world of fashion at her feet? How could he woo her?

He had not noticed that the others had withdrawn, leaving the King and Princess alone upon the stage, but when Mansfield spoke he was almost constrained to listen, and now he heard the noble voice say these words:

"Fair Katherine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?"

He started with surprise. But the girl seated near him kept her fixed gaze on the stage.

In his confusion of mind he missed the next few sentences. Then he heard this:

"Do you like me, Kate?"

"Pardonnez moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me'."

"An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel!"

He stood with folded arms looking on at the performance.—Page 532.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was wonderful. His head whirled with the strangeness of it all, and he did his best to make Kate look at him. But look she wouldn't, and he could but give attention to the rich voice that was saying now:

"Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate; why you undid me. . . . If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back—or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors——"

He really felt as if he must be dreaming. At times his head swam so that he heard nothing. Then again the eloquent words came to him in detached sentences.

"And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he, perforce, must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places. . . . If thou would have such a one, take me. . . . What sayest thou, then, to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I prav thee."

It was maddening that she would not look at him. He knew that she must be aware that his eyes were praying her to do it. He ventured to breathe her name:

"Kate."

The color in her face deepened. He saw the quick rise and fall of the laces on her breast, but she kept her eyes upon the stage. Apparently, she was absorbed in what was being said there, though he had forgotten it all.

He was recalled by the utterance there of her dear name. He echoed the sound.

"Kate," he said again.

But she was straining forward, as it were, to listen, and, since he could do no better, he listened, too—to these words:

"And therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine.'"

He half started to his feet.

"By Jove—what does this mean?" he said.

Then she spoke to him, in a voice of grave rebuke:

"Have you never read Shakespeare?" she said, lowly.

"But this isn't Shakespeare—it's me!" he answered, excited and ungrammatical.

"Listen," she answered, turning back toward the stage.

"And what's more it's *you*," he went on, "'Harry of England!' 'Kate'—what does it mean?"

Before she could answer the door behind them opened and Mr. Chesterton returned.

Utterly bewildered, Chalmers heard not another word of what was passing on the stage. This astounding coincidence was too much for him.

When the curtain was down, and they were leaving the theatre, he succeeded, for the first time, in catching Kate's eye. Having caught it, he held it, almost, as it seemed, against her will. With his own, he demanded of her some recognition of the feeling that possessed him—amazement at this strange thing that had happened.

Her eyes twinkled in a smile.

It wasn't much, but he gathered hope from it. If she smiled, she understood—and what was there to understand, except that he was fathoms deep in love with her?

He seemed to be dreaming still, when, a little later, he found himself seated at Kate's side and driving homeward over the asphalt. The rubber tires made little noise, and the way was long. The motion was also soothing, and presently they were both aware that Mr. Chesterton was asleep.

As they passed under an electric light he queried, softly:

"Is he asleep?"

She nodded, a smile on eyes and lips.

There was a moment's silence, and as they drove beyond the light he breathed her name.

"Kate!"

It was very low, but she heard it. She did not speak, but the next light showed him her sweet face mutely answering his summons.

"I said long ago that Shakespeare knew everything," he whispered; "but I didn't think then that he knew—indeed, I didn't know it myself—exactly what I feel for you. Oh, Kate!"

He was stammering and blundering like any other real lover. He wanted to say more, but he could not find the words.

Presently, he put out his hand and laid it gently over hers.

It was a crucial instant. If she threw it off, he would never forgive himself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy.

The girl seated near him kept her fixed gaze on the stage.—Page 537.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But she did not throw it off. Instead, she turned her own gloved palm upward, to be clasped by his.

"Oh, Kate," he murmured, in an ecstasy of gratitude, "not even Shakespeare ever knew how I feel toward you now. I've loved you for these many years, but I never dreamed that you could love me."

No answer. The lights were getting farther apart, and he had to wait a full moment before he could see her face.

"Do you? *You do!*" he cried, doubt and assurance almost simultaneous. "Oh, Kate, speak! Tell me in words. I can't believe it."

The carriage was going slower. It was drawing up at the curb-stone. Mr. Chesterton had waked.

There was but one moment's chance, for Chalmers was to return to his hotel, and the carriage waited for him.

As he led her up the steps, her father preceding them, he whispered again, all the urgency of his soul in eyes and voice:

"Tell me, Kate. I can't wait until to-morrow. Just one word!"

The old gentleman was fumbling sleepily with his latch-key. He saw and heard nothing as Kate, avouching the thoughts of her heart with the look of an empress, took him by the hand, and said:

"Harry of England, I am thine!"

PALINODE OF THE ROBINS

By Joseph Russell Taylor

REST is the gift of autumn, a goodly gift is rest:
Sweet is song, but after song silence is the best:
And robins, need you waken now the old unrest of song?
I listen but the moment: for the silence will be long.

O doubtful spiritual, echo of spring, in air or in my breast,
The robins carolling under breath the last last song and best!
Is this the ambrosial bower of green that to the lyric fire
Resounded, overmastered with the myriad flutes of desire?

Now in the autumnal thicket the fading memories cling,
Phantom of frolic, whisper of April, listen, the robins sing.
Catch the rain and ruin of gold in a falling last half-song,
My russet breasts of memory! for the silence will be long.

Sing, for the forward eyes of April looked to this at last:
Hush, for a backward face is autumn, and her heart the past:
Hush, for the leaves are weeping, breathless beautiful fire!
And hush not yet, O hush not yet, April, heart's desire!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRINCESS POURQUOI

BY

MARGARET SHERWOOD

ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLORS BY

SARAH S. STILLWELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I shall curse her with a *mind*."

THE PRINCESS POURQUOI

By Margaret Sherwood

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SARAH S. STILLWELL

ONCE upon a time, in a country very far away, a new princess was born. As is usual in such cases, the King, her father, and the Queen, her mother, held a great christening feast, to which were invited all the crowned heads for miles around, all the nobility of their own kingdom, and the fairies whose good wishes were considered desirable. In the middle of the ceremony, as is also customary, a very angry little old lady, with a nose like a beak, burst into the room.

"May I ask why I was not invited?" she demanded. "These are here," and she pointed to the fairy who rules the hearts of men, and to the fairy who rules circumstance. She herself was the fairy who rules men's minds.

"You!" stammered his Majesty. "Why, it is only a girl. We—we thought you would be offended. Later, if a son should be born——"

"You thought!" shrieked the enraged little creature, gathering her shoulder-shawl about her. "You thought nothing whatever about it. I am insulted, and I shall be revenged. Before anything yet has been given to this child I shall curse her——"

"Oh!" begged the crowned heads and the nobility.

"Yes," said the fairy, stamping and growing angrier, "I shall curse her with a *mind*."

"Anything but that," groaned his Majesty.

"Not that for a woman-child," moaned the mother, from under her silken coverlid.

"Yes," said the fairy, and her wicked black eyes snapped over her withered red cheeks. "She is a woman-child, and yet she shall think. She shall be alien to her own sex, and undesired by the other. She shall ask and it will not be given her. She shall achieve and it shall count her for naught. Men shall point the finger at her like this" (and she pointed one skinny forefinger at the King), "and shall whisper, 'There goes the woman with brains,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poor thing!' As for your Majesty, in her shall you find your punishment. She shall think what you do not know, and divine what you cannot find out. Now," added the wicked fairy, turning to the two godmothers who stood by the child's cradle, "see if you, with all your giving, can do anything to lessen the curse that I have spoken," and she rushed away like a whirlwind, leaving every face dismayed.

The fairy who rules circumstance stood by the cradle and spoke. Her face was the face of one who wavers two ways, and her voice was unsure.

"The child shall have fortune," she said, "good-fortune, so far as is consistent with what has already been given. I wish," she added, apologetically, "that I had spoken first."

"Why didn't you?" grumbled his Majesty, under his whiskers, but he dared not speak aloud, for he was afraid of circumstance, being a king.

The other fairy stood silent, looking down into the child's face.

"But she shall know love," she said, softly, after a little time. The sleeping princess smiled.

From the time that it was spoken the curse was felt. Before the baby could talk she would lie in the royal cradle, fixing upon the King, her father, and the Queen, her mother, when they came to see her, eyes so big, so wise, so full of question, that his Majesty fled, and her Majesty covered her face with her hands, wondering what it could be that the child remembered and she forgot. The first word the Princess uttered was "Why." She said it so often that presently, through the whole length and breadth of the kingdom, she was known as the "Princess Pourquoi," though her real name was Josefa Maria Alexandra Renée Naftaline.

"Why," she asked, when she was very small, "did trees grow this way, instead of the other end up? Why did people stand on their feet instead of on their heads? Why did you like some people better than others, and why couldn't it be just as easy to like them all alike?"

She was a good little girl, but she had all the credit of being a bad one. She saw through what she was not intended to see through; she heard what she was not meant to hear; she understood what others wished to keep hidden. Therefore it came to pass that she was very lonely. She had a way of climbing affectionately up to the neck of some favored person, drawing down the head for a loving embrace, and then asking some terrible question, whereupon she was quickly put down on the floor and left alone. There she would sit, with so grieved a look in her big blue eyes that the next one who entered would pity the golden-haired baby, and would take her up, only to become a victim to some other unanswerable inquiry.

When she was four and five, her questions were theological or philosophical. "Why was she made at all, if she were as naughty as people said? Wouldn't it have been less trouble not to have made her, or to have made her good? Why were you you, and I I? Who was going to bury the last man?" The King's philosophers stood about in silence and gnawed their beards. They were terribly afraid of the little girl with chubby legs and dimples. As she grew older her questioning turned more toward social matters and practical affairs. "Why," she asked his Majesty, her father, who also was afraid of her, "did he say that he loved his neighbor and yet make war? Why was he king? Was it because he was wiser and better than other people? She looked at him so long and so doubtfully that his Majesty wriggled in the royal chair. He felt that this wretched child was endangering his power. Sometimes he was so miserable that he would willingly have abdicated, but he could not abdicate his little daughter. Besides, he was a king, and he did not have any place to go. Other children had been granted him, a line of little princesses who wore long, stiff embroidered robes; and a nice, fat, stupid little prince, who was a great comfort to his father. All these other princelets obeyed the court etiquette and wore the court clothes, and never felt the ripple of an idea across their little minds, but they could not atone to the King for the thorn in his flesh known as Josefa Maria Alexandra Renée Naftaline.

The Princess Pourquoi objected to wearing a stomacher, for she liked to lie flat on her face in the park, watching the ants. She objected to making the court

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bow, and smiling the court smile, and putting out her hand to be kissed. Why should she? The ladies-in-waiting could only tell her, "It was so." She objected to taking mincing walks in the royal gardens among the peacocks, and sometimes, to the horror of all the court, escaped and played games with peasant children outside. She disliked her lessons. Why should she say, like a parrot, what her governess told her to, when there were birds and beasts and creeping things outside to study, and a library inside full of things really worth learning? So she went her own way, growing wistful and more lonely, and every day her big eyes grew wiser and fuller of secrets. Those who saw her crossed themselves and murmured, "The Curse!"

Once his Majesty held a great festival to celebrate the thousandth anniversary of the founding of his kingdom by his imperial ancestor, Multus Pulvius Questus, who had conquered 500,000 men with his own arm, and had laid the cornerstone of a great principality. The festival was a brilliant one, and all the royal neighbors came. Just before the ceremonies began, in the large audience chamber, the governess of the Princess Pourquoi, stung by questions she could not answer regarding the achievements of Multus Pulvius, burst out with:

"You are a naughty little girl, and if you act this way the fairy prince will never come."

"I don't want a fairy prince," replied the Princess proudly, looking at her governess with steady blue eyes. "I want a real one."

A little prince standing near, in a red velvet suit, looked at her very hard.

As time went on, the Princess Pourquoi was not quite content. She was too eager for that.

"I shall be happy when I find out," she said sadly one day.

"Find out what, your Highness?" asked the chief philosopher.

"It," answered the girl, and she pointed toward the horizon. "What it means, where we came from, what you are for and I am for."

The chief philosopher took a golden goblet of wine that a page had brought him and drank it to its dregs. Perhaps he meant this for an answer. Then he winked at his fellow-philosopher, and the two went arm in arm down a long path between box hedges in the garden. The Princess entered the royal palace and knelt at the feet of the King.

"Your Majesty," she asked, "why are people who do not know anything called wise men and philosophers?"

It was soon after this that the King made a great proclamation, offering the hand of his daughter to anyone who would answer one of her questions satisfactorily. Suitors came by scores, although her unfortunate propensity was known, for the Princess was growing to be very beautiful, and his Majesty, the King, was very rich. The aspirant to her hand usually stood before the royal throne in the presence of the court, and the Princess was ushered in by the major domo. The Princess Pourquoi did not trouble herself to find new questions; she only asked some of the old ones over again, and the Crown Prince of Kleptomania, the Heir Apparent to the throne of Rumfelt Holstein, the reigning King of Nemosapientia, besides dozens of others, went sorrowfully back to their homes, rejected. When it was found that the ordeal was terrible, and the result always the same, the suitors gradually ceased coming, and the Princess Pourquoi remained a great matrimonial problem, aged fifteen, on the hands of her parents.

It was at this time that the Princess resolved to study, and to achieve something that was really her own. People should respect her, not because she was a princess, but because she could do great things. She pleaded with his Majesty until he ordered the greatest scholar in his kingdom to act as tutor for her, the greatest sculptor to teach her modelling, the greatest painter to teach her how to draw. For five long years the Princess worked and was happy, but the eyes of her mother were full of pity when they rested on her, and the passers-by in the streets whispered, "Poor thing!" Mothers drew their little ones closer to them when they saw her, and said: "Take care! It is the woman with a mind!" And the young ladies of the court, when they came out into the park with their long trains, and saw the Princess seated by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Sarah S. Stillwell.

Every day her big eyes grew wiser and fuller of secrets.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

herself with a book under a tree, said to themselves, under their breath: "Like that, too, but for the grace of God!"

At one of the annual exhibitions of works of art in the city was a statue, anonymously exhibited, that won great praise. It was of white marble, and represented a woman standing on tiptoe and reaching up and out with one hand. The fingers closed on nothing, and the look of the face was disappointed. Perhaps the greatest skill was shown in the rendering of the eyes. Their expression was baffling, and no one could say whether the woman was blind or not.

"What masculine strength of handling!" said the artists.

"What wonderful inner meaning!" said the philosophers.

The Princess Pourquoi came one day to visit it, and stood a long time watching the people who saw it. The outspoken praise made her eyes glisten. A workingman, in a peasant's blue blouse, strolled near. There was fine powder of chipped stone upon his sleeve.

"There is great power there," said the workingman, "but the work is crude."

The peasant was hustled out of the room, and an admiring crowd gathered about the statue of the groping woman. Someone whispered that it was not a man's work at all, but the work of a woman. Surprise, incredulity, disapproval, passed in waves over the faces of the crowd. The rumor was established as a fact, though the woman's name was withheld. Everyone could see faults now.

"We suspected it from the first," said the philosophers. "The lack of virility is apparent."

"You can see the woman's carelessness in regard to details in every fold of the drapery!" said the artists.

The Princess Pourquoi listened. Presently she faced the crowd.

"It is my work," she said, simply. Then she summoned her lackeys and ordered her carriage, and disappeared before artists or philosophers could find any knot-holes to crawl through.

Their Majesties, the royal parents, were greatly pleased when they heard of this scene. Perhaps this condemnation of her statue would bring their daughter to her senses.

It was very fortunate that just at this time there came rumors of the advent of the Fairy Prince. From Bobitania, a kingdom leagues away, he was reported to be approaching, presumably to woo the Princess Pourquoi. The King and the Queen chuckled in secret together the day a messenger arrived to announce the advent of his Royal Highness Prince Ludwig Jerome Victor Christian Ernst, Heir Apparent to the throne of Bobitania. This was a very great principality, indeed. Surely the Princess would for once act like other people, and would, for the sake of all that was to be gained, profess herself satisfied in regard to her questions.

The royal household was ordered into its very best clothing. The King and the Queen, the Prince and the Princesses, shimmered in velvet and jewels. The pages were resplendent in yellow and silver. The philosophers were profound in rich black. The woolly white dogs of the ladies-in-waiting were combed and tied with the colors of Bobitania, crimson and black. Everywhere, in jewels, in flower devices, among the hangings on the wall, were displayed the arms of Bobitania, a crimson star on a dusky background.

After the ceremonies of greeting were over, when Prince Ludwig Jerome Victor had bent before the King and the Queen on their throne, and had had presented to him all the royal offspring, the Princess Pourquoi was requested to show his Highness the garden of flowers, that his eyes might be refreshed after his long journey. So, side by side they walked, talking together, between long rows of stately chrysanthemums, white, yellow, and red, she, very erect in her brocaded gown whose deep blue folds swept the grass, he all smiles and obeisance, in a slashed suit of scarlet and black. The waiting-women, by two and two, came on behind.

As they paced the garden, the peacocks retreated slowly, a statelier procession than they. They passed a fountain, where a single workman was busy, sculpturing a figure from a block of gray granite. His face was shaded by a cap, but the splendid action of strong arms and muscular shoulders was visible. The Princess paused, and the waiting-women turned, pretending to be busy with the box of the hedges or the pink-tipped

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

daisies at their feet. The face of Prince Ludwig Jerome Victor grew uneasy, for he felt that the hour for his questioning had come. But the Princess was not thinking of him, for her eyes were following the workman's fingers.

"Why blue jean for one man's arm, and velvet with pearls for another?" she said, half to herself. "Why hunger for that man, and for me surfeit?"

"Most gracious Princess," answered Prince Ludwig Jerome Victor, secure in his reply, "the earth with all upon it is glad to lie as dirt beneath the feet of the most beautiful lady in the world."

He fell upon one knee and kissed her hand. She looked down intently into his narrow, upraised face.

"Queen among princesses," he begged, "question me and accept my answer. From far Bobitania I have come to woo, and if I fail I die. What is the question I must answer?"

"You have answered," said the Princess. "Rise."

The hand of the workman had paused, uplifted, with a sculptor's hammer in its grasp. There was a queer little smile upon his face, below the shadow of the cap.

The waiting-women paced in silence behind the Princess back to the presence of the King.

"Most august Sovereign," said the Prince, bending his knee in the royal presence, "I have come to place my kingdom at your daughter's feet. Deign to ask her if I have found favor in her eyes."

"What say you, my daughter?" asked the King, his delight shining through his face. "Is it not a noble prince and a fair offer?"

"My Lord and Father," said the Princess Pourquoi, bending in courtesy, then standing erect, more haughty than before, "it is no prince, but a man with a lackey's soul. He may come to reign, but a king he can never be. As for my hand, he may not again touch it. I go to make it clean."

Then she turned and walked, in a great silence, between the parted lines of frightened people, out of the audience-chamber and away.

How Prince Ludwig Jerome Victor Christian Ernst went away in great anger, how the royal apologies were presented in vain, how the Princess Pourquoi was imprisoned for three days in her chamber with no books to read and was held in deep disgrace by all the court, is a long story, and one that would take much time to tell. But the Princess only smiled serenely, presented her duty to her parents, saying that she was deeply grieved if her necessary words had hurt them; and, the first day she was free, went walking in the royal garden alone.

The artisan was there at the fountain, working at the same stone figure. The Princess stood in silence and watched him. At her approach he had taken off his cap, and had laid it on the grass. Yellow autumn leaves fell on his blue blouse and on her crimson velvet robe.

"Do you like to work?" asked the Princess Pourquoi, timidly.

A look of amusement crept into the man's keen dark eyes, and his lips quivered with a suppressed smile.

"Yes, your Highness," he answered, making an inclination of his head. And he went on working.

"Why?" asked the Princess Pourquoi.

"Gracious Lady and Princess," replied the artisan, "I do not know."

The Princess stared at his deft fingers and the quivering muscles of his arms. Then she strolled away to pick a late white rose, and presently wandered back, as if forgetful where her feet were going.

"I have seen you before," she remarked, absent-mindedly.

He bent again, and murmured something respectful that she could not hear. The chance given him to continue the subject he did not improve.

"Once," continued the Princess, "in a hovel among other hovels at the foot of the hill. Through the open door of the sick-room where I stood, I saw you sitting at a poor man's table, sharing his black bread and muddy ale. Why were you there?"

"He was my friend," said the artisan. "His hut was then my home."

"Why do you wear a workingman's blouse and carve in stone?" demanded the Princess abruptly.

"Madame and Princess," replied the man, "it is the work that I have chosen,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by Sarah S. Stillwell.

Side by side they walked, talking together.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he went on chipping away fine flakes of stone.

The lady walked away again, this time following a wayward peacock across the grass. The workingman paused to look after her, with the sunshine falling on her brown hair. Then he picked up a chisel that he had dropped, and, in doing so, bent to kiss the grass where her feet had rested, for she had trodden very close.

When the Princess came back the next time, she spoke with the quiet air of one who is greeting an old friend.

"You criticised my statue," she remarked. "You called it crude."

"Whoever reported my poor opinion to Madame the Princess," said the man, "had evidently heard but part of what I said."

The Princess showed no curiosity as to the rest.

"Why were the others so unjust?" she demanded. "They praised my work when they thought it was a man's. They turned upon it and called it bad when they knew a girl had done it, and did not yet know that it was a princess. What can one do when it is all so unfair?"

The artisan answered not a word, but went on chipping, chipping, bending all his energy to the curve of a finger. The Princess watched with eyes in which all the blue of the autumn sky and all the shining of the autumn sun seemed centred. When the young man at length looked at her, her head was thrown back and her face wore the look of one who feels her blood to be royal.

"Do you know," she asked, sternly, though the expression of her eyes was of one who pleads, "what fate is reserved for the man who answers even one of my questions satisfactorily?"

"Gracious Lady and Princess," he said, humbly, "I have answered nothing, for I did not know. My mind, too, has questioned ceaselessly into the injustice of many things. I only——"

"You only," said the Princess, with a sweep of her hand, "you only *kept on working!* Come!"

Refusing to walk at her side, he followed at a little distance, stepping unsurely, as one would walk in a dream. The lackeys looked at him and sneered as he went. His Majesty the King, and her Majesty the Queen looked down in impatience from the throne when they saw the Princess Pourquoi leading in a peasant clad in blue jean.

"Some injury to redress!" muttered his Majesty. "Always a new grievance! I never have time to sleep or think."

The Princess swept across the audience-chamber with the air of one whom nature, not circumstance alone, had made a queen. She bent before her royal parents, then laid her hand upon that of the artisan.

"Your Majesties will remember," she said, "the decree made regarding me when I was fifteen years old. This man alone has answered one question of mine to my satisfaction. I come to beg——" and her face wore a frightened look, yet shone with a sudden gleam of mischief, "I come to beg that he incur the penalty."

Her Majesty fainted and was carried from the room. His Majesty turned purple, and the calves of his legs swelled with rage. The ladies-in-waiting hid their faces behind their hands and whispered, "Shameless!" The philosophers shook their heads and muttered, "The Curse!" As soon as the King could find his voice he thundered: "Away with him to the donjon keep! Let the executioner come and do his duty! Cut off the head of the impostor who would steal my daughter's hand!"

"He is no impostor," said the Princess, scornfully. "Whatever his birth may be, his soul is royal."

The men-at-arms came forward to seize him, but the Princess flung herself between him and them. He put her gently aside, and stepped forward to defy them all, but his eyes rested all the while on her with a look that made great throbbings in her wrists. The clash of arms in the chamber was interrupted by the sound of commotion outside. Shouts of "Make way!" were heard. Then there were cries of: "A messenger, a messenger from his Grace of Bobitania!" Free way was left in the crowded hall for a man in a travel-stained riding-costume, who entered and hurried toward the throne.

"May it please your Grace," he panted, "his Majesty the King of Bobitania desires to make known that the Heir-Apparent to the throne, who disappeared

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many weeks ago, has not been discovered. News has just reached Bobitania that his valet, who stole much of the Prince's clothing after his disappearance, has been here representing himself to be the Prince. Let it therefore be known that the person who of late called himself Prince Ludwig Jerome Victor Christian Ernst of Bobitania is an impostor, being the son of a liberated serf, and the grandson of a swineherd."

The nobles, the ladies-in-waiting, the philosophers crowded about the messenger. While he was explaining that Prince Ludwig Jerome Victor was eccentric, though deeply loved by every man, woman, and child in Bobitania; how he had insisted on learning a trade; how he had often disappeared for a time, living in disguise among his poorest subjects — the Princess was looking at the stone-cutter's face, and smiling. She forbore to cast one glance of triumph upon the King.

The messenger took his leave of his Majesty and turned to go. Suddenly he fell upon his knees and kissed the hand of the peasant.

"My Lord the Prince!" he cried. And the vaulted ceiling gave back the cry, for all the people in waiting took it up and shouted for the Prince who wore blue jean.

. . . . . .

"Why did you do it?" asked the Princess Pourquoi, two hours later, when she stood in the garden with her betrothed, the real Ludwig Jerome Victor Christian Ernst, Heir-Apparent to the throne of Bobitania.

"Gracious Lady and Princess," he answered, laughing, "I wanted to be real."

Then he told her how, many years ago, he, a tiny princeling, had heard a naughty little princess, in that very audience-chamber, demanding, not a fairy prince, but a real one.

"I took the only way I knew to become real," he said. "Have I found favor in your eyes, O beloved of my heart?"

"How long beloved?" asked the Princess, anxiously, for she was much ashamed of the way in which she had wooed him.

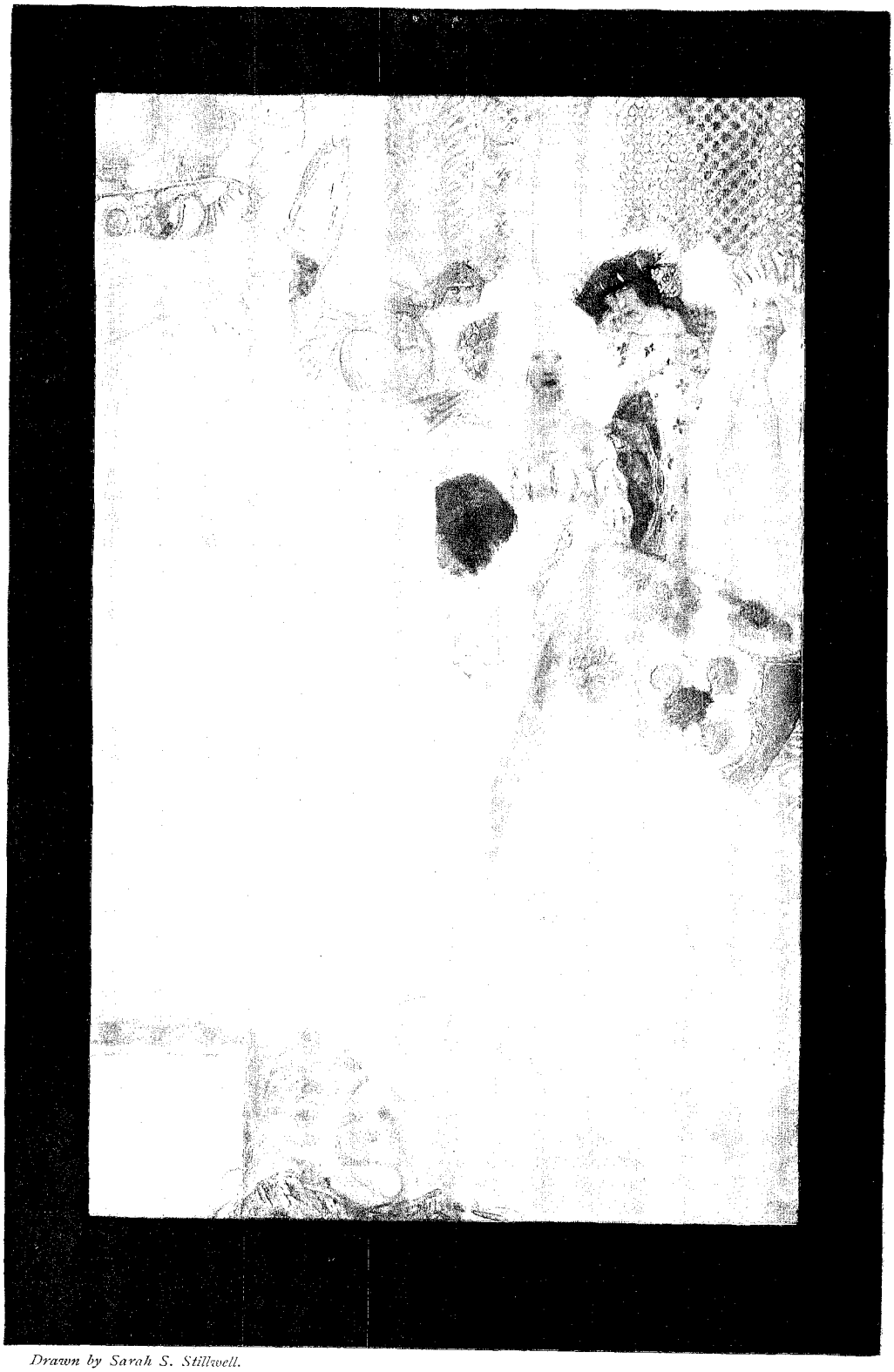
"All my life long," he answered. And the peacocks never told how he kissed her.

His Majesty the King and her Majesty the Queen were delighted with the match. The royal father spent hours in telling the young Prince how great a delight his daughter's mind had always been to him, and how he should miss companionship with her when she was far away in Bobitania. All the court agreed with their Highnesses that they had had suspicions of the valet-prince from the very first, and the lackeys mentioned to the Princess the fact that from the first they had suspected the stone-cutter to be something more than appeared on the outside. The Princess Pourquoi became very popular up and down the length and breadth of the kingdom, and the philosophers, as they sipped their wine in the afternoon sunshine, said, over and over, what a wonderful child she had been, and how they had always prophesied a great destiny for her.

So there was a great wedding, the preparations for which shook Christendom to its foundations. All the crowned heads that were known were there. Barbaric kings from beyond Bobitania graced the ceremony in gorgeous embroidered robes, sewn with diamonds and rubies and pearls. No colors that are known could paint the procession with its rainbow tints of banners and of clothing. Man has not senses enough to take in a description of the food that was provided. Peacocks' brains, served in golden dishes, were the simplest viands there.

The Princess Pourquoi was attired in white velvet, with a train eleven feet and six inches long; her lord and master glowed like a tropical bird in scarlet, and Christendom exclaimed that there had never been so beautiful a pair. While the trumpets were blowing and the dishes were rattling, and the after-dinner speeches of the philosophers were reaching their most blatant point, Prince Victor was quietly telling his bride that he had no intention of giving up his occupation of stone-cutter, and none of sitting upon his father's throne unless requested to by all the inhabitants of Bobitania. They talked in snatched whispers about the drawing-schools they would establish for the poor, and the model-cottages that should be built from end to end of Bobitania, and they made great plans for the Princess's further work

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Sarah S. Stillwell.

So there was a great wedding.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in sculpture. What else they said in sweet whispers I shall not tell, for it was no one's affair but their own.

The most magnificent guest of all was the fairy godmother who had cursed the bride in her cradle. This wicked person was attired in black samite, made with incredible puffs and a train. She had a stomacher picked out with jet, and wore a very stiff ruff underneath her hooked chin. Her general expression was very fierce, but once she was heard to murmur, hiding a pleased smile behind her bony hand:

"A pretty age of the world, when not even the curse of a mind can harm a woman!"

PLOUGHING TIME

By John Finley

. . . And must I die here, I
Who've loved the unpent prairies of my birth
Since I've loved aught? Die exiled from their sight,
Shut from the sky still bending over them,
A nameless tenant of a numbered cot
In this drear hundred-chambered house of pain?
Forgot, unknown who once did hope that earth
Should hear the name she, daughter of the hills,
Gave christening me her first-born of the plains,
And dying spoke. . . .

. . . What season is it, Nurse?
But I forget, there are no seasons here;
Only the heat and cold uncompanied
Of leaf and herb; no tempering tree or shrub,
No branch on which a bird may light and bring
Fresh token that the fields still lie about,
The gardens where the Lord did habit us.

. . . . . .

What month then, Nurse? The coming in of May?
But this is not the time for one to die
Of unsown deeds and hopes unharvested:
'Tis ploughing time. . . .

. . . The sun is shining, Nurse?
On such a day I ploughed the stubbled land
That lay beyond the virgin field, unfenced,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where larks were singing on its flowered knolls
And frogs made lonesome music in its swales.
I hear them now! And listen, Nurse, the cry
Of killdeer mourning over some long loss,
Refusing to be comforted. . . .

. . . . . That day
The oat was springing in the green-fringed field
That soon should furnish pipes for summer's winds;
The solemn cranes went cronking overhead
Through cloud-made aisles their glad processional,
And I, my Horace strapped upon the beam,
To read while resting at the furrow's end,
Was happiness and hope impersonate.
In that wide-circling amphitheatre
I strove alone, while all about stood those
Who'd come from out all time, from out all lands,
To see what I would do with life. . . .

. . . . . And now,
To-morrow, I go back; back to the fields.
I shudder thinking of the travel forth—
To be as some unpitied pauper driven
In sombre wagon through the clamorous street
Where heedless go the throngs to their wont tasks
(Among them one to take up mine undone);
And then 'mid jest or cursing ferried o'er
The river, once my Rubicon, but now
The Styx of all my vain endeavor here.
I'd take my task again! Ah if I could!
Yet there is that sweet luring of the earth
O'ercoming me. . . .

. . . . . To-morrow I go back.
In that same field I ploughed there let me lie:
Beneath the tree whose spreading roots my share
Has often wounded in its greediness,
There let me lie, that with each passing spring
I with the sap may climb into its boughs,
Peer through its leaves across the plain I loved
And sleep the winters in my furrowed bed,
Unmoved by false ambition and the pride
That stirs all envy and that gets all hate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LADY'S MAID'S BELL

By Edith Wharton

I

IT was the autumn after I had the typhoid. I'd been three months in hospital, and when I came out I looked so weak and tottery that the two or three ladies I applied to were afraid to engage me. Most of my money was gone, and after I'd boarded for two months, hanging about the employment-agencies, and answering any advertisement that looked any way respectable, I pretty nearly lost heart, for fretting hadn't made me fatter, and I didn't see why my luck should ever turn. It did though—or I thought so at the time. A Mrs. Railton, a friend of the lady that first brought me out to the States, met me one day and stopped to speak to me: she was one that had always a friendly way with her. She asked me what ailed me to look so white, and when I told her, "Why, Hartley," says she, "I believe I've got the very place for you. Come in to-morrow and we'll talk about it."

The next day, when I called, she told me the lady she'd in mind was a niece of hers, a Mrs. Brympton, a youngish lady, but something of an invalid, who lived all the year round at her country-place on the Hudson, owing to not being able to stand the fatigue of town life.

"Now, Hartley," Mrs. Railton said, in that cheery way that always made me feel things must be going to take a turn for the better—"now understand me; it's not a cheerful place I'm sending you to. The house is big and gloomy; my niece is nervous, vaporish; her husband—well, he's generally away; and the two children are dead. A year ago, I would as soon have thought of shutting a rosy active girl like you into a vault; but you're not particularly brisk yourself just now, are you? and a quiet place, with country air and wholesome food and early hours, ought to be the very thing for you. Don't mistake me," she added, for I suppose I looked a trifle downcast; "you may find it dull, but you won't be unhappy. My niece is an angel. Her former maid, who died last spring, had been with her twenty years and worshipped the ground she walked on. She's a kind mistress to all, and where the mistress is kind, as you know, the servants are generally good-humored, so you'll probably get on well enough with the rest of the household. And you're the very woman I want for my niece: quiet, well-mannered, and educated above your station. You read aloud well, I think? That's a good thing; my niece likes to be read to. She wants a maid that can be something of a companion: her last was, and I can't say how she misses her. It's a lonely life . . . Well, have you decided?"

"Why, ma'am," I said, "I'm not afraid of solitude."

"Well, then, go; my niece will take you on my recommendation. I'll telegraph her at once and you can take the afternoon train. She has no one to wait on her at present, and I don't want you to lose any time."

I was ready enough to start, yet something in me hung back; and to gain time I asked, "And the gentleman, ma'am?"

"The gentleman's almost always away, I tell you," said Mrs. Railton, quick-like—"and when he's there," says she suddenly, "you've only to keep out of his way."

I took the afternoon train and got out at D—— station at about four o'clock. A groom in a dog-cart was waiting, and we drove off at a smart pace. It was a dull October day, with rain hanging close overhead, and by the time we turned into the Brympton Place woods the daylight was almost gone. The drive wound through the woods for a mile or two, and came out on a gravel court shut in with thickets of tall black-looking shrubs. There were no lights in the windows, and the house *did* look a bit gloomy.

I had asked no questions of the groom, for I never was one to get my notion of new masters from their other servants: I prefer to wait and see for myself. But I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could tell by the look of everything that I had got into the right kind of house, and that things were done handsomely. A pleasant-faced cook met me at the back door and called the house-maid to show me up to my room. "You'll see madam later," she said. "Mrs. Brympton has a visitor."

I hadn't fancied Mrs. Brympton was a lady to have many visitors, and somehow the words cheered me. I followed the house-maid upstairs, and saw, through a door on the upper landing, that the main part of the house seemed well-furnished, with dark panelling and a number of old portraits. Another flight of stairs led us up to the servants' wing. It was almost dark now, and the house-maid excused herself for not having brought a light. "But there's matches in your room," she said, "and if you go careful you'll be all right. Mind the step at the end of the passage. Your room is just beyond."

I looked ahead as she spoke, and halfway down the passage, I saw a woman standing. She drew back into a doorway as we passed, and the house-maid didn't appear to notice her. She was a thin woman with a white face, and a darkish stuff gown and apron. I took her for the housekeeper and thought it odd that she didn't speak, but just gave me a long look as she went by. My room opened into a square hall at the end of the passage. Facing my door was another which stood open: the house-maid exclaimed when she saw it.

"There——Mrs. Blinder's left that door open again!" said she, closing it.

"Is Mrs. Blinder the housekeeper?"

"There's no housekeeper: Mrs. Blinder's the cook."

"And is that her room?"

"Laws, no," said the house-maid, cross-like. "That's nobody's room. It's empty, I mean, and the door hadn't ought to be open. Mrs. Brympton wants it kept locked."

She opened my door and led me into a neat room, nicely furnished, with a picture or two on the walls; and having lit a candle she took leave, telling me that the servants'-hall tea was at six, and that Mrs. Brympton would see me afterward.

I found them a pleasant-spoken set in the servants' hall, and by what they let fall I gathered that, as Mrs. Railton had said, Mrs. Brympton was the kindest of ladies; but I didn't take much notice of their talk, for I was watching to see the pale woman in the dark gown come in. She didn't show herself, however, and I wondered if she ate apart; but if she wasn't the housekeeper, why should she? Suddenly it struck me that she might be a trained nurse, and in that case her meals would of course be served in her room. If Mrs. Brympton was an invalid it was likely enough she had a nurse. The idea annoyed me, I own, for they're not always the easiest to get on with, and if I'd known, I shouldn't have taken the place. But there I was, and there was no use pulling a long face over it; and not being one to ask questions, I waited to see what would turn up.

When tea was over, the house-maid said to the footman: "Has Mr. Ranford gone?" and when he said yes, she told me to come up with her to Mrs. Brympton.

Mrs. Brympton was lying down in her bedroom. Her lounge stood near the fire and beside it was a shaded lamp. She was a delicate-looking lady, but when she smiled I felt there was nothing I wouldn't do for her. She spoke very pleasantly, in a low voice, asking me my name and age and so on, and if I had everything I wanted, and if I wasn't afraid of feeling lonely in the country.

"Not with you I wouldn't be, madam," I said, and the words surprised me when I'd spoken them, for I'm not an impulsive person; but it was just as if I'd thought aloud.

She seemed pleased at that, and said she hoped I'd continue in the same mind; then she gave me a few directions about her toilet, and said Agnes the house-maid would show me next morning where things were kept.

"I am tired to-night, and shall dine upstairs," she said. "Agnes will bring me my tray, that you may have time to unpack and settle yourself; and later you may come and undress me."

"Very well, ma'am," I said. "You'll ring, I suppose?"

I thought she looked odd.

"No—Agnes will fetch you," says she quickly, and took up her book again.

Well—that was certainly strange: a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lady's-maid having to be fetched by the house-maid whenever her lady wanted her! I wondered if there were no bells in the house; but the next day I satisfied myself that there was one in every room, and a special one ringing from my mistress's room to mine; and after that it did strike me as queer that, whenever Mrs. Brympton wanted anything, she rang for Agnes, who had to walk the whole length of the servants' wing to call me.

But that wasn't the only queer thing in the house. The very next day I found out that Mrs. Brympton had no nurse; and then I asked Agnes about the woman I had seen in the passage the afternoon before. Agnes said she had seen no one, and I saw that she thought I was dreaming. To be sure, it was dusk when we went down the passage, and she had excused herself for not bringing a light; but I had seen the woman plain enough to know her again if we should meet. I decided that she must have been a friend of the cook's, or of one of the othe women-servants: perhaps she had come down from town for a night's visit, and the servants wanted it kept secret. Some ladies are very stiff about having their servants' friends in the house overnight. At any rate, I made up my mind to ask no more questions.

In a day or two, another odd thing happened. I was chatting one afternoon with Mrs. Blinder, who was a friendly disposed woman, and had been longer in the house than the other servants, and she asked me if I was quite comfortable and had everything I needed. I said I had no fault to find with my place or with my mistress, but I thought it odd that in so large a house there was no sewing-room for the lady's maid.

"Why," says she, "there *is* one: the room you're in is the old sewing-room."

"Oh," said I; "and where did the other lady's maid sleep?"

At that she grew confused, and said hurriedly that the servants' rooms had all been changed about last year, and she didn't rightly remember.

That struck me as peculiar, but I went on as if I hadn't noticed: "Well, there's a vacant room opposite mine, and I mean to ask Mrs. Brympton if I mayn't use that as a sewing-room."

To my astonishment, Mrs. Blinder went white, and gave my hand a kind of squeeze. "Don't do that, my dear," said she, trembling-like. "To tell you the truth, that was Emma Saxon's room, and my mistress has kept it closed ever since her death."

"And who was Emma Saxon?"

"Mrs. Brympton's former maid."

"The one that was with her so many years?" said I, remembering what Mrs. Railton had told me.

Mrs. Blinder nodded.

"What sort of woman was she?"

"No better walked the earth," said Mrs. Blinder. "My mistress loved her like a sister."

"But I mean—what did she look like?"

Mrs. Blinder got up and gave me a kind of angry stare. "I'm no great hand at describing," she said; "and I believe my pastry's rising." And she walked off into the kitchen and shut the door after her.

II

I HAD been near a week at Brympton before I saw my master. Word came that he was arriving one afternoon, and a change passed over the whole household. It was plain that nobody loved him below stairs. Mrs. Blinder took uncommon care with the dinner that night, but she snapped at the kitchen-maid in a way quite unusual with her; and Mr. Wace, the butler, a serious, slow-spoken man, went about his duties as if he'd been getting ready for a funeral. He was a great Bible-reader, Mr. Wace was, and had a beautiful assortment of texts at his command; but that day he used such dreadful language that I was about to leave the table, when he assured me it was all out of Isaiah; and I noticed that whenever the master came Mr. Wace took to the prophets.

About seven, Agnes called me to my mistress's room; and there I found Mr. Brympton. He was standing on the hearth; a big fair bull-necked man, with a red face and little bad-tempered blue eyes: the kind of man a young simpleton might have thought handsome, and would have been like to pay dear for thinking it.

He swung about when I came in, and looked me over in a trice. I knew what the look meant, from having experienced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it once or twice in my former places. Then he turned his back on me, and went on talking to his wife; and I knew what *that* meant, too. I was not the kind of morsel he was after. The typhoid had served me well enough in one way: it kept that kind of gentleman at arm's-length.

"This is my new maid, Hartley," says Mrs. Brympton in her kind voice; and he nodded and went on with what he was saying.

In a minute or two he went off, and left my mistress to dress for dinner, and I noticed as I waited on her that she was white, and chill to the touch.

Mr. Brympton took himself off the next morning, and the whole house drew a long breath when he drove away. As for my mistress, she put on her hat and furs (for it was a fine winter morning) and went out for a walk in the gardens, coming back quite fresh and rosy, so that for a minute, before her color faded, I could guess what a pretty young lady she must have been, and not so long ago, either.

She had met Mr. Ranford in the grounds, and the two came back together, I remember, smiling and talking as they walked along the terrace under my window. That was the first time I saw Mr. Ranford, though I had often heard his name mentioned in the hall. He was a neighbor, it appeared, living a mile or two beyond Brympton, at the end of the village; and as he was in the habit of spending his winters in the country he was almost the only company my mistress had at that season. He was a slight tall gentleman of about thirty, and I thought him rather melancholy-looking till I saw his smile, which had a kind of surprise in it, like the first warm day in spring. He was a great reader, I heard, like my mistress, and the two were forever borrowing books of one another, and sometimes (Mr. Wace told me) he would read aloud to Mrs. Brympton by the hour, in the big dark library where she sat in the winter afternoons. The servants all liked him, and perhaps that's more of a compliment than the masters suspect. He had a friendly word for every one of us, and we were all glad to think that Mrs. Brympton had a pleasant companionable gentleman like that to keep her company when the master was away. Mr. Ranford seemed on excellent terms with Mr. Brympton too; though I couldn't but wonder that two gentlemen so unlike each other should be so friendly. But then I knew how the real quality can keep their feelings to themselves.

As for Mr. Brympton, he came and went, never staying more than a day or two, cursing the dulness and the solitude, grumbling at everything, and (as I soon found out) drinking a deal more than was good for him. After Mrs. Brympton left the table he would sit half the night over the old Brympton port and madeira, and once, as I was leaving my mistress's room rather later than usual, I met him coming up the stairs in such a state that I turned sick to think of what some ladies have to endure and hold their tongues about.

The servants said very little about their master; but from what they let drop I could see it had been an unhappy match from the beginning. Mr. Brympton was coarse, loud and pleasure-loving; my mistress quiet, retiring, and perhaps a trifle cold. Not that she was not always pleasant-spoken to him: I thought her wonderfully forbearing; but to a gentleman as free as Mr. Brympton I daresay she seemed a little offish.

Well, things went on quietly for several weeks. My mistress was kind, my duties were light, and I got on well with the other servants. In short, I had nothing to complain of; yet there was always a weight on me. I can't say why it was so, but I know it was not the loneliness that I felt. I soon got used to that; and being still languid from the fever, I was thankful for the quiet and the good country air. Nevertheless, I was never quite easy in my mind. My mistress, knowing I had been ill, insisted that I should take my walk regular, and often invented errands for me:—a yard of ribbon to be fetched from the village, a letter posted, or a book returned to Mr. Ranford. As soon as I was out of doors my spirits rose, and I looked forward to my walks through the bare moist-smelling woods; but the moment I caught sight of the house again my heart dropped down like a stone in a well. It was not a gloomy house exactly, yet I never entered it but a feeling of gloom came over me.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Brympton seldom went out in winter; only on the finest days did she walk an hour at noon on the south terrace. Excepting Mr. Ranford, we had no visitors but the doctor, who drove over from D——— about once a week. He sent for me once or twice to give me some trifling direction about my mistress, and though he never told me what her illness was, I thought, from a waxy look she had now and then of a morning, that it might be the heart that ailed her. The season was soft and unwholesome, and in January we had a long spell of rain. That was a sore trial to me, I own, for I couldn't go out, and sitting over my sewing all day, listening to the drip, drip of the eaves, I grew so nervous that the least sound made me jump. Somehow, the thought of that locked room across the passage began to weigh on me. Once or twice, in the long rainy nights, I fancied I heard noises there; but that was nonsense, of course, and the daylight drove such notions out of my head. Well, one morning Mrs. Brympton gave me quite a start of pleasure by telling me she wished me to go to town for some shopping. I hadn't known till then how low my spirits had fallen. I set off in high glee, and my first sight of the crowded streets and the cheerful-looking shops quite took me out of myself. Toward afternoon, however, the noise and confusion began to tire me, and I was actually looking forward to the quiet of Brympton, and thinking how I should enjoy the drive home through the dark woods, when I ran across an old acquaintance, a maid I had once been in service with. We had lost sight of each other for a number of years, and I had to stop and tell her what had happened to me in the interval. When I mentioned where I was living she rolled up her eyes and pulled a long face.

"What! The Mrs. Brympton that lives all the year at her place on the Hudson? My dear, you won't stay there three months."

"Oh, but I don't mind the country," says I, offended somehow at her tone. "Since the fever I'm glad to be quiet."

She shook her head. "It's not the country I'm thinking of. All I know is she's had four maids in the last six months, and the last one, who was a friend of mine, told me nobody could stay in the house."

"Did she say why?" I asked.

"No—she wouldn't give me her reason. But she says to me, *Mrs. Ansey*, she says, *if ever a young woman as you know of thinks of going there, you tell her it's not worth while to unpack her boxes.*"

"Is she young and handsome?" said I, thinking of Mr. Brympton.

"Not her! She's the kind that mothers engage when they've gay young gentlemen at college."

Well, though I knew the woman was an idle gossip, the words stuck in my head, and my heart sank lower than ever as I drove up to Brympton in the dusk. There *was* something about the house—I was sure of it now . . .

When I went in to tea I heard that Mr. Brympton had arrived, and I saw at a glance that there had been a disturbance of some kind. Mrs. Blinder's hand shook so that she could hardly pour the tea, and Mr. Wace quoted the most dreadful texts full of brimstone. Nobody said a word to me then, but when I went up to my room Mrs. Blinder followed me.

"Oh, my dear," says she, taking my hand, "I'm so glad and thankful you've come back to us!"

That struck me, as you may imagine. "Why," said I, "did you think I was leaving for good?"

"No, no, to be sure," said she, a little confused, "but I can't a-bear to have madam left alone for a day even." She pressed my hand hard, and, "Oh, Miss Hartley," says she, "be good to your mistress, as you're a Christian woman." And with that she hurried away, and left me staring.

A moment later Agnes called me to Mrs. Brympton. Hearing Mr. Brympton's voice in her room, I went round by the dressing-room, thinking I would lay out her dinner-gown before going in. The dressing-room is a large room with a window over the portico that looks toward the gardens. Mr. Brympton's apartments are beyond. When I went in, the door into the bedroom was ajar, and I heard Mr. Brympton saying angrily:—"One would suppose he was the only person fit for you to talk to."

"I don't have many visitors in winter," Mrs. Brympton answered quietly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You have *me!*" he flung at her, sneering.

"You are here so seldom," said she.

"Well — whose fault is that? You make the place about as lively as a family vault——"

With that I rattled the toilet-things, to give my mistress warning and she rose and called me in.

The two dined alone, as usual, and I knew by Mr. Wace's manner at supper that things must be going badly. He quoted the prophets something terrible, and worked on the kitchen-maid so that she declared she wouldn't go down alone to put the cold meat in the ice-box. I felt nervous myself, and after I had put my mistress to bed I was half-tempted to go down again and persuade Mrs. Blinder to sit up awhile over a game of cards. But I heard her door closing for the night, and so I went on to my own room. The rain had begun again, and the drip, drip, drip seemed to be dropping into my brain. I lay awake listening to it, and turning over what my friend in town had said. What puzzled me was that it was always the maids who left . . .

After a while I slept; but suddenly a loud noise wakened me. My bell had rung. I sat up, terrified by the unusual sound, which seemed to go on jangling through the darkness. My hands shook so that I couldn't find the matches. At length I struck a light and jumped out of bed. I began to think I must have been dreaming; but I looked at the bell against the wall, and there was the little hammer still quivering.

I was just beginning to huddle on my clothes when I heard another sound. This time it was the door of the locked room opposite mine softly opening and closing. I heard the sound distinctly, and it frightened me so that I stood stock still. Then I heard a footstep hurrying down the passage toward the main house. The floor being carpeted, the sound was very faint, but I was quite sure it was a woman's step. I turned cold with the thought of it, and for a minute or two I dursn't breathe or move. Then I came to my senses.

"Alice Hartley," says I to myself, "someone left that room just now and ran down the passage ahead of you. The idea isn't pleasant, but you may as well face it. Your mistress has rung for you, and to answer her bell you've got to go the way that other woman has gone."

Well—I did it. I never walked faster in my life, yet I thought I should never get to the end of the passage or reach Mrs. Brympton's room. On the way I heard nothing and saw nothing: all was dark and quiet as the grave. When I reached my mistress's door the silence was so deep that I began to think I must be dreaming, and was half-minded to turn back. Then a panic seized me, and I knocked.

There was no answer, and I knocked again, loudly. To my astonishment the door was opened by Mr. Brympton. He started back when he saw me, and in the light of my candle his face looked red and savage.

"*You?*" he said, in a queer voice. "*How many of you are there, in God's name?*"

At that I felt the ground give under me; but I said to myself that he had been drinking, and answered as steadily as I could: "May I go in, sir? Mrs. Brympton has rung for me."

"You may all go in, for what I care," says he, and, pushing by me, walked down the hall to his own bedroom. I looked after him as he went, and to my surprise I saw that he walked as straight as a sober man.

I found my mistress lying very weak and still, but she forced a smile when she saw me, and signed to me to pour out some drops for her. After that she lay without speaking, her breath coming quick, and her eyes closed. Suddenly she groped out with her hand, and "*Emma,*" says she, faintly.

"It's Hartley, madam," I said. "Do you want anything?"

She opened her eyes wide and gave me a startled look.

"I was dreaming," she said. "You may go, now, Hartley, and thank you kindly. I'm quite well again, you see." And she turned her face away from me.

III

THERE was no more sleep for me that night, and I was thankful when daylight came.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Soon afterward, Agnes called me to Mrs. Brympton. I was afraid she was ill again, for she seldom sent for me before nine, but I found her sitting up in bed, pale and drawn-looking, but quite herself.

"Hartley," says she quickly, "will you put on your things at once and go down to the village for me? I want this prescription made up—" here she hesitated a minute and blushed—"and I should like you to be back again before Mr. Brympton is up."

"Certainly, madam," I said.

"And—stay a moment—" she called me back as if an idea had just struck her —"while you're waiting for the mixture, you'll have time to go on to Mr. Ranford's with this note."

It was a two-mile walk to the village, and on my way I had time to turn things over in my mind. It struck me as peculiar that my mistress should wish the prescription made up without Mr. Brympton's knowledge; and, putting this together with the scene of the night before, and with much else that I had noticed and suspected, I began to wonder if the poor lady was weary of her life, and had come to the mad resolve of ending it. The idea took such hold on me that I reached the village on a run, and dropped breathless into a chair before the chemist's counter. The good man, who was just taking down his shutters, stared at me so hard that it brought me to myself.

"Mr. Limmel," I says, trying to speak indifferent, "will you run your eye over this, and tell me if it's quite right?"

He put on his spectacles and studied the prescription.

"Why, it's one of Dr. Walton's," says he. "What should be wrong with it?"

"Well—is it dangerous to take?"

"Dangerous—how do you mean?"

I could have shaken the man for his stupidity.

"I mean—if a person was to take too much of it—by mistake of course—" says I, my heart in my throat.

"Lord bless you, no. It's only lime-water. You might feed it to a baby by the bottleful."

I gave a great sigh of relief, and hurried on to Mr. Ranford's. But on the way another thought struck me. If there was nothing to conceal about my visit to the chemist's, was it my other errand that Mrs. Brympton wished me to keep private? Somehow, that thought frightened me worse than the other. Yet the two gentlemen seemed fast friends, and I would have staked my head on my mistress's goodness. I felt ashamed of my suspicions, and concluded that I was still disturbed by the strange events of the night. I left the note at Mr. Ranford's—and, hurrying back to Brympton, slipped in by a side door without being seen, as I thought.

An hour later, however, as I was carrying in my mistress's breakfast, I was stopped in the hall by Mr. Brympton.

"What were you doing out so early?" he says, looking hard at me.

"Early—me, sir?" I said, in a tremble.

"Come, come," he says, an angry red spot coming out on his forehead, "didn't I see you scuttling home through the shrubbery an hour or more ago?"

I'm a truthful woman by nature, but at that a lie popped out ready-made. "No, sir, you didn't," said I, and looked straight back at him.

He shrugged his shoulders and gave a sullen laugh. "I suppose you think I was drunk last night?" he asked suddenly.

"No, sir, I don't," I answered, this time truthfully enough.

He turned away with another shrug. "A pretty notion my servants have of me!" I heard him mutter as he walked off.

Not till I had settled down to my afternoon's sewing did I realize how the events of the night had shaken me. I couldn't pass that locked door without a shiver. I knew I had heard someone come out of it, and walk down the passage ahead of me. I thought of speaking to Mrs. Blinder or to Mr. Wace, the only two in the house who appeared to have an inkling of what was going on, but I had a feeling that if I questioned them they would deny everything, and that I might learn more by holding my tongue and keeping my eyes open. The idea of spending another night opposite the locked room sickened me, and once I was seized with the notion of packing my trunk and taking the first train to town; but it wasn't in me to throw over a kind mistress in that manner, and I tried to go on with my sewing as if nothing had happened.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I hadn't worked ten minutes before the sewing-machine broke down. It was one I had found in the house, a good machine, but a trifle out of order: Mrs. Blinder said it had never been used since Emma Saxon's death. I stopped to see what was wrong, and as I was working at the machine a drawer which I had never been able to open slid forward and a photograph fell out. I picked it up and sat looking at it in a maze. It was a woman's likeness, and I knew I had seen the face somewhere—the eyes had an asking look that I had felt on me before. And suddenly I remembered the pale woman in the passage.

I stood up, cold all over, and ran out of the room. My heart seemed to be thumping in the top of my head, and I felt as if I should never get away from the look in those eyes. I went straight to Mrs. Blinder. She was taking her afternoon nap, and sat up with a jump when I came in.

"Mrs. Blinder," said I, "who is that?" And I held out the photograph.

She rubbed her eyes and stared.

"Why, Emma Saxon," says she. "Where did you find it?"

I looked hard at her for a minute. "Mrs. Blinder," I said, "I've seen that face before."

Mrs. Blinder got up and walked over to the looking-glass. "Dear me! I must have been asleep," she says. "My front is all over one ear. And now do run along, Miss Hartley, dear, for I hear the clock striking four, and I must go down this very minute and put on the Virginia ham for Mr. Brympton's dinner."

IV

To all appearances, things went on as usual for a week or two. The only difference was that Mr. Brympton stayed on, instead of going off as he usually did, and that Mr. Ranford never showed himself. I heard Mr. Brympton remark on this one afternoon when he was sitting in my mistress's room before dinner.

"Where's Ranford?" says he. "He hasn't been near the house for a week. Does he keep away because I'm here?"

Mrs. Brympton spoke so low that I couldn't catch her answer.

"Well," he went on, "two's company and three's trumpery; I'm sorry to be in Ranford's way, and I suppose I shall have to take myself off again in a day or two and give him a show." And he laughed at his own joke.

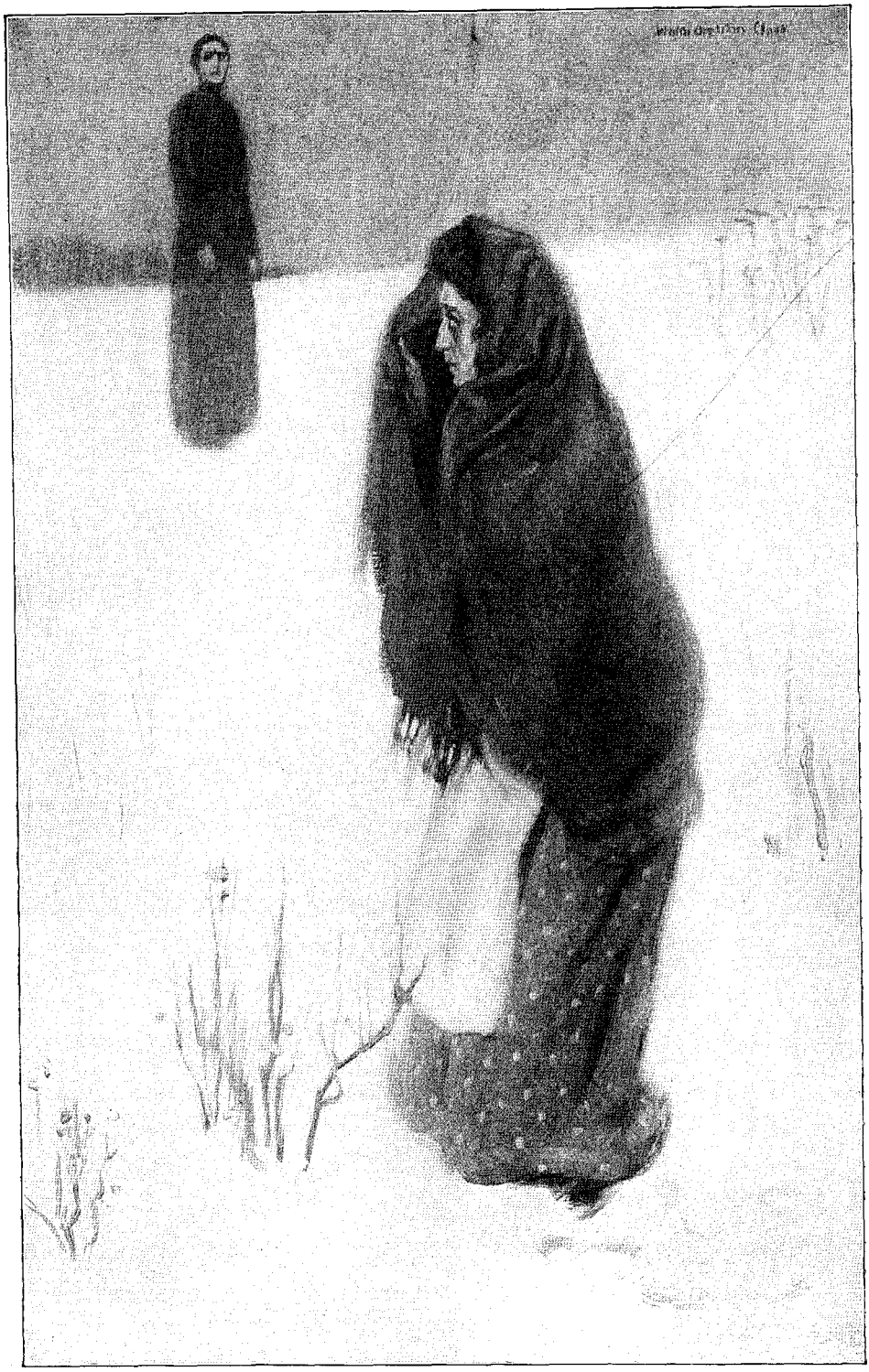
The very next day, as it happened, Mr. Ranford called. The footman said the three were very merry over their tea in the library, and Mr. Brympton strolled down to the gate with Mr. Ranford when he left.

I have said that things went on as usual; and so they did with the rest of the household; but as for myself, I had never been the same since the night my bell had rung. Night after night I used to lie awake, listening for it to ring again, and for the door of the locked room to open stealthily. But the bell never rang, and I heard no sound across the passage. At last the silence began to be more dreadful to me than the most mysterious sounds. I felt that *someone* were cowering there, behind the locked door, watching and listening as I watched and listened, and I could almost have cried out, "Whoever you are, come out and let me see you face to face, but don't lurk there and spy on me in the darkness!"

Feeling as I did, you may wonder I didn't give warning. Once I very nearly did so; but at the last moment something held me back. Whether it was compassion for my mistress, who had grown more and more dependent on me, or unwillingness to try a new place, or some other feeling that I couldn't put a name to, I lingered on as if spell-bound, though every night was dreadful to me, and the days but little better.

For one thing, I didn't like Mrs. Brympton's looks. She had never been the same since that night, no more than I had. I thought she would brighten up after Mr. Brympton left, but though she seemed easier in her mind, her spirits didn't revive, nor her strength either. She had grown attached to me, and seemed to like to have me about; and Agnes told me one day that, since Emma Saxon's death, I was the only maid her mistress had taken to. This gave me a warm feeling for the poor lady, though after all there was little I could do to help her.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

Once I tried to go back; but she turned and looked at me.—Page 558.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After Mr. Brympton's departure, Mr. Ranford took to coming again, though less often than formerly. I met him once or twice in the grounds, or in the village, and I couldn't but think there was a change in him too; but I set it down to my disordered fancy.

The weeks passed, and Mr. Brympton had now been a month absent. We heard he was cruising with a friend in the West Indies, and Mr. Wace said that was a long way off, but though you had the wings of a dove and went to the uttermost parts of the earth, you couldn't get away from the Almighty. Agnes said that as long as he stayed away from Brympton, the Almighty might have him and welcome; and this raised a laugh, though Mrs. Blinder tried to look shocked, and Mr. Wace said the bears would eat us.

We were all glad to hear that the West Indies were a long way off, and I remember that, in spite of Mr. Wace's solemn looks, we had a very merry dinner that day in the hall. I don't know if it was because of my being in better spirits, but I fancied Mrs. Brympton looked better too, and seemed more cheerful in her manner. She had been for a walk in the morning, and after luncheon she lay down in her room, and I read aloud to her. When she dismissed me I went to my own room feeling quite bright and happy, and for the first time in weeks walked past the locked door without thinking of it. As I sat down to my work I looked out and saw a few snow-flakes falling. The sight was pleasanter than the eternal rain, and I pictured to myself how pretty the bare gardens would look in their white mantle. It seemed to me as if the snow would cover up all the dreariness, indoors as well as out.

The fancy had hardly crossed my mind when I heard a step at my side. I looked up, thinking it was Agnes.

"Well, Agnes—" said I, and the words froze on my tongue; for there, in the door, stood Emma Saxon.

I don't know how long she stood there. I only know I couldn't stir or take my eyes from her. Afterward I was terribly frightened, but at the time it wasn't fear I felt, but something deeper and quieter. She looked at me long and long, and her face was just one dumb prayer to me—but how in the world was I to help her? Suddenly she turned, and I heard her walk down the passage. This time I wasn't afraid to follow—I felt that I must know what she wanted. I sprang up and ran out. She was at the other end of the passage, and I expected her to take the turn toward my mistress's room; but instead of that she pushed open the door that led to the backstairs. I followed her down the stairs, and across the passageway to the back door. The kitchen and hall were empty at that hour, the servants being off duty, except for the footman, who was in the pantry. At the door she stood still a moment, with another look at me; then she turned the handle, and stepped out. For a minute I hesitated. Where was she leading me to? The door had closed softly after her, and I opened it and looked out, half-expecting to find that she had disappeared. But I saw her a few yards off, hurrying across the court-yard to the path through the woods. Her figure looked black and lonely in the snow, and for a second my heart failed me and I thought of turning back. But all the while she was drawing me after her; and catching up an old shawl of Mrs. Blinder's I ran out into the open.

Emma Saxon was in the wood-path now. She walked on steadily, and I followed at the same pace, till we passed out of the gates and reached the high-road. Then she struck across the open fields to the village. By this time the ground was white, and as she climbed the slope of a bare hill ahead of me I noticed that she left no foot-prints behind her. At sight of that, my heart shrivelled up within me, and my knees were water. Somehow, it was worse here than indoors. She made the whole countryside seem lonely as the grave, with none but us two in it, and no help in the wide world.

Once I tried to go back; but she turned and looked at me, and it was as if she had dragged me with ropes. After that I followed her like a dog. We came to the village, and she led me through it, past the church and the blacksmith's shop, and down the lane to Mr. Ranford's. Mr. Ranford's house stands close to the road: a plain old-fashioned building, with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

flagged path leading to the door between box-borders. The lane was deserted, and as I turned into it I saw Emma Saxon pause under the old elm by the gate. And now another fear came over me. I saw that we had reached the end of our journey, and that it was my turn to act. All the way from Brympton I had been asking myself what she wanted of me, but I had followed in a trance, as it were, and not till I saw her stop at Mr. Ranford's gate did my brain begin to clear itself. I stood a little way off in the snow, my heart beating fit to strangle me, and my feet frozen to the ground; and she stood under the elm and watched me.

I knew well enough that she hadn't led me there for nothing. I felt there was something I ought to say or do—but how was I to guess what it was? I had never thought harm of my mistress and Mr. Ranford, but I was sure now that, from one cause or another, some dreadful thing hung over them. *She* knew what it was; she would tell me if she could; perhaps she would answer if I questioned her.

It turned me faint to think of speaking to her; but I plucked up heart and dragged myself across the few yards between us. As I did so, I heard the house-door open, and saw Mr. Ranford approaching. He looked handsome and cheerful, as my mistress had looked that morning, and at sight of him the blood began to flow again in my veins.

"Why, Hartley," said he, "what's the matter? I saw you coming down the lane just now, and came out to see if you had taken root in the snow." He stopped and stared at me. "What are you looking at?" he says.

I turned toward the elm as he spoke, and his eyes followed me; but there was no one there. The lane was empty as far as the eye could reach.

A sense of helplessness came over me. She was gone, and I had not been able to guess what she wanted. Her last look had pierced me to the marrow; and yet it had not told me! All at once, I felt more desolate than when she had stood there watching me. It seemed as if she had left me all alone to carry the weight of the secret I couldn't guess. The snow went round me in great circles, and the ground fell away from me. . . .

A drop of brandy and the warmth of Mr. Ranford's fire soon brought me to, and I insisted on being driven back at once to Brympton. It was nearly dark, and I was afraid my mistress might be wanting me. I explained to Mr. Ranford that I had been out for a walk and had been taken with a fit of giddiness as I passed his gate. This was true enough; yet I never felt more like a liar than when I said it.

When I dressed Mrs. Brympton for dinner she remarked on my pale looks and asked what ailed me. I told her I had a headache, and she said she would not require me again that evening, and advised me to go to bed.

It was a fact that I could scarcely keep on my feet; yet I had no fancy to spend a solitary evening in my room. I sat downstairs in the hall as long as I could hold my head up; but by nine I crept upstairs, too weary to care what happened if I could but get my head on a pillow. The rest of the household went to bed soon afterward; they kept early hours when the master was away, and before ten I heard Mrs. Blinder's door close, and Mr. Wace's soon after.

It was a very still night, earth and air all muffled in snow. Once in bed I felt easier, and lay quiet, listening to the strange noises that come out in a house after dark. Once I thought I heard a door open and close again below: it might have been the glass door that led to the gardens. I got up and peered out of the window; but it was in the dark of the moon, and nothing visible outside but the streaking of snow against the panes.

I went back to bed and must have dozed, for I jumped awake to the furious ringing of my bell. Before my head was clear I had sprung out of bed, and was dragging on my clothes. *It is going to happen now*, I heard myself saying; but what I meant I had no notion. My hands seemed to be covered with glue—I thought I should never get into my clothes. At last I opened my door and peered down the passage. As far as my candle-flame carried, I could see nothing unusual ahead of me. I hurried on, breathless; but as I pushed open the baize door leading to the main hall my heart stood still, for there at the head of the stairs was Emma

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saxon, peering dreadfully down into the darkness.

For a second I couldn't stir; but my hand slipped from the door, and as it swung shut the figure vanished. At the same instant there came another sound from below stairs—a stealthy mysterious sound, as of a latch-key turning in the house-door. I ran to Mrs. Brympton's room and knocked.

There was no answer, and I knocked again. This time I heard some one moving in the room; the bolt slipped back and my mistress stood before me. To my surprise I saw that she had not undressed for the night. She gave me a startled look.

"What is this, Hartley?" she says in a whisper. "Are you ill? What are you doing here at this hour?"

"I am not ill, madam; but my bell rang."

At that she turned pale, and seemed about to fall.

"You are mistaken," she said harshly; "I didn't ring. You must have been dreaming." I had never heard her speak in such a tone. "Go back to bed," she said, closing the door on me.

But as she spoke I heard sounds again in the hall below: a man's step this time; and the truth leaped out on me.

"Madam," I said, pushing past her, "there is someone in the house——"

"Someone——?"

"Mr. Brympton, I think—I hear his step below——"

A dreadful look came over her, and without a word, she dropped flat at my feet. I fell on my knees and tried to lift her: by the way she breathed I saw it was no common faint. But as I raised her head there came quick steps on the stairs and across the hall: the door was flung open, and there stood Mr. Brympton, in his travelling-clothes, the snow dripping from him. He drew back with a start as he saw me kneeling by my mistress.

"What the devil is this?" he shouted. He was less high-colored than usual, and the red spot came out on his forehead.

"Mrs. Brympton has fainted, sir," said I.

He laughed unsteadily and pushed by me. "It's a pity she didn't choose a more convenient moment. I'm sorry to disturb her, but——"

I raised myself up, aghast at the man's action.

"Sir," said I, "are you mad? What are you doing?"

"Going to meet a friend," said he, and seemed to make for the dressing-room.

At that my heart turned over. I don't know what I thought or feared; but I sprang up and caught him by the sleeve.

"Sir, sir," said I, "for pity's sake look at your wife!"

He shook me off furiously.

"It seems that's done for me," says he, and caught hold of the dressing-room door.

At that moment I heard a slight noise inside. Slight as it was, he heard it too, and tore the door open; but as he did so he dropped back. On the threshold stood Emma Saxon. All was dark behind her, but I saw her plainly, and so did he. He threw up his hands as if to hide his face from her; and when I looked again she was gone.

He stood motionless, as if the strength had run out of him; and in the stillness my mistress suddenly raised herself, and opening her eyes fixed a look on him. Then she fell back, and I saw the death-flutter pass over her. . . .

We buried her on the third day, in a driving snow-storm. There were few people in the church, for it was bad weather to come from town, and I've a notion my mistress was one that hadn't many near friends. Mr. Ranford was among the last to come, just before they carried her up the aisle. He was in black, of course, being such a friend of the family, and I never saw a gentleman so pale. As he passed me, I noticed that he leaned a trifle on a stick he carried; and I fancy Mr. Brympton noticed it too, for the red spot came out sharp on his forehead, and all through the service he kept staring across the church at Mr. Ranford, instead of following the prayers as a mourner should.

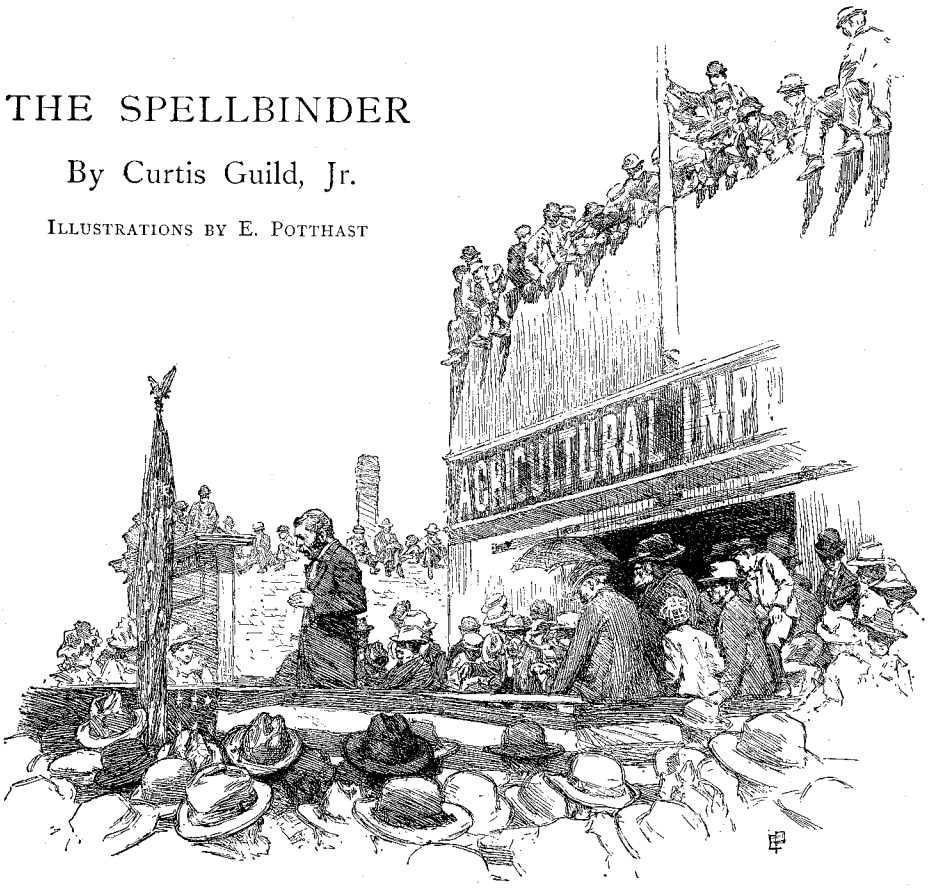
When it was over and we went out to the graveyard, Mr. Ranford had disappeared, and as soon as my poor mistress's body was underground, Mr. Brympton jumped into the carriage nearest the gate and drove off without a word to any of us. I heard him call out, "To the station," and we servants went back alone to the house.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SPELLBINDER

By Curtis Guild, Jr.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. POTTHAST



THE "spellbinder" made his appearance coincidently with the "dude," in the early eighties. At least the names arose at about that time. The two types of men have existed since the first spellbinder persuaded his brother troglodytes to form the first tribal government and the first dude distinguished himself from his fellows by scraping the sea-mud from his hairy limbs before gulping down the mollusks whose high-heaped shells were to be the kitchen middens of the archæologist.

The young Republicans who went forth converted to Democracy in the Blaine campaign, and with the zeal of new converts held their audiences "spellbound" as they wove chaplets of rhetorical flowers about the head of the Democratic candidate, were the first spellbinders, I think, to wear the title. It was swiftly adopted, however, indiscriminately for all political speakers.

The spellbinders of 1894, rightly or wrongly, at least left their party for conscience's sake and gave their services to their cause. Even to-day a majority of political speakers are absolutely unpaid. Of course, one hears stories of fees of $10,000 paid to a noted Democrat for campaign services against Mr. Bryan in 1896, and of fees of $300 a night paid to a noted Independent who opposed Mr. Harrison. In addition, however, to Congressmen and Senators, and State and local office-holders who give their services, there are hundreds of speakers of various political faiths, who neither hold nor expect to hold public office, who would regard the offer of payment for a political speech as an insult. Nevertheless, the spellbinder must get what comfort he can from the triumph of his cause, for the world will not credit him with disinterestedness, and his best friends (out of politics) think him hired.

The orator of an earlier generation has had his day. The modern spellbinder, like the man of business, the soldier, the Salvation Army evangelist, concerns himself more with results than conventional methods, with matter rather than form.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among a certain highly educated but imperfectly informed class, it is generally accepted as an axiom that political speeches no longer convert nor even influence public opinion. The political speaker, of course, no longer influences public opinion as he did in the days when his audience did not read, but critics who assert that he has no influence whatever, and that the outspoken convictions of an honest man, to-day, carry no weight, are usually drawn from that class whose vociferous censure of all men in political life is only less marked than their own abstention from the simplest political duties of the American citizen. Men who study political events at first hand are aware that the influence of oral personal appeal is not decreasing but increasing.

In 1896 the Republican campaign was, had to be, in defence of the gold standard. The natural and logical candidate in such a campaign was the foremost champion of sound money in Congress, Speaker Reed. In the East, where he had spoken, public opinion was very largely in his favor, but he had little personal following in the West. A gentleman in Michigan put the reason very clearly to me in the course of the Presidential campaign of that year. "Scarcely a man in Michigan," he said, " appreciates properly the services of Mr. Reed. They know him as a man whom the comic papers cartoon as a Czar in a paper crown. On the other hand, Mr. McKinley has personally shaken hands with nearly every man in the State. Men are less ready to trust a man of whom they have heard than one whom they have heard themselves."

The logical candidate for President of the Silver Party in 1896 was, similarly, either Senator Teller or Mr. Bland. Yet neither their years, their experience, their success in leadership availed against the eloquence and personal magnetism of Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan has been twice defeated, but he has certainly shown the tremendous power that one skilful speaker can exert even when he has arrayed against him an overwhelming majority of the more highly educated classes, nearly every newspaper of prominence, and the entire vested interests of the country.

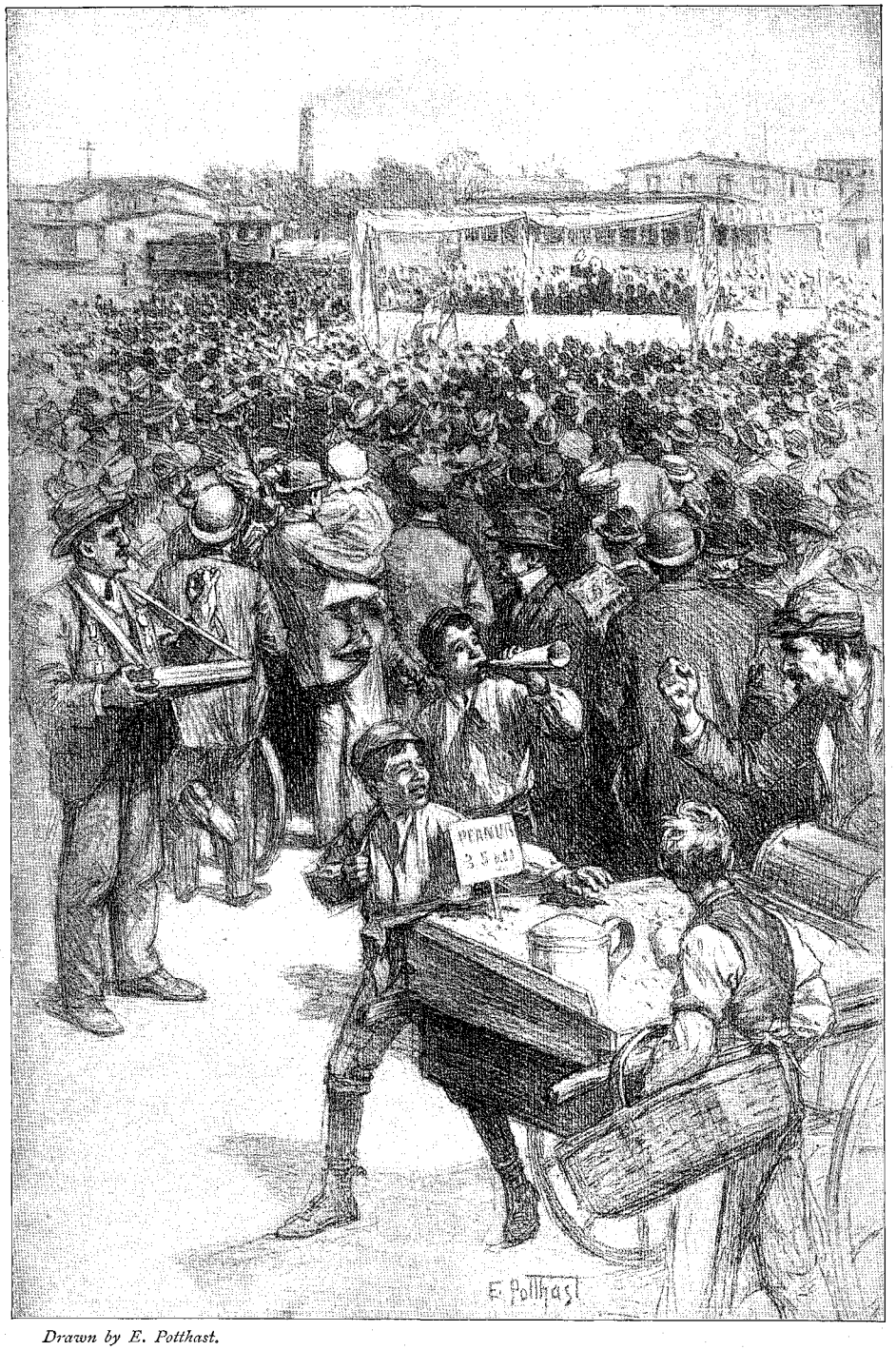
The dwellers in the great cities of the East do not appreciate the fact that not so very far away there are men who have little chance to read, to whom a public meeting is an event, and a speaker, even the humblest one, a personage. The daily newspaper is rare in the sage-brush country. It is rare in the remoter mountain valleys of the Alleghenies. Men rode and women drove frequently over a hundred miles across the prairies to hear a speech of ten minutes from Governor Roosevelt. This, of course, may be explained by curiosity to see a distinguished man. No such explanation, however, applies to the eagerness that the mountaineers of West Virginia, for example, always show and the trouble they are always ready to take to hear what information is brought in person nearest to them, even by unknown speakers.

The rise of the yellow journal has also materially aided to re-establish the influence exercised by oral argument. The sensational statements, the indecent slanders, the scurrilous cartoons used by these newspapers are examined out of curiosity. They amuse. Election returns show that they do not influence public opinion. They have, however, brought about not merely a deep distrust in the public mind of the newspapers in which they are printed, they have brought about a certain amount of distrust of all newspapers. The irresponsible editorial article has lost weight, and the responsible individual who speaks his convictions in public has gained in influence by the reaction.

The success of the public meeting, however, by no means depends wholly on the speaker. A clever chairman can make even a dull programme successful, and a stupid committee of arrangements can wreck a Demosthenes. It seems extraordinary, but it is nevertheless true, that a local political committee that will move heaven and earth to get a well-known speaker, pleading dire need of a man of national reputation, is too often the committee that does nothing whatever to gather an audience to listen to the orator when it does get him.

I remember clearly one instance some years ago, when, according to the local committee, the Republican control of the Massachusetts Legislature was about to be lost if the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth did not devote a day to crossing the State in order to speak at a par-

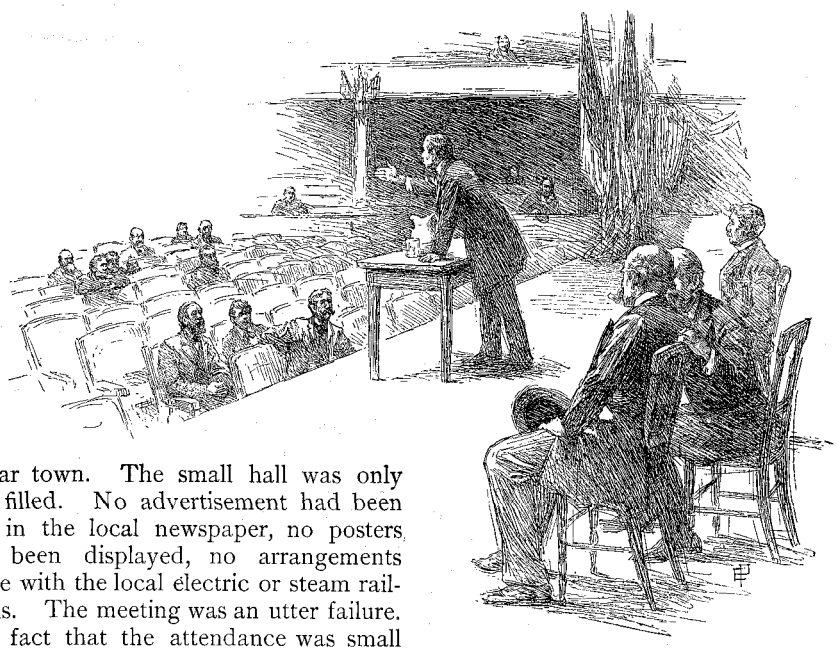
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by E. Potthast.

Street fakirs jumble the cries of their wares with the argument.—Page 565.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The meeting was an utter failure.

ticular town. The small hall was only half filled. No advertisement had been put in the local newspaper, no posters had been displayed, no arrangements made with the local electric or steam railroads. The meeting was an utter failure. The fact that the attendance was small was widely advertised by the opposition, and the situation was made worse than if there had been no meeting. The admirable address was worse than wasted.

On another occasion one of the first authorities in the country on that subject was hauled across the Commonwealth to address an audience in a doubtful Congress district on banking. He had been invited again and again to lecture to large gatherings of specialists and experts, and had abandoned another engagement for this important occasion. His audience (and mine) at this "important" meeting consisted of fourteen men and boys and one dog. The local committee explained that they had "passed the word around" and seemed to expect that the speaker carried audiences with him in his pockets. Not even a line in one newspaper had notified the public of his presence.

Ten days afterward at another town, the same speaker delivered the same address to an audience that crammed a hall to the doors. This meeting had been advertised.

A certain State Committee in the last campaign insisted that absolute defeat stared them in the face if Governor Roosevelt did not make five speeches between two and five in the afternoon. The first meeting was in a large town, and was thoroughly advertised. The other four were not advertised. The result was that the four smaller meetings were composed of less than a hundred people each, while the first one was a huge mob of more people than could possibly hear Mr. Roosevelt—many of them coming at considerable expense from the very towns at which he was to speak later.

A political meeting, like a play or any other enterprise, to succeed, must be run in business-like fashion. To nothing else does that modernized maxim of Poor Richard more truly apply, "He who by his trade would rise must either bust or advertise."

I have known a speaker score an utter failure in Chicago, and, with the same speech, a success to an audience of four times the size at a mere cross-roads meeting in Maine. The arrangements, hall, locality, music, and programme, were perfect in Chicago, but the particular club committee who happened to be in charge forgot to inform the public of the fact. There was a crowded stage and an empty auditorium. The little river town of Maine could afford no music. It had no glee club. There were no honorary vice-presidents. There was but one speaker

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and he was quite unknown to his audience. Every farmer, however, within a radius of twenty miles had received a printed circular, delivered by volunteers on horseback. The farmers' wives came early, and the rough planks of the speaker's stand were covered and crowned with golden flowers. The audience stood in the sun, their horses and wagons grouped behind them. A dumb man would have been stirred to eloquence with such surroundings. There was only one speaker, but the meeting lasted two hours and a half with the greatest success.

Given an audience, an indoor meeting is always more effective, if less spectacular, than one out-of-doors. A larger number of persons can see a speaker out-of-doors, but a larger number can hear him indoors. Furthermore, an audience indoors is always more enthusiastic and more attentive. The attention of an audience out-of-doors is certain to be diverted. The huge crowds of thirty or fifty thousand people that assembled to hear Mr. Bryan or Mr. Roosevelt in open-air meetings in the great cities in the last two presidential campaigns, for the most part heard not a word the candidates uttered. I doubt very much if over five or six thousand people can hear even imperfectly the words of a speaker in the open air.

I have seen Senator Thurston at St. Louis, at the Convention Hall in 1896, Governor Roosevelt at the even larger gathering in the Exposition Building in St. Louis, in 1900, and Speaker Reed in the Mechanic's Building in Boston, in 1893, stir to wild cheers audiences ranging not merely from five to six thousand, but from ten to fifteen thousand, and these indoor crowds heard distinctly every word. Yet both Senator Thurston and Governor Roosevelt were at the time suffering from overworked vocal cords.

In the Republican campaign of 1900, Bismarck, Helena, Denver, Pueblo, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Evansville, Parkersburg, Baltimore, and several other cities distributed the crowd between two or three simultaneous meetings under cover, the leading speaker going from one to the other. Without regard to the effectiveness of the arguments used it is certain that three times as many people heard something as would have been the case had there been merely one monster meeting in the open air.

A crowd in the open air always affords opportunity for a kind of interruption against which the speaker is absolutely helpless. Small boys play tag on the outskirts of the crowd. Passing electric-cars disturb the audience. A fire-engine dissipates half of it. Street fakirs jumble the cries of their wares with the argument till the audience goes away with a confused general impression that the "Krect official button of the Philippine Islands is the pop corn five a bag forced by the Trusts as peanuts fresh roasted by the money of the people." I remember once in South Dakota having to fight for the attention of an audience against the attraction furnished by a bronco-buster who was just drunk enough to regard the opportunity a fine one to show off his tricks of horsemanship on the edge of a crowd supposed to be considering seriously the future of their country. At one station in Nebraska an enthusiastic engineer backed his locomotive toward the platform in order to hear the speaking, and a change of wind suddenly enveloped speakers and audience alike in a dense cloud of black smoke that fairly stopped the entire performance.

If, however, the meeting *must* be out-of-doors, there are several rules that will at least aid in its success :

1. Never hold a parade immediately before the speeches.

2. Let the speaker stand against a cliff, fence, or building, or, if necessary, build a board screen behind and at the sides of the platform and roof it in.

3. Get a shady spot.

4. If the place is a treeless plain, face the stand east or west, never north or south.

If a parade is held before the speeches the meeting is invariably late and usually disorderly. Wandering bands crash their way into the square, and if the meeting is held at night the small boy with that inevitable and hideous curse of political parades, the Roman candle, is always on hand to vary the chorus of fish-horns and bazoos which his friends have been using to enliven the parade, and by which, with a fine liberality of spirit, they seek in equal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

measure to enliven the speeches of their visitors. I have seen a magnificent address delivered in dumb show to all except those within ten feet of the orator, because the wise gentlemen of the committee held a torchlight parade first and the almost inevitable consequences of hopeless disorder followed. The only exception to this rule I ever knew, was at Rock Island, Ill., where an enormous and perfectly orderly audience listened till midnight after a superb parade. It should be said, however, that this meeting was held well outside the city, and did not begin till after ten at night. These two circumstances cut down the attendance of the more youthful citizens well-nigh to the vanishing point.

The advisability of a sounding-board in the shape of a roof and of precautions against the sun in the face of either speaker or audience is self-evident. Unless the side and back of the speaker's stand are obstructed, the crowd gathers in a circle instead of a semicircle, and wild howls from sides and rear of "Turn this way," "Half your audience is here," break up the argument and destroy its force. If the crowd on arriving at the grounds finds that the sides and back of the speaker's stand are obstructed, as in a theatre, they will gather easily and naturally in a semicircle where they can at least see the speaker if they cannot hear him.

The most common error in an open-air meeting at night is lack of light. The committee forgets that a speech, like a cigar, loses its flavor in the dark. Not only is the speaker utterly unable to use official documents if the stage is badly lighted, but the expression of his countenance is lost and the effect of the speech is ruined.

A very amusing illustration of this fact occurred on the Roosevelt tour in one of the granger States. The night was of the proverbial darkness of Egypt. A crowd of ten or twelve thousand people vaguely surged away into the damp distance. The local band, brilliantly costumed, were raised some twenty feet above the crowd on a stand above which snapped and glowed a single arc light. A lower stand for the speakers was in front in a kind of twilight. The chairman of the committee was observed by those engaged in the pleasing amusement of breaking down the supports of the speaker's stage to move forward. Then another vague shape was silhouetted against the fierce white light of the distant band-stand in the rear. The crowd, supposing themselves merely called to order, conversed freely with each other on the inadequacy of the arrangements. Two or three wild spirits applauded as the silhouette rose on a chair and waved its arms.

At last the right arm rose, paused and fell. The introductory speech was over and the crowd grew quiet to listen if they could not see. They were a delightfully responsive audience and, under the circumstances, wonderfully good-natured. They listened patiently to three speeches in the shadow and then yelled "Teddy, Teddy, where is Teddy?"

There was a pause and at last in response a fifth silhouette rose on the chair. The audience went crazy for ten minutes, and then in the silence that followed the sputtering of the band's electric light sounded like Fourth of July torpedoes. Every falling inflection of the candidate brought applause. Every pause for breath brought cheers.

It may interest that audience, now that the campaign is over, to know that the same speech was delivered that night twice to the same audience from the same platform by the same man; for the first speaker to whom they did not listen was the same as the last one whom they cheered.

Lack of light at an open-air meeting at night may be productive of much more serious consequences. It is always inexcusable and often dangerous. I remember an open-air meeting in an Ohio city in the neighborhood of a well-known college. There had been a parade in which the students shared. While they were parading a large audience had assembled. It was wholly friendly. There were apparently none of the opposite party present. The parade over, the students rushed for the meeting. They pressed against the audience. In the darkness they crushed women against the projecting planks of the platform. Surging at the back of the crowd they had no notion of what was happening in the dense, dark mass in front. They had worked hard to make the parade a success, and they did not mean to be cheated out of the speeches. Not a speaker

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could be heard in the disorder, and to prevent serious accident there was nothing to be done but to close as quickly as possible and adjourn. There were no speeches that evening, but at least there were no women's ribs broken.

The managers of public meetings often make the very grave mistake of selecting a chairman because he gives a handsome check, or because he has held office, or for any reason except that he is fit to preside. A presiding officer needs perfect self-possession, a loud, clear voice, and a quick wit. If he is a man of reputation in the community, so much the better. A little knowledge of parliamentary law helps. The first three qualifications are absolutely essential, the others are merely secondary. A first-rate presiding officer can make a meeting successful with a very ordinary list of speakers, and a poor presiding officer can break a meeting in two in the middle, though he be the most noted man within hundreds of miles, if he hasn't the power to compel the attention of a crowd, and the voice to drown disturbance.

The only instance of actual breakdown on the stage I ever witnessed was the result of one of these unwise selections of a chairman. It was in an exciting campaign in Massachusetts, and this particular rally, held for the benefit of a number of small towns, brought out a tremendous audience. Every inch of standing room, the aisles, the window-sills of the Opera House, were filled, and a crowd outside listened for the scraps of discourse audible through the open windows.

The elderly gentleman put forward to call the meeting to order, one of the most lovable men of his generation, rose. There was a gust of applause. Then silence. Then ensued the following:

CHAIRMAN: "Ladezangentlem'n I-er-er-er-er (*sotto voce* behind his hand) Stage fright! stage fright!"

THE SPEAKER OF THE EVENING (*sotto voce*): "Go ahead, sir—They're all friends."

CHAIRMAN: "Ladezangentlem'n I-er-er-er (*sotto voce*) I can't. Stage fright—stage fright."

THE SPEAKER (*sotto voce*): "Introduce the Chairman of the State Committee, then."

CHAIRMAN: "Ah-er-er-er-er (*sotto voce*) I can't. Stage fright!"

THE SPEAKER (in a hissing whisper, plainly audible all over the building): "Colonel Blank."

CHAIRMAN (with a desperate effort): "Blank."

The chairman thus summoned rose and took charge, and under his guidance the impending smash-up resulted in a success that was almost spectacular.

The presiding officer sometimes forgets that it is his duty to preside, not to speak. It is hard for a presiding officer who is himself a ready speaker to restrict himself absolutely to introductions in the presence of an inspiring audience. *Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!* Yet there is no surer way to make a meeting tedious or to hamper the efforts of the orator who is the real attraction. An Illinois Congressman, one of the ablest and most effective speakers in the country, had crossed the continent to an Atlantic coast city to help out in an important Eastern labor centre which was much disaffected. In mill towns early to bed and early to rise is the rule. The exigencies of hard labor and remote homes break up an audience almost invariably at half-past nine. The presiding officer on this occasion couldn't resist temptation. He delivered a speech that covered the history of half a century. The Illinois speaker did not get at the audience till nearly nine. Out of courtesy to a younger man who was to follow, he stopped at half-past nine. He stopped, but half the splendid audience didn't. Thanks to the thoughtlessness of the chairman, the result of all the effort and expense was a short speech of half an hour, instead of the thorough exposition, which a distinguished man had been brought hundreds of miles to deliver, of the effect on labor of the tariff.

A rule that usually works well for preliminary remarks, is to state the object of the meeting and then to indicate the number of speakers, and who they are, in the shortest possible fashion, without naming them. If possible, the most noted speaker should be presented last. I say, if possible, for very often the impatience of the crowd renders it quite impossible to finish with a climax. If the presiding officer, without mentioning that others are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to follow, introduces the best known speaker first, the mere curiosity-seekers in the audience, and they are a large part of any political audience, rise and rush for the doors at the close of his speech, however short, and with them a large number of others who really are not aware that the exercises are unfinished.

At one of the best managed meetings that I ever attended the chairman opened as follows :

"Ladies and Gentlemen : May I ask you to come to order. This meeting will close at ten o'clock. Special trolley-cars to ——, ——, etc., etc. (naming the nearest towns), will leave at ten-thirty. The doors of those cars will not be opened till fifteen minutes after the close of this meeting. We are to have the pleasure of listening to three gentlemen who have travelled many hundred miles to oblige us from New York, from Iowa, and from Massachusetts. I shall not say which is the best speaker, you must hear all three to judge, representing, as they do, three different points of view of the same subject. When they have finished, you will understand why each in his own State is regarded as an authority.

"May I now present, etc., etc."

In less than two minutes the curiosity of the audience was stimulated in regard to three men whom most of them had never heard or seen before. They also had it impressed upon them that the last speaker would finish in time for them to seek their beds at an early hour, and, further, that no advantage could possibly be gained by rushing for the cars in the middle of the final peroration.

Introducing a speaker would seem a simple task. It is seldom done well. It need never be done ill. It is best done in the fewest words. The one rule never to be broken, is always to reserve the name, where the name is used, till the end.

The inexperienced presiding officer usually introduces a celebrity somewhat as follows :

"I now have the great honor of introducing one who needs no introduction." *(Query, Then why do it? Mem. This phrase is used by all green presidents and every night in the year.)* "I mean Mrs. Julia Ward Howe." *(Great applause. Speaker starts to rise. Presiding officer gets in front of her. He evidently has something more to say. Audience gradually understands that Mrs. Howe can't talk till the chairman has spoken his little piece. They again grow quiet. Chairman continues.)* She has kindly consented to entertain us *(Entertain! Is there a more hideous insult than that word to one who has come to speak with a really serious purpose? Yet it is the one word the green chairman always regards as most appropriate)*, and I am sure we are all greatly honored by having her with us. *(Silence—Chairman has nothing more to say. Audience has no cue as to what is coming next. Speaker does not know whether or not to rise.)*

An old head would make the introduction something in this fashion :

"It is now my privilege to present to you one who is herself an inspiration. We cannot doubt the preservation of our country's ideals while American men sing the Battle Hymn of the Republic and American women still salute as sister and counsellor Mrs. Julia Ward Howe."

The latter specimen is an actual introduction. It is neither classic nor especially eloquent. It was successful. The audience had no chance to express their enthusiasm till the appropriate time. It came as a tribute not merely to the name but to the speaker as she rose, and if there was anyone in the audience so ill-informed as not to know why the speaker was worthy of attention one reason at least was suggested to him.

The green chairman always prepares an elaborate preliminary speech. If possible he touches a little on every topic that can be brought up, thereby taking the freshness from anything that may be said. Sometimes he reads ponderous remarks from notes. He seldom prepares what really is important—his introductions. Instead the green chairman takes no pains to ascertain even one catching point in the career of his victims, and sometimes neglects even to ask their names.

The spellbinder who travels into strange States soon discovers that the "national reputation" he thought he had has not followed him, and even sometimes that the men who have most urged upon him his duty as a patriot to help them out, have not even taken the trouble to inform the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawn by E. Potthast.

A Torchlight Parade.—Page 566.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Advertising a Grand Rally Mass Meeting.

local committees of his name, much less of his history.

Hon. John Proctor Clark, of New York, Governor Roosevelt's associate on so many tours, was introduced once as "a Mr. Clark of New York," and once as "Dr. Proctor who put down the Tweed Ring." Judge Clark was just fourteen years of age at the time of Tweed's fall, but the local chairman had heard in a general way that Judge Clark had been active against Tammany, and the above introduction was the result.

My own name, Scottish in origin, is always a stumbling-block, not perhaps unnaturally, as it is merely the name of a volunteer speaker who has never held public office. I always answer pleasantly now to "Mr. Giles," "Senator Gill," "Governor Gills," "Major Gould," and "General Gilder." I have been introduced under all these names.

A very modest record in the late war with Spain, as Inspector-General of the Seventh Corps, is responsible for the following specimen bricks thrown at me in the last campaign by various chairmen :

"You have heard from one soldier, gentlemen, let me introduce another. I want to present the first soldier to enter the Spanish Army and come up against Fitzhugh Lee."

The Southern audience did not quite know whether to shoot or not. I explained in time. Here is another :

"When Abraham Lincoln called for troops, and the cry went up 'We are coming, Father Abraham, one hundred thousand men,' a blue-eyed boy from Massachusetts was first to bare his bosom to the foe. I now introduce to you the first volunteer in '61, Major Gould of Boston."

I was born in 1860.

A body blow in the Northwest was delivered in this fashion :

"I'm sorry to have to apologize for the next speaker. (*Sic.*) We had expected to hear from Senator K. Noot Nelson of Minnesota, and Governor Shaw of Ioway. They couldn't get here, but your committee has got a soldier that's travelling through the State and we'll now hear from General Miles of the United States Army."

I hope the General will forgive me. I did my best to maintain his reputation.

The most terrific introduction I ever staggered under was :

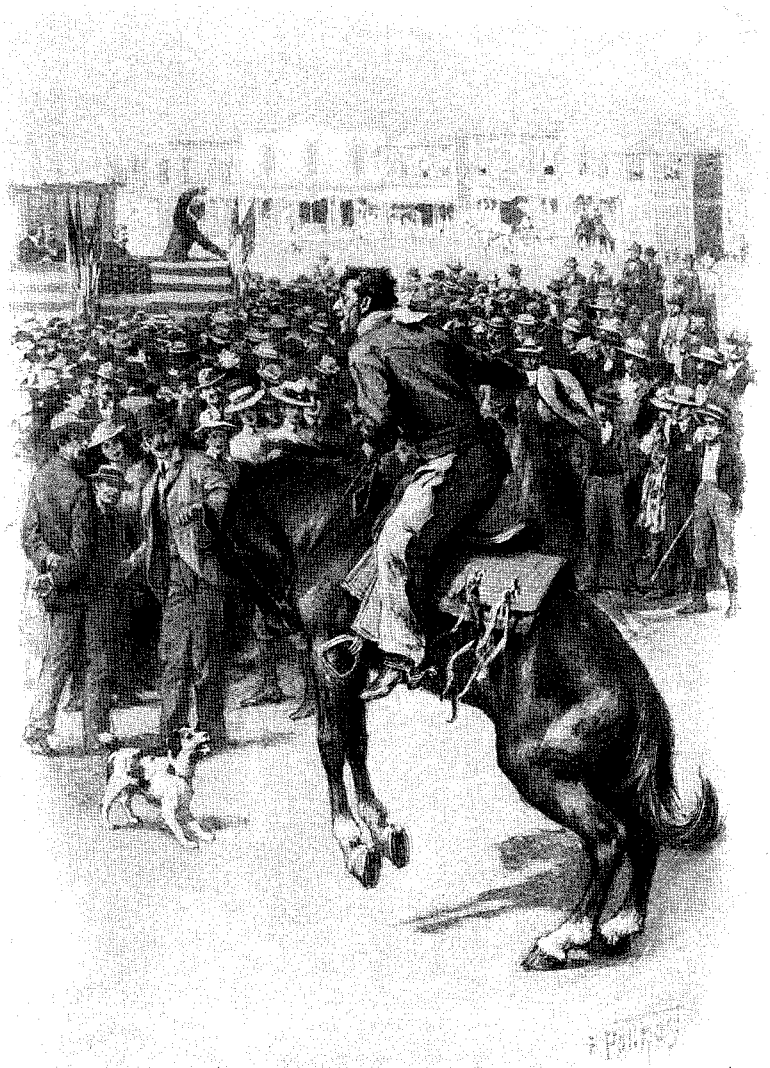
"We have listened to a soldier whose reputation extends from the Alps to the Indies. (*Sic.*) I now present to you another soldier whose name is only less known than his, the typical American trooper who charged side by side with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theodore Roosevelt up San Juan Hill—(*I was inspecting rations at Jacksonville, Florida, in a volunteer camp at that time*)—the idol of the army (*Heaven help me!*), a man whose name is a household word from Maine to Oregon. Colonel, er-er-(*sotto voce*) what the h—l *is* your name?"

When I heard a similar story told years ago of Mississippi's brilliant orator, Mr. Allen, I thought it was a libel. It happened to him in Kentucky. I now know it was true—it happened to me in Colorado.

The band and the glee club are two features of public meetings almost never supervised by those in charge, often admirable, but capable at times of striking the most deadly blow at the cause they are hired to aid. I can still remember the horrified expression of one of the half-dozen leaders of the United States Senate when he headed the procession of speakers at the principal rally of one campaign in Massachusetts, and the band, eager to show its knowledge of classical music,



A bronco-buster who was just drunk enough to . . . show off his tricks of horsemanship.—Page 565.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struck up, as we came upon the stage, the *Miserere* from "Trovatore!"

A recent candidate for Governor had a most important speech absolutely ruined by a band. It was a good speech, but he ended with a comic story that many of the audience had heard before. The local band at once started in on a "Medley." The first strain was "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" The audience fairly yelled, and the band thought they were complimenting the music and complacently repeated it.

I could tell tales of glee clubs that have absolutely neutralized a speaker's pleas for liberality and the union of good men of all parties by singing abusive "gags," written by bitter partisans. Yet there are uses for glee clubs and for brass bands, *if drilled and directed.* A bright political glee between the speeches rests and enlivens the audience, but the average "vocal selection" of the "Two Roses" variety and any performance whatever of orchestral music, good or bad, between the speeches always at least reminds the restless that they have a chance to leave. Sometimes they do not leave; sometimes they leave in squads; sometimes in droves. A band or glee club before the speaking may be, usually is, a valuable aid, but only the smartest of glee clubs can hold an audience between political addresses, and a band so used is always injurious and sometimes fatal.

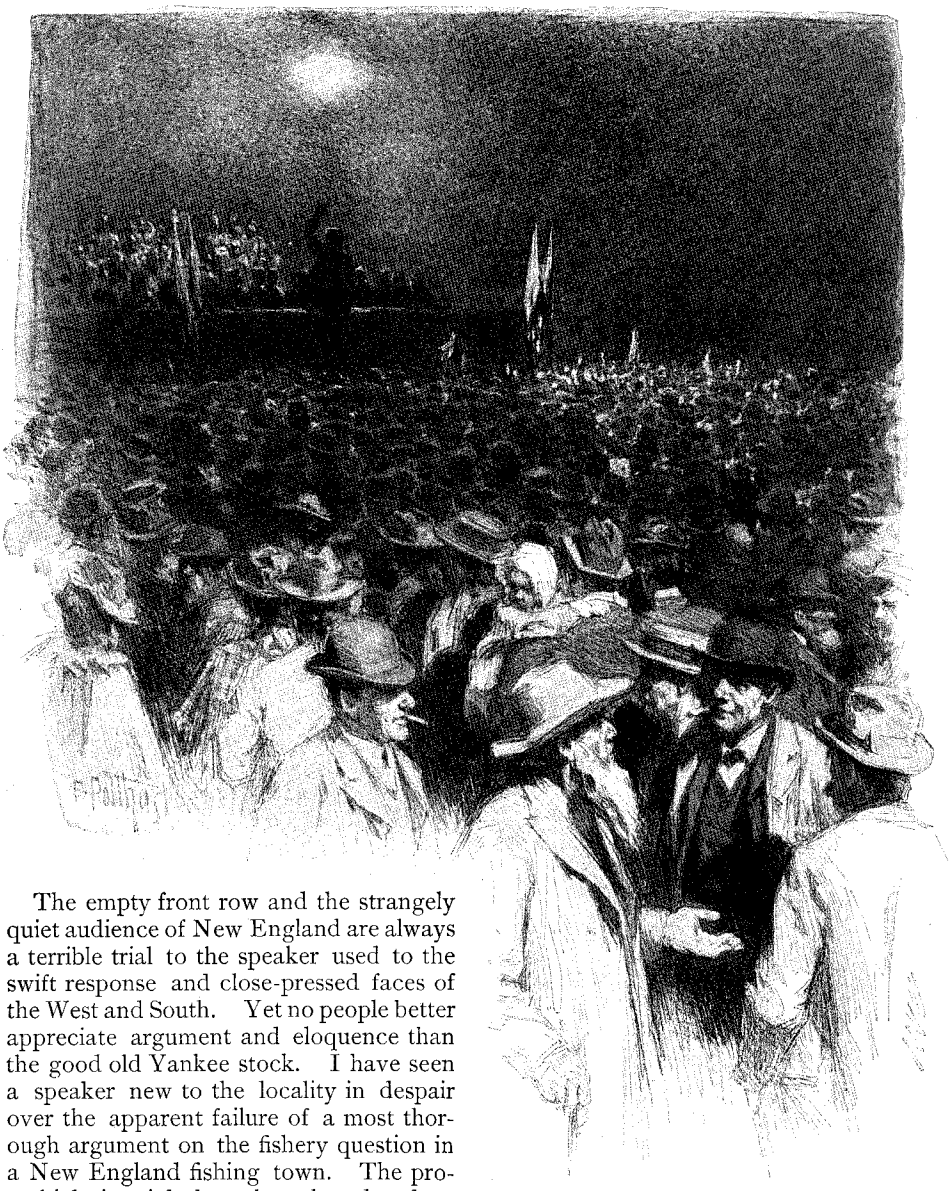
American audiences are strangely alike in some things and strangely dissimilar in others. A good committee will take as much pains in the arrangement of its audience as of its speakers. An audience seated without crowding is seldom enthusiastic. Neither is an audience whose hands are occupied with bundles or umbrellas, an audience largely composed of women, or an audience in a cold room. The easiest audiences to address, the most responsive and inspiring, are those composed of men, crowded and packed together and warm.

Women naturally do not applaud or cheer. They are by instinct more self-restrained in the public expression of their emotions than men. Every public speaker is complimented by their presence, knowing that their quiet word at home is oftentimes more effective in results than the most enthusiastic shouting on the street-corners by the other sex. In a public meeting, however, the audience gets its cue from those nearest the speaker. I remember well two audiences, both from the same social class, both crowded, both in large theatres, and both largely attended by women. One happened to be in Colorado; one in Massachusetts. In one meeting the orchestra was reserved for women. In the other meeting the men had the orchestra and the women had the lower gallery and all the boxes. In both cases the audiences were entirely friendly to the speakers. The second meeting was marked by wild enthusiasm; the first one, by respectful attention. In the second case the mass of men in the orchestra urged on the speakers by continued applause. In the first case the men in the galleries who started to applaud were checked because between them and the speakers was a mass of absolutely silent femininity in the orchestra. I do not say that one meeting was less effective than the other, but the difference in the strain on the speaker was marked.

I remember at one meeting in a Western State being greeted by one of the best hearted fellows in the world, who told me with pride in his eye, "Colonel, you and your friends will find the most enthusiastic audience you ever saw. We've given every man, woman, and child an American flag." They had. The enthusiasm may have been there. I hope it was. They were certainly a most attentive audience, but they simply couldn't applaud. Their hands were all occupied with American flags tightly rolled to be taken home as souvenirs of the occasion.

As to applause there is a marked difference in audiences East and West of the Hudson River. The old Puritan self-consciousness is still abroad in New England, and no audience is less demonstrative, as no audience is more critical, better informed, or readier to listen with an open mind than those in the Northeastern States. The same strange, hereditary shyness and fear of becoming conspicuous accounts also for the other fact that the best seats in the hall, the front rows, are always the last filled in New England, and sometimes never filled at all, though a crowd in the rear may pack even the entry-way and stairs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



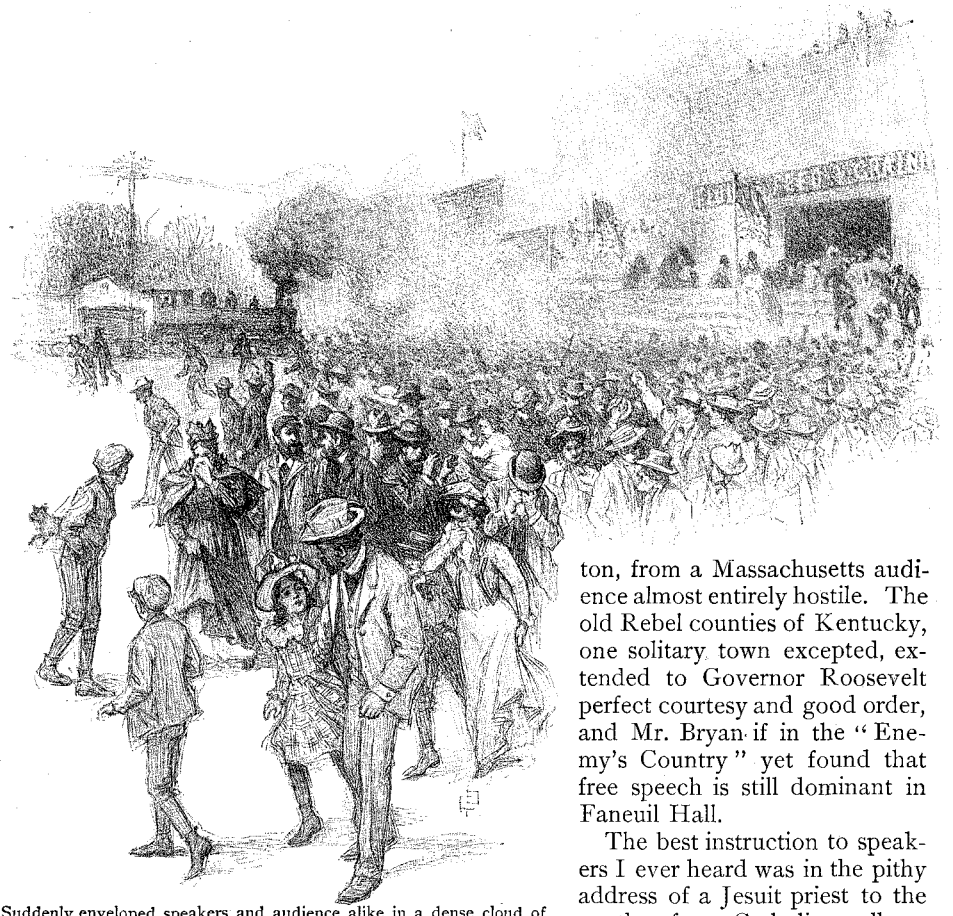
The committee forgets that a speech, like a cigar, loses its flavor in the dark.—Page 566.

The empty front row and the strangely quiet audience of New England are always a terrible trial to the speaker used to the swift response and close-pressed faces of the West and South. Yet no people better appreciate argument and eloquence than the good old Yankee stock. I have seen a speaker new to the locality in despair over the apparent failure of a most thorough argument on the fishery question in a New England fishing town. The proverbial pin might have been heard to drop while he spoke, but beyond half a dozen politicians on the stage nobody applauded. His speech, however, in that town increased the vote of his party on the following election-day nearly fifty per cent.

The one point in which American audiences agree is in their good order. "Hooliganism" and "Heckling" are uncommon, and a speaker who respects himself and his audience is pretty sure of a respectful hearing, even from men who disagree with him, in every part of the United States. There are, of course, exceptions, rare ones.

In the stock-yards of Chicago and at Victor regularly organized mobs, which in no way were countenanced or encouraged by a majority of the citizens, in a recent campaign disgraced the American name for fair play. At Fort Wayne, at Cleveland, and at Elmira, stones were thrown at the Republican speakers, and all over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Suddenly enveloped speakers and audience alike in a dense cloud of black smoke.—Page 565.

the country from New Haven, where Mr. Bryan in 1896 was constantly interrupted, to Kansas City, where Mr. Roosevelt in 1900 was similarly interrupted, there have been at various times isolated instances of rowdyism that have not, however, gone beyond mere noise.

The rowdy is peculiar to no nation or State, and occasionally does appear in American audiences—but, speaking generally, the audience, whether agreeing or not with the argument, is always in sympathy with the speaker as against his tormentors. More than this, a typical American audience is polite to speakers with whom it disagrees. A huge crowd of silver miners at Leadville that blocked the public square from wall to wall listened, though evidently in utter disagreement yet with perfectly respectful attention, to Senator Lodge. To reverse the picture, even Aguinaldo's emissary received similar treatment at Lexington, from a Massachusetts audience almost entirely hostile. The old Rebel counties of Kentucky, one solitary town excepted, extended to Governor Roosevelt perfect courtesy and good order, and Mr. Bryan if in the "Enemy's Country" yet found that free speech is still dominant in Faneuil Hall.

The best instruction to speakers I ever heard was in the pithy address of a Jesuit priest to the youth of a Catholic college. Here it is:

1. Have something to say.
2. Show that you mean what you say.
3. Say it so it can be heard.

There are still tricks of the trade. Good material will send an audience to sleep if delivered in a monotone or with the emphatic words invariably in the middle of the sentences. A change of key, a switch from the oratorical to the conversational delivery, rests both audience and speaker.

In the matter of voice, a clear and distinct enunciation with a deliberate utterance carries farther than all the bellowing of a Boanerges. This was one secret of the success as an orator of the Honorable Thomas B. Reed. Any singing master will add that the voice should be produced from the waist, not the chest. I have seen a man, comparatively feeble, address and hold an audience for nearly two hours at a stretch in the open air and exhibit no signs of fatigue at the close, and I have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seen a Hercules tear his vocal cords to fiddle-strings in talking to a small audience in a small room for five minutes.

I have spoken of applause. I hope I have not conveyed the idea that in my opinion the meeting that is the most enthusiastic is always the most successful, or that mere enthusiasm is the object of public meetings. It is unquestionably true, however, that applause does aid both the cause and the speaker, and that he likes it, though he will usually tell you that "the hushed attention of the great multitude is the truest, etc., etc."

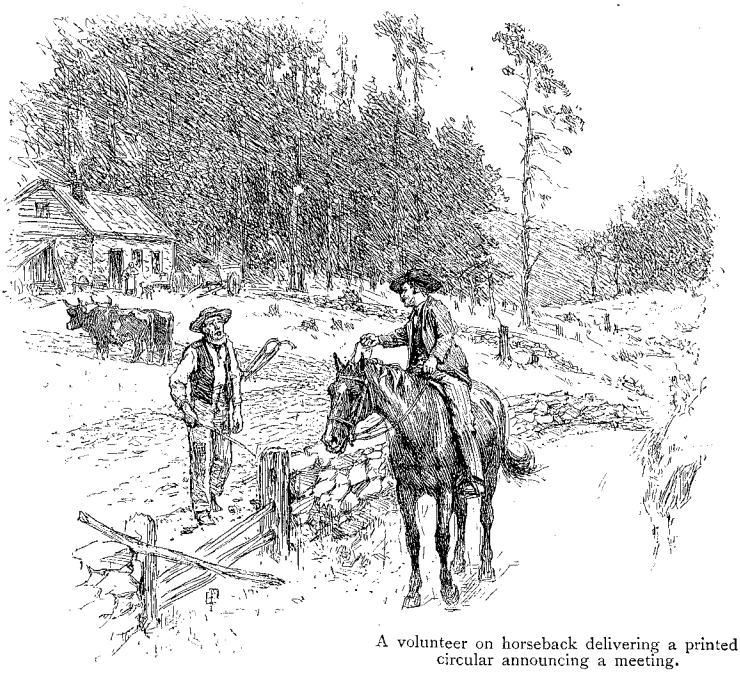
I have had the "truest" and I have had the other thing, and I have noticed that the "truest" usually came from audiences that intended to vote the other way.

At the same time it is true that the old days of "spread-eagleism" are over. Mere rhetoric no longer convinces, if indeed it ever did. Sarcasm is another cartridge that is quite as likely to burst at one end as the other. The professional vender of "comic stories," too, carries about as much conviction with him as a brass band, and the savage partisan who preaches on the text attributed to Horace Greeley that every horse thief is a member of the opposite party only hurts his own cause.

After all, however, with perfect arrangements, attention, and order, the success of the speaker ultimately depends upon himself. If he desires personal popularity and the success of the evening, he will avoid serious argument and hold the attention of his audience by a succession of anecdotes apt but never bitter, with good-natured ridicule, quip and gibe, and confine himself to a general handling of the subject not calculated to give offence.

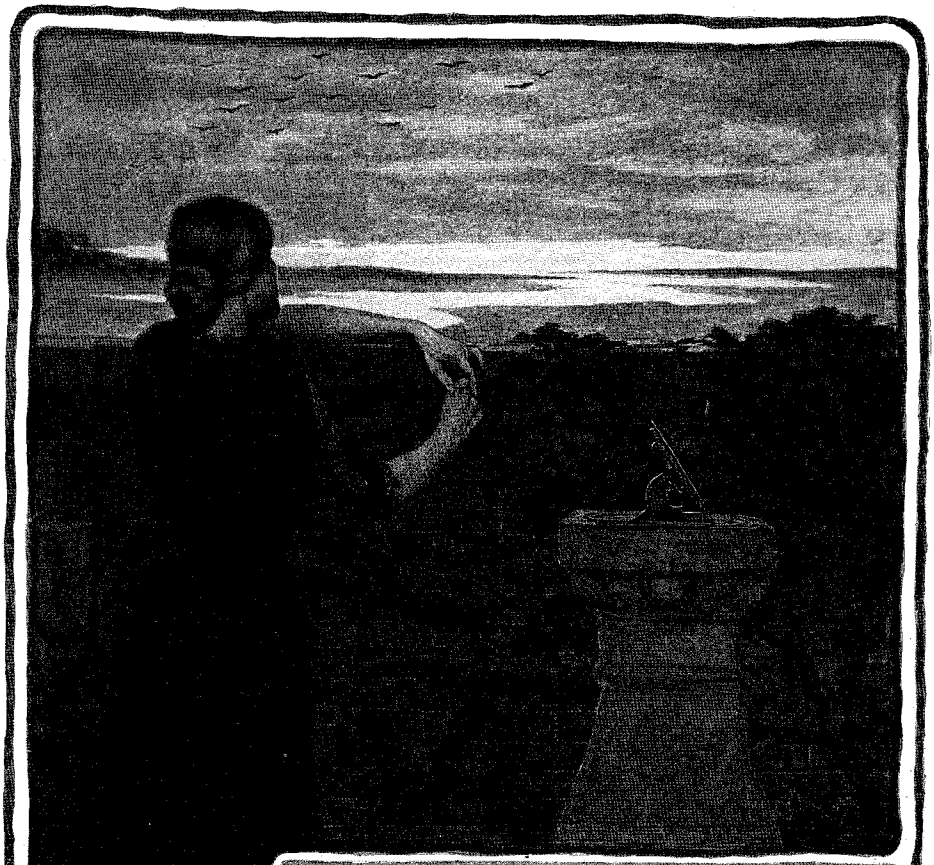
If he regards his cause as more important than his personal success he will seek to hold the attention of his audience in the main, not by tricks of oratory or eloquence, but by plain, telling, pithy facts and figures, clearly, fairly, and succinctly stated, but without abuse or invective. He will combat the arguments of the opposition neither by good-natured jest nor by general denial, but by the citation of official and incontrovertible information from the original authorities. It is this speaker that makes converts for his party—and enemies for himself. He embitters his antagonists because he does convert.

The gift of gab, a pleasant address, and a newspaper scrap-book are all the preparation necessary for the popular orator. The hardest kind of hard work lies before the really effective speaker.



A volunteer on horseback delivering a printed circular announcing a meeting.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FATA MORGANA

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

I DREAMED the peach-trees blossomed once again,
I dreamed the birds were calling in the dew,
Sun-rays fell round me like a golden rain,
And all was well with us and life was new.

How that great joy was born I cannot tell . . .
The warm low sun, the blossom on the wall,
With life so new to us and all so well,
And some lost word I never may recall.

Like a dark pool that once did mirror Spring,
Or like a sealed shrine with a secret flame,
Though boughs are barren now and no birds sing,
I know the joy I never may reclaim.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SHIP IN 1902

By Winthrop L. Marvin

A GRAPHIC chapter in the lively autobiography of one Lemuel Gulliver recounts a brilliant piece of strategy by which the hero, wading blithely in the shallows of the Liliputian sea, possesses himself at one stroke of the whole fleet of the rival empire of Blefuscu, and wins for his friends of Liliput unchallenged mastery of the ocean.

Anxious Europe, gazing Westward, now finds breasting the Atlantic surges a giant mightier than Gulliver. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's sudden purchase of half a dozen of the best British steamship lines and his hard-and-fast alliance with the two large German companies have given the merchants and shipowners of Britain such a shock as they have not suffered since the tall galleons of Philip of Spain came thundering up the English Channel. The great Morgan shipping merger is the latest phase of the ever-looming phantasm of the "American invasion."

Yet we of America, looking soberly around us and taking account of our own meagre deep-sea tonnage, cannot but wonder at this sharp transatlantic alarm. The United States merchant fleet, sail and steam, in foreign traffic, was never before so shrunken. It never carried so small a proportion of our own sea-borne commerce. This merchant fleet is the one important national interest which has had no share in the stupendous national growth of the past half century. The decline of this interest, beginning with the sinister quiet that fell upon our wooden shipyards after 1855, has gone on uninterruptedly through years of war and years of peace to the present moment, unchecked alike by the buoyant prosperity which followed Appomattox and the reconciling of the sections, and by the far national "expansion" of 1898.

This is neither the time nor place to consider historically why our splendid merchant tonnage of 1850–55, the swiftest, stanchest, and most successful on the high seas, has wasted away to the melancholy skeleton of 1902. That is a story which demands large space for the telling. But an exact survey of the present conditions and immediate prospects of the American merchant marine, now that the eyes of the world are fastened as they have not been for a long time upon it, may be profitable to readers who are bewildered by the contrast between the European fright at Mr. Morgan, and the pitiable position actually held by the American commercial fleet.

We are a sanguine people. Many times in the last decade eager prophets among us have raised loud voices of rejoicing over a "revival" of American ocean carrying. Yet that oft-foretold "boom" has steadfastly refused to lift its head above the shadowy horizon. It is exceedingly important to remember that our merchant marine is divided into two wide-apart classes. The first and by far the larger is the immense fleet of 4,582,645 tons engaged in the coasting trade of our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards (including now Porto Rico and Hawaii), the great lakes and the rivers. For more than a century this magnificent traffic has been reserved to American ships and American seamen, and it now employs the largest, most efficient and most prosperous coastwise tonnage in existence. The status of the American domestic fleet calls for nothing but fervent national pride and congratulation. This noble interest has gone on increasing with mathematical regularity, and has now attained almost double the tonnage (2,704,544) of 1861.

The other half of our merchant marine —the part engaged in overseas trade and exposed to merciless foreign competition —now stands at only 879,595 tons. It has shrunk to a little more than one-third of the tonnage (2,496,894) of thirty-one years ago. It is manifest, therefore, that it is only that portion of the American merchant fleet employed in commerce with foreign countries which demands national solicitude—and its need is sore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and heavy indeed. Up to 1850–55, these deep-sea carriers were the more prosperous and important half of our merchant tonnage. They ought rightfully to hold that position now, but they do not hold it. Instead of one-half of our shipping, they have fallen off to a feeble one-fifth, and it is the hard, unwelcome truth that there is no present token of a large, genuine, and enduring recovery.

So much picturesque romance has been published of late years about the marvellous growth of American shipbuilding and shipowning that it is like a blow in the face to discover that the American fleet registered for ocean commerce fell off between 1890 and 1900 more than one hundred thousand tons. During this decade there were built in the United States 206,771 tons of deep-sea shipping, and 134,859 tons of foreign-built vessels were given American registry. Yet, the deep-sea fleet of the United States, which was 946,695 tons in 1890, was only 826,694 tons in 1900. For every ton added by construction or purchase almost two tons had been sold, wrecked, or worn out. The few new ships, in other words, had failed to supply the ordinary waste of ocean service. Nor has there come any real change for the better since 1900. In 1901 our registered tonnage advanced to 879,595, a nominal gain of 52,901. This did not mean, however, that American shipowners were once more engaging in rivalry with the great fleets of Europe, for the small increase of 1901, so affirmed the United States Commissioner of Navigation, was "directly attributable to the application of the coasting laws to Hawaii and to temporary causes growing out of the war with Spain." For various reasons of convenience the new Hawaii liners from New York and San Francisco were registered instead of enrolled, though theirs is a purely domestic traffic, from which foreign competitors are excluded as absolutely as from the traffic of the Hudson River or Long Island Sound.

The paralysis which still rests on what ought to be and once was the noblest field of American maritime adventure is manifest in another mortifying record—the steady decrease in the proportion of our own overseas commerce borne in our own ships. In 1890, American vessels, steam and sail, conveyed 12.9 per cent. of the imports and exports of the United States; in 1900, 9.3 per cent.; in 1901, 8.2 per cent. From the general commerce of the world the Stars and Stripes have now almost completely vanished. In the ports of Great Britain our flag is seen only above the four mail-subsidized American liners, or an occasional sailing ship. Not one American vessel, steam or sail, entered the ports of Germany from the United States in 1900 or cleared from here for Germany. Nor did one solitary Yankee craft appear in the trade of Russia, of the Scandinavian peninsula, of Holland, of Italy, of Austro-Hungary, of Greece.

"The American flag," declares the Commissioner of Navigation, "was seen much oftener on the North Atlantic during President Jefferson's embargo (1808) or during the cruises of the Alabama (1862–64) than during the fiscal year 1900."

Yet there are great shipyards in the United States, and their annual output is heavier than that of any other country except the United Kingdom. But—and here is the fundamental fact which must be driven deep into the consciousness of the American people—only a small fraction of our new tonnage is composed of vessels designed for the peculiar requirements of the foreign trade. In the fiscal year 1901, when 401,285 tons of shipping were constructed in this country, our registered fleet received an increase of only 52,901 tons — and even this small gain, as has already been shown, was not real but merely apparent. In that year, 1901, there were launched from all our American shipyards only sixteen ocean steel steamers of 76,374 tons. One single British yard, that of William Gray & Co., of West Hartlepool, launched in 1900 twenty-four steel steamers of 74,205 tons, and Great Britain in all built 340 ocean steel steamers of 1,327,979 tons—a new fleet in one year one and one-half times as large as the entire American tonnage, steam and sail, registered for deep-sea carrying!

The shipbuilders of America deserve all praise. They are the bravest as well as the most skilful men of their profession. With no encouragement save that of desultory naval contracts, the safe but seldom ambitious demand of the coasting trade,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and an occasional order from our half-dozen mail-subsidized steamship companies, they have gone ahead and created a group of superb shipyards which expert foreign observers have pronounced to be the most efficient and progressive in the world. The war with Spain gave an impulse to shipbuilding because of the instant need of replacing the coast and ocean liners purchased by the Government, and constructing new ships for the new trade with Hawaii and Porto Rico. At the same time the introduction of a measure in Congress extending widely the tentative subsidy legislation of 1891 moved our few American ocean steam lines to place important contracts in the yards of the Delaware River and Chesapeake Bay. To this responsible new work was added the construction of a fleet of battle-ships and heavy cruisers, so that from 1898 to the present year there was a period of notably active shipyard-employment. That impetus, however, now seems to have spent its force.

American shipbuilding is not just now increasing. It is rather falling off. Mr. Eugene T. Chamberlain, the United States Commissioner of Navigation, to whose skill and fidelity the country's maritime interests owe a constant debt of gratitude, finds that exclusive of unrigged craft like canal boats, barges, etc., 1,360 steam and sail vessels of 416,479 tons were built and officially numbered during the fiscal year that ended on June 30, 1902. This new construction was thus divided:

	Wood.				Steel.				Total.	
	Sail.		Steam.		Sail.		Steam.			
	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.	No.	Tonnage.
Atlantic and Gulf	583	65,265	290	19,021	8	9,223	62	102,647	943	196,156
Porto Rico	5	89	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	5	89
Pacific	47	26,172	90	9,725	.....	.....	2	10,707	139	46,604
Hawaii	1	9	1	13	.....	.....	.....	.....	2	22
Great Lakes	8	200	65	3,242	.....	.....	52	161,797	125	165,239
Western Rivers	6	114	134	7,927	.....	.....	6	328	146	8,369
Total	650	91,849	580	39,928	8	9,223	122	275,479	1,360	416,479

The total of 416,479 tons was a slight advance over the 401,285 tons of the fiscal year 1901. It should be borne in mind, however, that only a little more than one-fourth of the new tonnage of 1902 consisted of the steel ships requisite for deep-sea commerce. The Great Lakes far outbuilt the Atlantic and Pacific coasts combined in steel steam tonnage, and even on the two seacoasts most of the new steel steamers were destined for the coastwise trade. In July of 1901 there were 255,000 tons of ocean steel steamers under construction or under contract in American shipyards. In July, 1902, only about 160,000 tons were under construction, and no new important seaboard work seemed to be forthcoming. So far as can be ascertained, not one contract for an ocean steamer or a square-rigged vessel for the foreign trade has been placed in an American shipyard thus far this calendar year. The enterprising town of Bath, on the Kennebec, is now for the first time in several years without a single deep-sea ship. The Sewall yard there is building instead a steel five-masted schooner. In all New England the only vessels of any class or type now on the stocks designed for foreign carrying are the two immense freight and passenger steamships of President James J. Hill's Great Northern Railway. They are approaching completion in the new yard at Groton, Conn., opposite New London.

Several large and powerful ocean liners of a high class, launched in the United States within the present year, are now just entering upon active service. Two of these, the transatlantic steamships Kroonland and Finland, of the International Navigation Company, from the Cramp yard at Philadelphia, are distinguished as the greatest ships yet produced in the United States. Their speed is seventeen knots, their tonnage, 12,760, or about a thousand tons more than that of the famous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American liners St. Paul and St. Louis. Next in size come the Pacific Mail liners Korea and Siberia, of 11,276 tons and nineteen knots, built at Newport News, Va., and next two vessels of a different but interesting and important type, the ocean freighters Shawmut and Tremont, of the Boston Steamship Company, huge, economical carriers, built at Baltimore, which are entering a new service to the Orient. The four first-named ships, it should be noted, belong to corporations subsidized for carrying the United States mails. Six other important vessels under construction at Camden, N. J., and Baltimore are for the fleet of the Atlantic Transport line, a British corporation controlled by American capital and now a component of Mr. Morgan's "combine." These six vessels were ordered several years ago in the frank expectation that a new subsidy bill would be enacted.

Beyond these few and easily enumerated steamships no large vessel is now building, or has recently been launched, in the United States for purposes of foreign commerce. As the lucid and admirable report of the expert special agent* on ship-building in the Federal Census of 1900 puts it:

> Summing up the present situation, the paradox exists of a substantial number of establishments, equipped with every essential for the construction of seagoing ships of every type, being limited to the construction of war-ships and of vessels for our domestic trade, except for the infrequent and spasmodic requirements of a few courageous shipowners who persist in operating American-built ships in foreign trade.

That is to say, American shipyards of a thoroughly new, progressive type now exist far in excess of the present demands of our ocean commerce. They are capable of the heaviest and most elaborate construction. They are furnished with labor-saving machinery, which is only tardily being adopted by the shipyards of Europe. Yet this splendid industry is not prosperous in the sense of having a great amount of work assured for the immediate future to maintain activities which here and there are already faltering.

Turning from the shipyards to the sea, one finds the same strange state of arrested development. The American merchant marine in foreign service shows no present sign of real, large growth, and only one new line of freight ships is reaching out to challenge Europe's monopoly of distant carrying. The established American steamship lines in foreign trade are not difficult to number. There is, first, the International Navigation Company's mail service with four swift, large steamers, St. Paul, St. Louis, New York and Philadelphia, from New York to Southampton, the only transatlantic fleet beneath the Stars and Stripes. Then there is the extensive Pacific Mail service from New York to the Isthmus of Panama, from Panama and Central America to San Francisco, and from San Francisco to Yokohama and Hong-Kong. There is the Oceanic line from San Francisco to Australia. Again in the Atlantic there are the New York & Cuba Mail, or Ward, line from New York to Cuba and Mexico, the "Red D" line from New York to Venezuela, and the United Fruit Company's service in four ships of the "Admiral" class between Boston and Philadelphia and Jamaica. This brief list exhausts the regular important American steamship enterprises now engaged in foreign carrying.

Besides these passenger and mail liners, the registered tonnage of the United States consists of a few steel and iron freight steamers, a few steel and iron sailing ships and barks, and several hundred wooden sailing craft—ships, barks, barkentines, brigs, and schooners. This registered sail fleet is constantly decreasing. Many of its square-riggers are old and uncertain, and New England launches no more those lofty Yankee "wind-jammers," which were so long the monarchs of the sea. The last wooden full-rigged ship built in America was the stately Roanoke, of 3,500 tons, constructed at Bath in 1892. There are now, all told, only 93 full-rigged ships under the American flag, 140 barks, 76 barkentines, 28 brigs and brigantines—a total of 337 in our square-rigged fleet, with a tonnage of 354,729.

The steam fleet of the United States must be the main hope of our deep-sea commerce, though large sailing vessels will continue to be employed successfully on long trade routes for many years to come. It is rather disconcerting that diligent in-

* Mr. Alexander R. Smith, Superintendent of the New York Maritime Exchange.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quiry should find only one new deep-sea steam line now projected by American shipowners. This line, however, is an important one. When the Frye subsidy bill came forward in Congress two years ago, a group of Boston capitalists, headed by Mr. Alfred Winsor, a most successful shipping merchant and manager, determined to build two great cargo steamers to take advantage of the anticipated protection and encouragement. These vessels were the Shawmut and Tremont, already referred to. It was the purpose of Mr. Winsor and his associates to make these two steamers the nucleus of a large American cargo fleet if the Frye bill had been enacted. Though the measure has gone through the Senate it has not yet passed the House, and for the time being the further plans of the Boston Steamship Company are suspended.

Having the two great ships on its hands, the company must run them, subsidy or no subsidy. Mr. Winsor has, therefore, formed a traffic arrangement with President Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, for a steam service out of Puget Sound and across the Pacific to the Orient. One line, in which the Shawmut, Tremont, and a smaller, but modern and efficient ship of the Boston Towboat Company will be employed, will run to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong-Kong, and Manila. Another line, made up of the Boston Towboat Company's other freighters, will run to Vladivostok, Port Arthur, and Niu-Chwang. These American steamers will displace British vessels of a smaller, older, and less economical type. It is the clear implication of the Act of Congress of March 8, 1902, regulating the commerce of the Philippine Islands, that after July 1, 1904, the carrying trade between the United States and the Philippines shall be reserved to American vessels, precisely as the carrying trade of Hawaii and Porto Rico is now. Thus this new American steam line to the Far East starts out with very substantial encouragement.

But it is the only new American steamship enterprise of authoritative record, and although the courage and keen business sense of these Boston shipowners are earnestly to be commended, their project is not sufficient in itself to justify a belief that a general revival of the United States merchant marine is imminent. These new American freight ships have cost more for construction than foreign ships of the same size, and they will cost considerably more for maintenance. This is simply and absolutely a question of wages.

When two of the Boston steamers of the new line, the Hyades and Pleiades, immediate predecessors of the Shawmut and Tremont, were built in 1900, it happened that steel ship-plates were selling for $40 a ton in Great Britain, and $28 a ton in the United States. The owners of these vessels invited bids from American and British yards for the construction of a new steamer like the Hyades, of 3,753 tons. This was a fair and square competition. Both American and British firms, eager to secure the contract, presumably named the lowest price in which they could discern a living profit. The American figure was $275,000; the British, $214,000. This was in July, 1900, when, as has been said, American ship-plates were selling at $28 and British ship-plates at $40 a ton. The cost of the material for this sister of the Hyades, if built in this country, would have been $63,000; if built in Great Britain, $80,000. Yet, in spite of the higher cost of the British material, the British builders could underbid the Americans because British shipyard wages are only about one half of the wages paid in the United States, and because the chief item in the cost of a modern steel ship is not the material, but the skilled labor required to work it into the finished hull and machinery.

This is a serious disadvantage, but our American experience in other kinds of rivalry proves that American high wages are not necessarily and always a bar to successful competition. These higher wages prevail in American industries in general. They do not prevent a large export trade, for example, in steel rails and locomotives. There is, however, this vital distinction to be borne in mind, that the United States is making a great many more steel rails and locomotives than Great Britain, while Great Britain, as things now are, is making many more ships than the United States. British yards launched, in the single year 1899, almost twice as much steel steam tonnage as American yards launched in the entire

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decade from 1891 to 1900.* As the Commissioner of Navigation succinctly states it, "The enormous scale on which shipbuilding is conducted in the United Kingdom involves economies in production sufficient to offset cheaper materials elsewhere."

Moreover, in the the United Kingdom the shipbuilding business is highly specialized. There are a great many yards, each devoted to the production of a particular kind of steamer, with the tools, the machinery, the materials, and the workmen that long experience has shown to be adapted to that particular kind of work. In the United States, where fewer ships are being built, and the competition of the yards is often keener, that advanced specialization has not yet been attained. One yard may have on its building slips an armored cruiser, a ferry-boat, a coal-barge, a yacht, a car-float, and a coasting steamer—each requiring radically different designs, different tools and material, and different workmanship. This is an economic waste, but there seems to be no method of averting it save by so stimulating the demand for American ships that the specialization now practised in Great Britain shall be possible here, or by a combination of our shipyards, distributing to each yard the work for which it has the best equipment, just as the great steel trust is now doing with our steel mills.

Beyond the larger first cost of American-built ships, another weighty factor in the question of how to revive the American merchant marine is the wide difference in shipboard wages between this country and its European competitors. This difference in wages is not characteristic of the high-speed mail steamers alone. In the report of the Commissioner of Navigation for 1900 there is a comparison of the pay-rolls of the American cargo steamer Pleiades and the British cargo steamers Lady Joicey and Masconomo, all of about 3,500 tons. The 26 officers and men of the American ship receive $1,215 a month, or $14,580 a year, in wages. The 30 officers and men of one British ship receive $961 a month, or $11,532 a year, and the 32 officers and men of the other British ship receive $979 a month, or $11,751 a year. Practically the same difference will be found in the wages on board American and British sailing vessels.

The main argument for the tariff-protection of American manufacturing has been that it was indispensable to the maintenance of the higher American rate of wages—that the mill and factory owners of this country could not develop their business unless they were given a protective duty that would serve to equalize the labor-cost here and abroad. This is precisely the argument of the shipowners. They ask that the National Government, which has done so much to aid American manufacturers, proceed now to encourage the only important American interest that is unprotected, by granting subsidies from the Treasury that will offset the higher range of American wages both in the shipyards and on shipboard. These subsidies, they point out, are the only practicable method by which this national aid can be extended. And, if the shipowners are thereby enabled to engage in shipbuilding and shipowning on a large scale, they believe that they can eventually overcome foreign competition, precisely as our iron and steel mills, with their high wages and their vast scale of operation, are now beginning to master the markets of the world.

It is Mr. Morgan's close connection with the huge steel interests of the United States which has made British shipowners so fearful that he has bought a controlling share in the British transatlantic steamship companies only to absorb them into the American marine. That, however, does not seem to be his actual purpose. On April 25th last Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., stated in London that, "We cannot transfer ships from the British to the American flag, and, what is more, we have not contemplated it." Though under our general law foreign ships cannot be naturalized, this privilege might be conferred by special act of Congress, as was done several years ago with the Inman liners City of Paris and City of New York. Mr. Morgan and his friends apparently desire no such opportunity. On June 21st Mr. Bernard N. Baker, President of the Atlantic Transport line, one of the chief

* The exact figures are for the United Kingdom in 1899, 1,341,425 tons, for the United States (great lakes included) from 1891 to 1900, 724,830 tons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partners in the merger, said that "the likelihood of the Morgan organization putting all its vessels under the American flag is perfectly absurd. We would not do it if we could, and we cannot." A few days later it was announced that Mr. Morgan had offered to place all the British steamers in the combination at the disposal of the British Admiralty for fifty years if a certain subsidy were granted.

These assurances ought to cool the apprehensions of our British kinsmen. Mr. Morgan, after all, is not such a terrible ogre. He is just now devoting his extraordinary business acumen and immense wealth to the upbuilding of the sea-power of the British Empire. If, instead of purchasing a major interest in several lines of British steamships, Mr. Morgan had invested so much capital in Yorkshire woollen mills, the profits of the transaction might come to the United States, and the mills might be more skilfully adapted to the needs of the American market. But Mr. Morgan's investment would certainly not be interpreted as a favorable stroke for the woollen manufacturing industry of America. So now this great shipping merger involves no direct advantage to the small struggling, deep-sea merchant fleet of the United States. Its benefits are indirect and contingent. The chief service which Mr. Morgan's merger has thus far rendered to his country is in demonstrating that American capital is now ready to seek the sea—that our wealth is no longer absorbed in purely domestic development. This American money, it is true, now goes almost entirely into foreign ships, for of the hundred and more steamers of the Morgan fleet only the four American liners hold United States registry. But there can be no doubt that the Morgan millions would go just as quickly into an American merchant fleet if equal inducements were offered. In this aspect the Morgan venture is distinctly encouraging.

It is pleasant to turn from the hard-pressed deep-sea marine of the United States to the great and buoyant coastwise shipping, a protected interest, which nobly justifies the nation's faith. The coal strike and the scarcity of materials, due to the headlong demand for structural steel, have temporarily checked the growth of this domestic fleet, but there has lately been launched from the perfectly equipped yard of the Fore River Ship & Engine Company, at Quincy Point, Boston Harbor, the most notable sailing vessel of the year, the seven-masted steel schooner Thomas W. Lawson. This giant of the coast-trade marks a new departure. Last year twenty-two large schooners of 40,273 tons were built of wood. Hereafter the wooden schooners will be fewer, and the steel more and more numerous. The Lawson can carry seven or eight thousand tons of coal and earn good dividends from freight rates which would drive smaller and older craft from business. There is no monopoly, no stagnation, in this exclusively American trade; on the contrary, there is the keenest competition and the swiftest progress.

The huge size of this domestic fleet—many times that of Great Britain, or any other maritime nation—is sufficient proof of the abilities of American shipowners, builders, and seamen, if only they have fair economic opportunity. Indeed, the history of the whole American merchant-marine, from its beginnings under the old navigation laws of 1789, suggests that there is not one form of human endeavor for which our race has more conspicuous native aptitude. That history, moreover, reminds us that for the first half-century American shipping in the deep-sea trade was in some degree a protected interest, and that it was not until after it ceased to be protected that it ceased to be prosperous.

The owner of an American steamer or sailing vessel on the high seas, carrying his country's flag, upholding its power and extending its commerce, might be thought to have an especial title to the consideration of his Government. As a matter of fact, there is nobody whom that Government in the past fifty years has so systematically forgotten. This fatuous neglect will have to give way to a new, liberal, and enlightened policy before the American deep-sea merchant fleet can again become the pride and bulwark of the nation. But, fortunately, conditions are now such that a great merchant tonnage can spring into existence as soon as the American people give the word.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PASHA, THE SON OF SELIM

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. MAYNARD DIXON

LONG, far too long, has the story of Pasha, son of Selim, remained untold.

The great Selim, you know, was brought from far across the seas, where he had been sold for a heavy purse by a venerable sheik, who tore his beard during the bargain and swore by Allah that without Selim there would be for him no joy in life. Also he had wept quite convincingly on Selim's neck—but in the end he had taken the heavy purse. That was how Selim, the great Selim, came to end his days in Fayette County, Kentucky. Of his many sons, Pasha was one.

In almost idyllic manner were spent the years of Pasha's coltdom. They were years of pasture roaming and bluegrass cropping. When the time was ripe, began the hunting lessons. Pasha came to know the feel of the saddle and the voice of the hounds. He was taught the long, easy lope. He learned how to gather himself for a sail through the air over a hurdle or a water jump. Then, when he could take five bars clean, when he could clear an eight-foot ditch, when his wind was so sound that he could lead the chase from dawn until high noon, he was sent to the stables of a Virginia cotton planter who had need of a new hunter and who could afford Arab blood.

In the stalls at Gray Oaks stables were many good hunters, but none better than Pasha. Cream white he was, from the tip of his splendid, yard-long tail to his pink-lipped muzzle. His coat was as silk plush, his neck as supple as a swan's, and out of his big, bright eyes there looked such intelligence that one half expected him to speak. His lines were all long, graceful curves, and when he danced daintily on his slender legs one could see the muscles flex under the delicate skin.

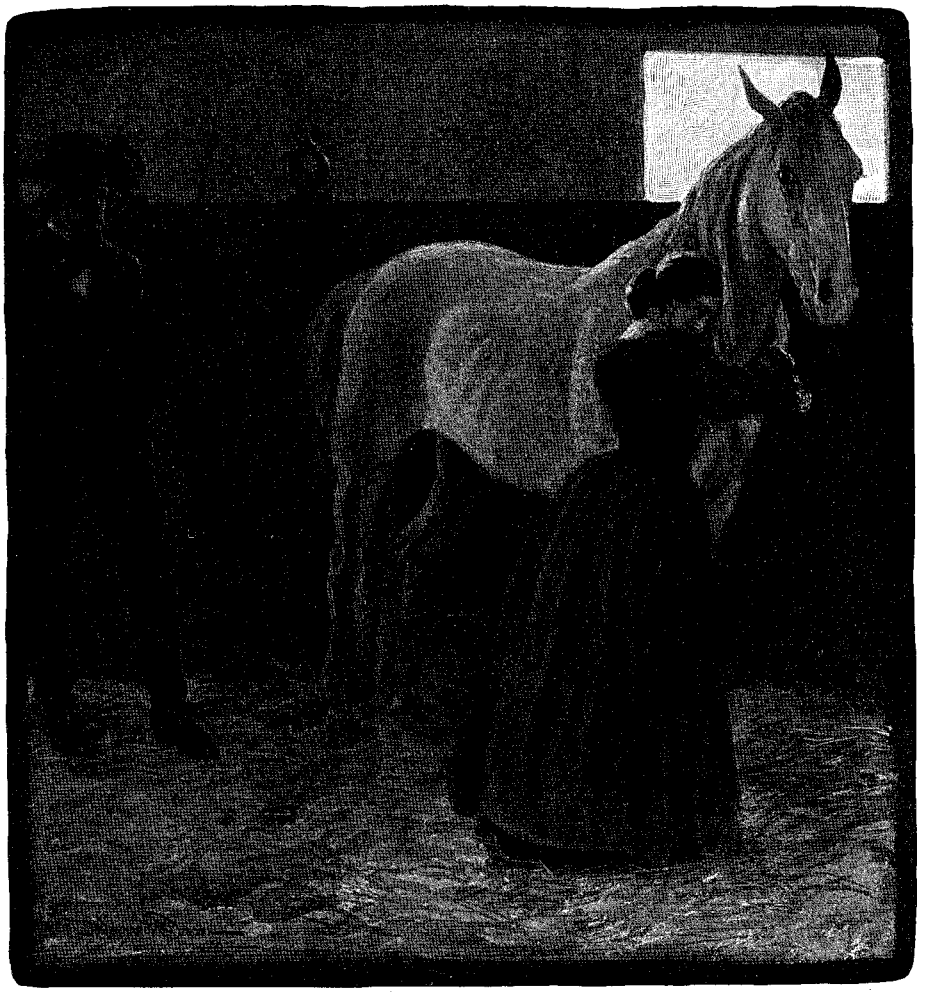
Miss Lou claimed Pasha for her very own at first sight. As no one at Gray Oaks denied Miss Lou anything at all, to her he belonged from that instant. Of Miss Lou, Pasha approved thoroughly. She knew that bridle-reins were for gentle guidance, not for sawing or jerking, and that a riding-crop was of no use whatever save to unlatch a gate or to cut at an unruly hound. She knew how to rise on the stirrup when Pasha lifted himself in his stride, and how to settle close to the pigskin when his hoofs hit the ground. In other words, she had a good seat, which means as much to the horse as it does to the rider.

Besides all this, it was Miss Lou who insisted that Pasha should have the best of grooming, and she never forgot to bring the dainties which Pasha loved, an apple or a carrot or a sugar-plum. It is something, too, to have your nose patted by a soft gloved hand and to have such a person as Miss Lou put her arm around your neck and whisper in your ear. From no other than Miss Lou would Pasha permit such intimacy.

No paragon, however, was Pasha. He had a temper, and his whims were as many as those of a school-girl. He was particular as to who put on his bridle. He had notions concerning the manner in which a currycomb should be used. A red ribbon or a bandanna handkerchief put him in a rage, while green, the holy color of the Mohammedan, soothed his nerves. A lively pair of heels he had, and he knew how to use his teeth. The black stable-boys found that out, and so did the stern-faced man who was known as "Mars" Clayton. This "Mars" Clayton had ridden Pasha once, had ridden him as he rode his big, ugly, hard-bitted roan hunter, and Pasha had not enjoyed the ride. Still, Miss Lou and Pasha often rode out with "Mars" Clayton and the parrot-nosed roan. That is, they did until the coming of Mr. Dave.

In Mr. Dave, Pasha found a new friend. From a far Northern State was Mr. Dave. He had come in a ship to buy cotton, but after he had bought his cargo he still

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From no other than Miss Lou would Pasha permit such intimacy.—Page 584.

stayed at Gray Oaks, "to complete Pasha's education," so he said.

Many ways had Mr. Dave which Pasha liked. He had a gentle manner of talking to you, of smoothing your flanks and rubbing your ears, which gained your confidence and made you sure that he understood. He was firm and sure in giving commands, yet so patient in teaching one tricks, that it was a pleasure to learn.

So, almost before Pasha knew it, he could stand on his hind legs, could step around in a circle in time to a tune which Mr. Dave whistled, and could do other things which few horses ever learn to do. His chief accomplishment, however, was to kneel on his fore legs in the attitude of prayer. A long time it took Pasha to learn this, but Mr. Dave told him over and over again, by word and sign, until at last the son of the great Selim could strike a pose such as would have done credit to a Mecca pilgrim.

"It's simply wonderful!" declared Miss Lou.

But it was nothing of the sort. Mr. Dave had been teaching tricks to horses ever since he was a small boy, and never had he found such an apt pupil as Pasha.

Many a glorious gallop did Pasha and Miss Lou have while Mr. Dave stayed at Gray Oaks, Dave riding the big bay Morgan that Miss Lou, with all her daring, had never ventured to mount. It was not all galloping though, for often Pasha and the big bay walked for miles through the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wood lanes, side by side and very close together, while Miss Lou and Mr. Dave talked, talked, talked. How they could ever find so much to say to each other Pasha wondered.

But at last Mr. Dave went away, and with his going ended good times for Pasha, at least for many months. There followed strange doings. There was much excitement among the stable-boys, much riding about, day and night, by the men of Gray Oaks, and no hunting at all. One day the stables were cleared of all horses save Pasha.

"Sometimes, if he is needed badly, you may have Pasha, but not now," Miss Lou had said. And then she had hidden her face in his cream-white mane and sobbed. Just what the trouble was Pasha did not understand, but he was certain "Mars" Clayton was at the bottom of it.

No longer did Miss Lou ride about the country. Occasionally she galloped up and down the highway, to the Pointdexters and back, just to let Pasha stretch his legs. Queer sights Pasha saw on these trips. Sometimes he would pass many men on horses riding close together in a pack, as the hounds run when they have the scent. They wore strange clothing, did these men, and they carried, instead of riding-crops, big shiny knives that swung at their sides. The sight of them set Pasha's nerves tingling. He would sniff curiously after them and then prick forward his ears and dance nervously.

Of course Pasha knew that something unusual was going on, but what it was he could not guess. There came a time, however, when he found out all about it. Months had passed when, late one night, a hard-breathing, foam-splotched, mud-covered horse was ridden into the yard and taken into the almost deserted stable. Pasha heard the harsh voice of "Mars" Clayton swearing at the stable-boys. Pasha heard his own name spoken, and guessed that it was he who was wanted. Next came Miss Lou to the stable.

"I'm very sorry," he heard "Mars" Clayton say, "but I've got to get out of this. The Yanks are not more than five miles behind."

"But you'll take good care of him, won't you?" he heard Miss Lou ask, eagerly.

"Oh, yes; of course," replied "Mars" Clayton, carelessly.

A heavy saddle was thrown on Pasha's back, the girths pulled cruelly tight, and in a moment "Mars" Clayton was on his back. They were barely clear of Gray Oaks driveway before Pasha felt something he had never known before. It was as if someone had jabbed a lot of little knives into his ribs. Roused by pain and fright, Pasha reared in a wild attempt to unseat this hateful rider. But "Mars" Clayton's knees seemed glued to Pasha's shoulders. Next Pasha tried to shake him off by sudden leaps, side bolts, and stiff-legged jumps. These manœuvres brought vicious jerks on the wicked chain-bit that was cutting Pasha's tender mouth sorrily and more jabs from the little knives. In this way did Pasha fight until his flanks ran with blood and his breast was plastered thick with reddened foam.

In the meantime he had covered miles of road, and at last, along in the cold gray of the morning, he was ridden into a field where were many tents and horses. Pasha was unsaddled and picketed to a stake. This latter indignity he was too much exhausted to resent. All he could do was to stand, shivering with cold, trembling from nervous excitement, and wait for what was to happen next.

It seemed ages before anything did happen. The beginning was a tripping bugle-blast. This was answered by the voice of other bugles blown here and there about the field. In a moment men began to tumble out of the white tents. They came by twos and threes and dozens, until the field was full of them. Fires were built on the ground, and soon Pasha could scent coffee boiling and bacon frying. Black boys began moving about among the horses with hay and oats and water. One of them rubbed Pasha hurriedly with a wisp of straw. It was little like the currying and rubbing with brush and comb and flannel to which he was accustomed and which he needed just then, oh, how sadly. His strained muscles had stiffened so much that every movement gave him pain. So matted was his coat with sweat and foam and mud that it seemed as if half the pores of his skin were choked.

He had cooled his parched throat with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By one desperate leap . . . he shook himself clear.—Page 590.

a long draught of somewhat muddy water, but he had eaten only half of the armful of hay when again the bugles sounded and "Mars" Clayton appeared. Tightening the girths, until they almost cut into Pasha's tender skin, he jumped into the saddle and rode off to where a lot of big black horses were being reined into line. In front of this line Pasha was wheeled. He heard the bugles sound once more, heard his rider shout something to the men behind, felt the wicked little knives in his sides, and then, in spite of aching legs, was forced into a sharp gallop. Although he knew it not, Pasha had joined the Black Horse Cavalry.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The months that followed were to Pasha one long, ugly dream. Not that he minded the hard riding by day and night. In time he became used to all that. He could even endure the irregular feeding, the sleeping in the open during all kinds of weather, and the lack of proper grooming. But the vicious jerks on the torture-provoking cavalry bit, the flat sabre blows on the flank which he not infrequently got from his ill-tempered master, and, above all, the cruel digs of the spur-wheels—these things he could not understand. Such treatment he was sure he did not merit. "Mars" Clayton he came to hate more and more. Some day, Pasha told himself, he would take vengeance with teeth and heels, even if he died for it.

In the meantime he had learned the cavalry drill. He came to know the meaning of each varying bugle-call, from reveille, when one began to paw and stamp for breakfast, to mournful taps, when lights went out, and the tents became dark and silent. Also, one learned to slow from a gallop into a wall; when to wheel to the right or to the left, and when to start on the jump as the first notes of a charge were sounded. It was better to learn the bugle-calls, he found, than to wait for a jerk on the bits or a prod from the spurs.

No more was he terror-stricken, as he had been on his first day in the cavalry, at hearing behind him the thunder of many hoofs. Having once become used to the noise, he was even thrilled by the swinging metre of it. A kind of wild harmony was in it, something which made one forget everything else. At such times Pasha longed to break into his long, wind-splitting lope, but he learned that he must leave the others no more than a pace or two behind, although he could have easily outdistanced them all.

Also, Pasha learned to stand under fire. No more did he dance at the crack of carbines or the zipp-zipp of bullets. He could even hold his ground when shells went screaming over him, although this was hardest of all to bear. One could not see them, but their sound, like that of great birds in flight, was something to try one's nerves. Pasha strained his ears to catch the note of each shell that came whizzing overhead, and, as it passed, looked inquiringly over his shoulder as if to ask, "Now what on earth was that?"

But all this experience could not prepare him for the happenings of that never-to-be-forgotten day in June. There had been a period full of hard riding and ending with a long halt. For several days hay and oats were brought with some regularity. Pasha was even provided with an apology for a stall. It was made by leaning two rails against a fence. Some hay was thrown between the rails. This was a sorry substitute for the roomy box-stall, filled with clean straw, which Pasha always had at Gray Oaks, but it was as good as any provided for the Black Horse Cavalry.

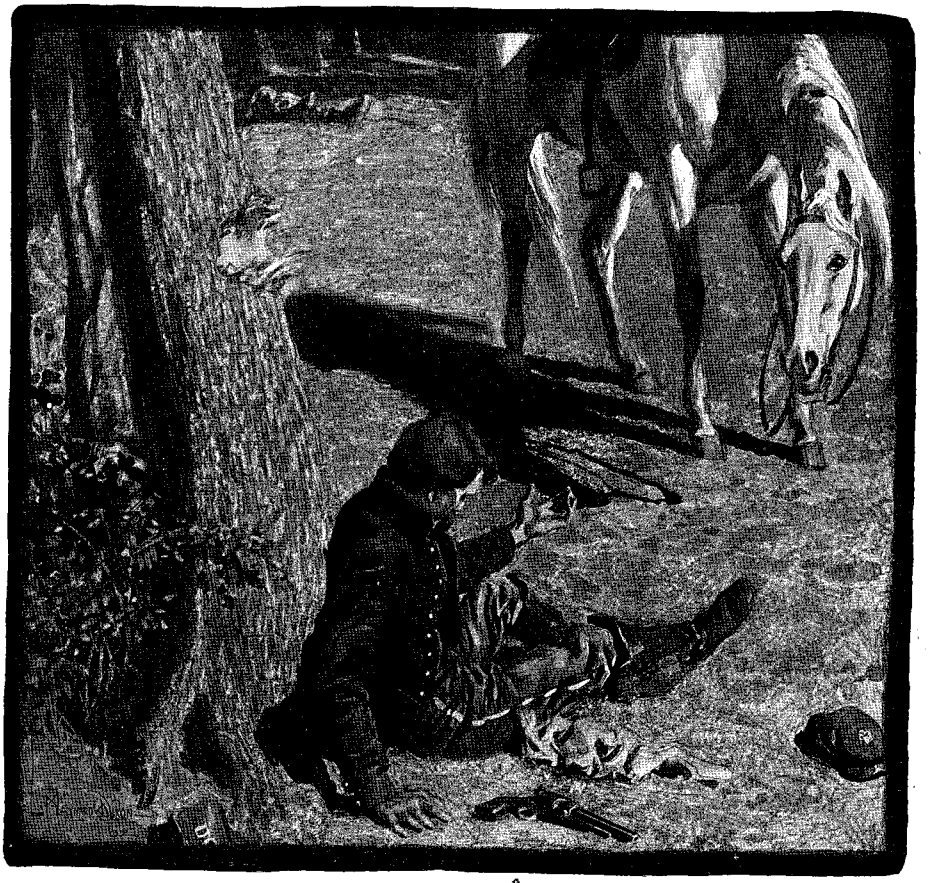
And how many horses there were there! As far as Pasha could see in either direction the line extended. Never before had he seen so many horses at one time. And men! The fields and woods were full of them; some in brown butternut, some in homespun gray, and many in clothes having no uniformity of color at all. "Mars" Clayton was dressed better than most, for on his butternut coat were shiny shoulder straps, and it was closed with shiny buttons. Pasha took little pride in this. He knew his master for a cruel and heartless rider, and for nothing more.

One day there was a great parade, when Pasha was carefully groomed for the first time in months. There were bands playing and flags flying. Pasha, forgetful of his ill-treatment and prancing proudly at the head of a squadron of coal-black horses, passed in review before a big, bearded man who wore a slouch hat fantastically decorated with long plumes and who sat a great black horse in the midst of a little knot of officers.

Early the next morning Pasha was awakened by the distant growl of heavy guns. By daylight he was on the move, thousands of other horses with him. Nearer and nearer they rode to the place where the guns were growling. Sometimes they were on roads, sometimes they crossed fields, and again they plunged into the woods where the low branches struck one's eyes and scratched one's flanks. At last they broke clear of the trees to come suddenly upon such a scene as Pasha had never before witnessed.

Far across the open field he could see

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Come boy. Come Pasha," insisted the man on the ground.—Page 590.

troop on troop of horses coming toward him. They seemed to be pouring over the crest of a low hill, as if driven onward by some unseen force behind. Instantly Pasha heard, rising from the throats of thousands of riders, on either side and behind him, that fierce, wild yell which he had come to know meant the approach of trouble. High and shrill and menacing it rang as it was taken up and repeated by those in the rear. Next the bugles began to sound, and in quick obedience the horses formed in line just on the edge of the woods, a line which stretched and stretched on either flank until one could hardly see where it ended.

From the distant line came no answering cry, but Pasha could hear the bugles blowing and he could see the fronts massing. Then came the order to charge at a gallop. This set Pasha to tugging eagerly at the bit, but for what reason he did not know. He knew only that he was part of a great and solid line of men and horses sweeping furiously across a field toward that other line which he had seen pouring over the hill-crest.

He could scarcely see at all now. The thousands of hoofs had raised a cloud of dust that not only enveloped the onrushing line, but rolled before it. Nor could Pasha hear anything save the thunderous thud of many feet. Even the shrieking of the shells was drowned. But for the restraining bit Pasha would have leaped forward and cleared the line. Never had he been so stirred. The inherited memory of countless desert raids, made by his Arab ancestors, was doing its work. For what seemed a long time this continued, and then, in the midst of the blind and frenzied race, there loomed out of the thick air, as if it had appeared by magic, the opposing line.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pasha caught a glimpse of something which seemed like a heaving wall of tossing heads and of foam-whitened necks and shoulders. Here and there gleamed red, distended nostrils and straining eyes. Bending above was another wall, a wall of dusty blue coats, of grim faces, and of dust-powdered hats. Bristling above all was a threatening crest of waving blades.

What would happen when the lines met? Almost before the query was thought there came the answer. With an earth-jarring crash they came together. The lines wavered back from the shock of impact and then the whole struggle appeared to Pasha to centre about him. Of course this was not so, but it was a fact that the most conspicuous figure in either line had been that of the cream-white charger in the very centre of the Black Horse regiment.

For one confused moment Pasha heard about his ears the whistle and clash of sabres, the spiteful crackle of small arms, the snorting of horses, and the cries of men. For an instant he was wedged tightly in the frenzied mass, and then, by one desperate leap, such as he had learned on the hunting field, he shook himself clear.

For some moments Pasha failed to notice that the stirrups were dangling empty and that the bridle-rein hung loose on his neck. When he did he knew that at last he was free from "Mars" Clayton. At the same time he felt himself seized by an overpowering dread. While conscious of a guiding hand on the reins Pasha had abandoned himself to the fierce joy of the charge. But now, finding himself riderless in the midst of a horrid din, he knew not what to do, nor which way to turn. His only impulse was to escape. But where? Lifting high his fine head and snorting with terror he rushed about, first this way and then that, frantically seeking a way out of this fog-filled field of dreadful pandemonium. Now he swerved in his course to avoid a charging squad, now he was turned aside by prone objects at sight of which he snorted fearfully. Although the blades still rang and the carbines still spoke, there were no more to be seen either lines or order. Here and there in the dust-clouds scurried horses, some with riders and some without, by twos, by fours, or in squads of twenty or more. The sound of shooting and slashing and shouting filled the air.

To Pasha it seemed an eternity that he had been tearing about the field when he shied at the figure of a man sitting on the ground. Pasha was about to wheel and dash away when the man called to him. Surely the tones were familiar. With wide-open, sniffing nostrils and trembling knees, Pasha stopped and looked hard at the man on the ground.

"Pasha! Pasha!" the man called weakly. The voice sounded like that of Mr. Dave.

"Come, boy! Come, boy!" said the man in a coaxing tone, which recalled to Pasha the lessons he had learned at Gray Oaks years before. Still Pasha sniffed and hesitated.

"Come here, Pasha, old fellow. For God's sake, come here!"

There was no resisting this appeal. Step by step Pasha went nearer. He continued to tremble, for this man on the ground, although his voice was that of Mr. Dave, looked much different from the one who had taught him tricks. Besides, there was about him the scent of fresh blood. Pasha could see the stain of it on his blue trousers.

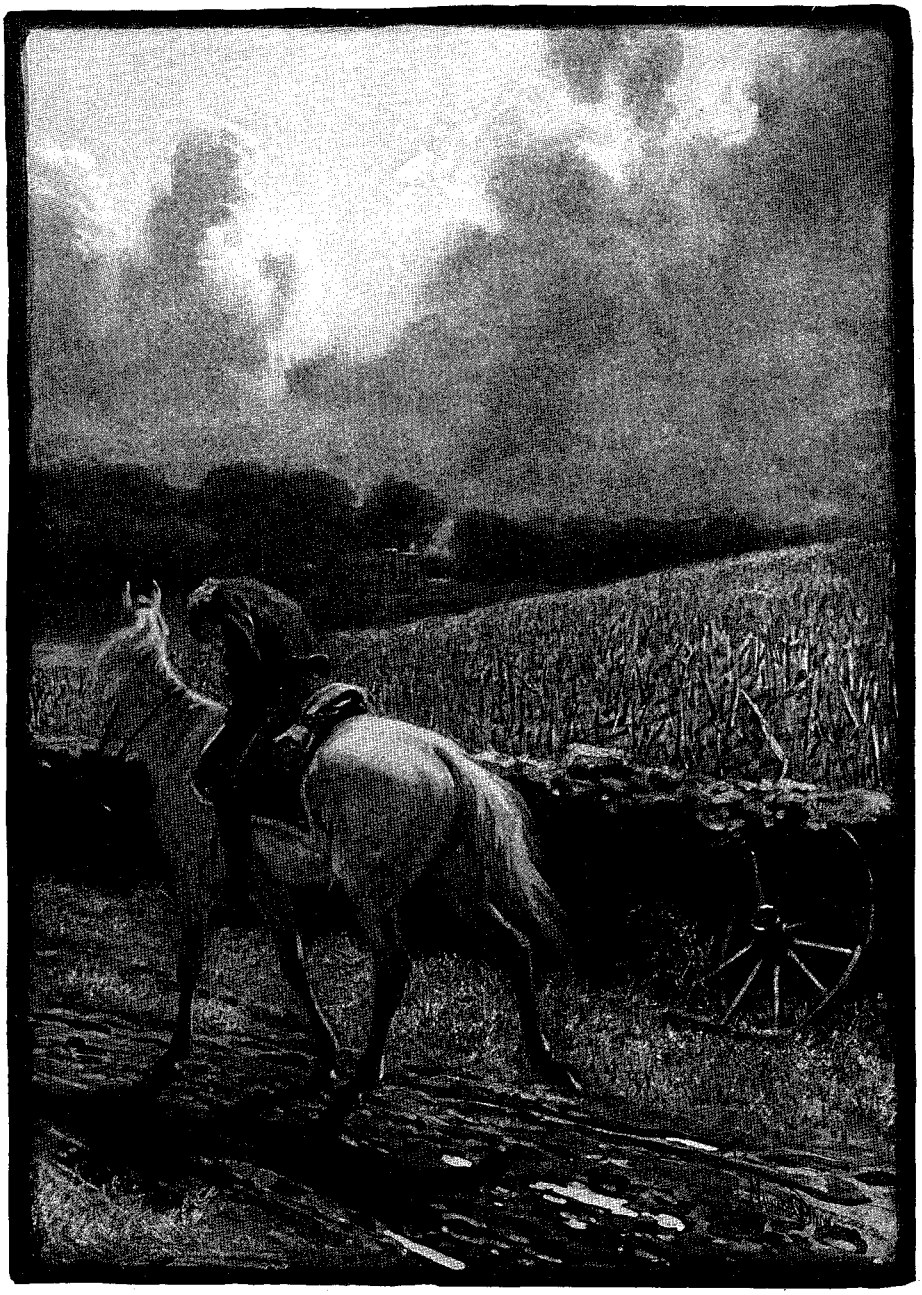
"Come, boy. Come, Pasha," insisted the man on the ground, holding out an encouraging hand. Slowly Pasha obeyed until he could sniff the man's fingers. Another step and the man was smoothing his nose, still speaking gently and coaxingly in a faint voice. In the end Pasha was assured that the man was really the Mr. Dave of old, and glad enough Pasha was to know it.

"Now, Pasha," said Mr. Dave, "we'll see if you've forgotten your tricks, and may the good Lord grant you haven't. Down, sir! Kneel, Pasha, kneel!"

It had been a long time since Pasha had been asked to do this, a very long time; but here was Mr. Dave asking him, in just the same tone as of old, and in just the same way. So Pasha, forgetting his terror under the soothing spell of Mr. Dave's voice, forgetting the fearful sights and sounds about him, remembering only that here was the Mr. Dave whom he loved, asking him to do his old trick—well, Pasha knelt.

"Easy now, boy; steady!" Pasha

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by L. Maynard Dixon.

Mr. Dave kept his seat in the saddle more by force of muscular habit than anything else.—Page 592.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heard him say. Mr. Dave was dragging himself along the ground to Pasha's side. "Steady now, Pasha; steady, boy!" He felt Mr. Dave's hand on the pommel. "So-o-o, boy; so-o-o-o!" Slowly, oh, so slowly, he felt Mr. Dave crawling into the saddle, and although Pasha's knees ached from the unfamiliar strain, he stirred not a muscle until he got the command, "Up, Pasha, up!"

Then, with a trusted hand on the bridle-rein, Pasha joyfully bounded away through the fog, until the battle-field was left behind. Of the long ride that ensued only Pasha knows, for Mr. Dave kept his seat in the saddle more by force of muscular habit than anything else. A man who has learned to sleep on horseback does not easily fall off, even though he has not the full command of his senses. Only for the first hour or so did Pasha's rider do much toward guiding their course. In hunting-horses, however, the sense of direction is strong. Pasha had it—especially for one point of the compass. This point was south. So, unknowing of the possible peril into which he might be taking his rider, south he went. How Pasha ever did it, as I have said, only Pasha knows; but in the end he struck the Richmond Pike.

It was a pleading whinny which aroused Miss Lou at early daybreak. Under her window she saw Pasha, and on his back a limp figure in blue, dust-covered, dark-stained uniform. And that was how Pasha's cavalry career came to an end. That one fierce charge was his last.

. . . . . .

In the Washington home of a certain Maine Congressman you may see, hung in a place of honor and lavishly framed, the picture of a horse. It is very creditably done in oils, is this picture. It is of a cream-white horse, with an arched neck, clean, slim legs, and a splendid flowing tail.

Should you have any favors of state to ask of this Maine Congressman, it would be the wise thing, before stating your request, to say something nice about the horse in the picture. Then the Congressman will probably say, looking fondly at the picture: "I must tell Lou—er—my wife, you know, what you have said. Yes, that was Pasha. He saved my neck at Brandy Station. He was one-half Arab, Pasha was, and the other half, sir, was human."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JETHRO BACON, OF SANDWICH

By F. J. Stimson

I

(PROLOGUE)

THE autumn afternoon, chill and ruddy, was waning, and the brown cranberry-bog grew richer in purple glow or gloom. Jethro stood watching the long line of pickers, women, children, some old men, that did his work. Westward, the pitch-pine hills lay blurred in afterglow; northward, there was a clearer, colder light, behind the cream-white dunes. From behind them, above all, over and through all sounds, the monotonous murmur of the pickers, and the low piping of the frogs, was ever the "rote" of the sea.

It was the early days of this culture of the Cape. But the cod-fish had gone farther, and that life upon the Banks was hard; commerce was waning; moreover, Jethro Bacon, like all Yankees, liked his ease. A man could work, himself, for money, or he could make others work for him. And Jethro, who had been master of a clipper in the China trade at twenty, commander of an army transport in the Civil War at twenty-five, had seen his shipping sacrificed to mills, and now, at forty, had turned his energies—to a cranberry-bog. It is through the versatility of men like him that New England has not become our country's "submerged tenth." His house was in the town behind him, white-painted newly once each year, behind a row of green posts, like a ship's poop-railing; in the garden, some stunted fruit-trees and a diagram in box. With his surplus dollars, Canton dollars, Arctic, Grand-Bank dollars, he had bought land—then valueless land, now cranberry-bearing.

The long line of pickers approached again. Jethro eyed them, patiently, yet his piercing eyes were so little seen, between the half-closed lids, wrinkled with so many suns and winds, that a yard away their glance would be unnoticed. At his crowsfeet was that curious muscular tremor of those who have passed half their lives, hand on tiller, eyes upon the glint of waves. Under his heavy black moustache he chewed an unlit cigar—the natural Yankee never smokes a pipe.

He watched the long line of pickers. Slowly they approached; some (and they the more dishonest) looking furtively at their master; others never took their eyes from the tangle of vines in the sand; others were simply too tired to care. Pickers are paid by the pick, but the profit depends on clean picking; it was before the days of machines, and all rakes bruise the berries. The old men seemed most tired; the children only, as a rule, picked with inattention or hurriedly, looking at the sunset as if to guess the hour. But in those days labor did not go by hours, and the frost was near. The women, in sun-bonnets and print gowns, for the rest loose and clinging enough to reveal the shapes they were guiltless of, picked stolidly, with that Chinese lack of interest women still show in work that is not their own. Yet their eyes were downcast enough, except of one alone. Naught could be seen of this woman in the purple foreground, save that against the cold October sunset her face looked pale (it was olive, indeed), and her hair, which lay in masses, not in strings or curls, was surely black. Occasionally, upon her knees, she would sit erect, and throw the hair backward with her forearm, upon her shoulders. The gesture was a fine one; and it seemed, each moment, as if she looked at Jethro; or, it may only have been straight ahead. As for him, he seemed to watch them all grimly; the night was already cold, and a frost meant failure. A man in the prime of his years does not like to fail.

She was second in the line, an old man ahead of her. As they reached the end of the field where Jethro Bacon was standing, one by one, they rose painfully, some haltingly, pressing their hands behind their hips, and stood upright.

"Eben Sears, you first." The old man turned timidly to the speaker; as he did so the black-haired woman slid furtively a quart or so of berries from her basket

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into his. "Umph, not so bad—not so bad, Eben; not so bad." The voice had in it a curious mixture of gruff good-nature, bottoming an intellectual disappointment. "We old ones can go the young sparks yet, Eben."

"Nor we'm so old yet, eyther, Jethro Bacon," quavered he. He looked at the black-haired woman with a toothless grin; she wondered, one moment, if he knew. But then, she thought, he only meant the cranberries. Jethro turned to her; her basket was now but half full.

"You'll never make a picker. What's your name?" It seemed rather an insult than a question; so she stood silent. The other women drooped less listlessly for the pleasure of it; and one of them muttered, "She picks for fun." The "aside" was intended to be overheard.

"Enough o' such," shouted Jethro. "Here's your pay—half wages—now go—or stay, till I am through with these." She looked at him defiantly; a strange contrast to the others, her olive pallor, her dark, impenetrable eyes, her carriage, were like some strain of Southern blood; yet she was Cape, all through. She stood there, looking at him, while the others filed before her, and were quickly paid. "Better to-morrow—better to-morrow!" Jethro kept grumbling. "We'll have a killing frost by Sunday."

Slowly they went away, the women and the men apart; the boys had vanished, whooping, in the scrub of oak.

Jethro waited till the last group disappeared, reappeared, and disappeared finally in the perse-leaved thickets, wine shadows against the fading sky; waited till the last shadow vanished. The woman stood still. The torn dress clung to her like drapery to a statue; a rent at the bosom, where one fold dropped away, showed her full throat, her breast brown as her cheek, seemingly as pulseless. Still her face did not redden; her nature seemed too elemental for a triviality.

Then, as she gazed at him, "Barbara!" said the man. He took her wrist, and lifted it; the cheap cotton fell back, and his hand followed the rounded arm, almost to the shoulder.

He led her away. She had worked through the season for him; he had always known her; though she had been but a baby when he first came back from sea. "Barbara!"

He spoke her name once more. She looked at him, but no one saw him, as he kissed her, there in the twilight of the purple meadow. They, too, turned, and walked away, his arm around her waist still hot from the labor of the field.

II

MRS. JETHRO BACON

ON the Cape, the women still go to church; and enough of them, on a Sunday some ten years later, were gathered in the small white, wooden Baptist meeting-house, which surmounts the sandhill on the Falmouth Road, partially to fill that conventicle. The snow-drifts (it was mid-winter) were heaped against the door by the cutting, steel-cold wind that blew down the bay; so that it was a credit to the religious disposition of the women—or, at least, to their desire for human companionship—that so many came in a day of snow. For, on the Cape, they keep no sleighs, and all—all, at least, except Jethro Bacon's wife (for he was rich, and, the neighbors thought, a little too free-handed with her; she had a sleigh and horse, of antique pattern; she could drive herself)—all the others must have walked.

There was nothing about the gaunt little edifice to indicate its sacred character. It had a belfry, to be sure; a belfry with no bell; but on it was no cross, only a fish for weathercock. The fish is an early Christian emblem, to be sure; but it may be doubted if the builders, had they known it, would have placed it there. So, too, the cock, more common on old English steeples, refers to Peter; but the allusion is now forgotten, and remains an architect's convention. Meanwhile, the fish (despite the codfish in the Boston State House) survives, as a religious emblem, only in the catacombs of Rome. The Greek Christians put a fish on their tombs, but the Puritans preferred the deathshead.

The inside of the church was equally bare of symbolism. Four white walls, eight windows, and an iron stove, with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a long line of pipe bisecting the interior, above the centre-aisle. Cape people like hot rooms; and pews of highest price were near the stove. The women, bonnet-strings untied, were listening to the exhortations of the new minister — a thin young student from a Southern college, clad in rusty black broadcloth and a white tie, who had come, weak-lunged, to brave his life to Cape Cod breezes. No evidence of emotional religion was in the edifice. The Cape has strong emotions; but they find, it would appear, no outlet in religion—except, perhaps, in "revivals," at Eastham, in the old camp-meeting days, or now, in spiritualism, at Onset Bay. Human emotion has been ignored, since Governor Bradford's time —left to the church he so abhorred, with "ye ceremonies, and servise-booke, and other popish and antichristian stuffs, the plague of England to this day,"—but not, he would appear to have hoped, of New England. And, indeed, "with ceremonies and services" its country-people are not overburdened.

Jethro Bacon was not a member of the church, and hardly in these times lost caste thereby — save, perhaps, with his wife. Yet he was kind enough to her, and, in Cape phrase, "a good provider;" and he drove to the meeting, with her, once a Sunday. But he went not in; even with a certain ostentation, he would not go in; he would come with her just at the end of waiting, when all the other worshippers were clustered around the door; and would rattle away, after his spouse had clumsily got out. Whither he went, no one knew; but he would return in time for the end of meeting. You would not have thought them so devoted a couple, but of this duty Jethro never failed, except when he was away—but he never was away. His large interests were still on the Cape; and where his treasure was, it seemed, was his heart also.

The *pièces de résistance* of the meeting-house mysteries — one can hardly call them services — dragged their length along; the long prayer to the Almighty, full of instruction, full of explanation of his people's souls; the long sermon to the people, full of explanation of the divine intention, full of criticism of the prophets and apostles; the querulous, quavering hymn, unaccompanied by organ, doing sole duty for that element of worship which is praise. No word of all that morning dealt with the conduct of the flock, the sermon was as if they needed no exhortation what to do or what to leave undone; not even the ten commandments had been read — as if they had been conduct-perfect, loving one another. All was as if they had been saints on earth, debating the theology of heaven. All had been addressed to the mental processes alone— But Jethro Bacon was a man of action; small wonder such pasturage filled not his need.

The doors were flung wide open, and the boys burst out. But not, as usual, to scatter in the berry-pastures, or flounder in the snow; they stood surprised upon the steps, until the women-folk, stopping to talk about each other's ailments, saw it, too.

For in front of the steps, standing at the usual place, the "buffalo" half dragging on the ground, was the Bacon horse and sleigh. The horse was quiet, as usual, waiting for the meeting to be over, but the "lines" were broken, and one was trailing in the snow; the sleigh was empty, and Jethro nowhere to be found. The women clustered and buzzed inarticulate. Soon the whisper crystallized to a murmur, *he has had a stroke—he has had a stroke.* Mrs. Bacon wrung her hands together, and had almost died. She had been married to him twenty years, and was then "expecting"—as the neighbors phrased it. One woman thought of this, and went to comfort her. The pale minister came out and looked on awkwardly. For now this woman's heart was moved. His training had not taught him how to treat such cases.

III

MRS. HENNERY BEARSE

AUNT MERCY BEARSE sat in the front parlor, the Monday after, though it was a week-day night; a fire was hot in the stove, and shone red through the isinglass-door, while the lamp burned bright on the table, reflected in the small room from the glazed photographs; from the glazed,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

large crayon-drawing (enlarged, after his death, by mechanical means) of the late Captain Bearse; from the red-spotted, polished shells upon the mantel. The temperature was over eighty, and there was light; thus both the conditions of life were there, and the neighbors were attracted. Heat and light; heat and light for physical life, interest in one's neighbor for the spiritual. Henry Bearse had come there, down from Brockton; bringing his new wife, come of rich, city people, in the shoe-industry; Aunt Mercy was proud to show her to the neighbors, proud of her daughter-in law's tone of condescension to the seafaring Cape folk. They rather liked it, too. It was a democratic condescension, coupled with a readiness to meet socially, not exclusive, nor remote. There is rather a distinction in being patronized by your betters, who do still associate with you; and Aunt Mercy was proud of this connection, though, if a Cape girl, she would have hated her. Cape women usually like their daughters' husbands, but hate their sons' wives.

But, to-night, the talk was not of Brockton, or even Boston life, but of the Jethro Bacons. The dramatic scene of the previous Sabbath was not forgotten; and, although Jethro had returned, apparently safe and well, it was hoped that something evil lay behind. The leading neighbors had been invited to meet the Brockton visitors, and others, seeing the unwonted light, had ventured in. All were women, of course; the men of the Cape, except the old and deaf, do not care for society.

"Miss Bacon, she don't say a word," said Newera Howes. (The neighbors had got used to the name; but for the reader it should be explained that her father had been the only Sandwich democrat who took the trouble to subscribe to the nearest newspaper of that party, some twenty miles away; and the name was but a contraction of the favorite leader-caption of that newspaper when in hopes of long-deferred party success. "We stand upon the commencement of a New Era.")

"Poor thing, and she carrying her fifth child," said Mrs. Sampson. She was wife to a railway-man, and the youngest and most comely of the party, still with her own teeth, though one child born and another coming. Most Cape people used to have new sets of china-teeth put in when they got married; but Sandwich is not really on the Cape.

Miss Howes nodded. It would not have done to refer to this herself; but now she corrected, "The seventh, I think two were taken."

"Ah," nodded Aunt Mercy, sympathetically, "to think what that woman has been through."

"How horrid," simpered Mrs. Henry Bearse. Such talk in Brockton was now held to be improper—or else she meant the death of the two, even, perhaps, the birth of the seven. For the civilizations of the Cape and of the modern factory-town still differ widely.

But Newera knew more; and did not choose that it should be forgotten. "That's what I felt, and I drove home with her from meeting. He was not there."

The neighbors nodded. This they knew. Indeed, many of them had followed on foot to the Bacon mansion.

"I stayed with her, while you went to hunt for Cap'n Bacon. Seemed 's if she'd almost rather you hadn't a gone. But you didn't find nothin', none of you—" Each neighbor looked at the other. "Did ye now?" Each neighbor turned her eyes to the floor. "'Nd I guess the Cap'n wouldn't a been overpleased to see ye ef ye had seen him—or you him," Newera added, elliptically.

There was a loud guffaw from the door. One or two men had come in during the talk, and it was Lijah Bangs who laughed, "That's so! I thought I saw the old man a-comin' once. Took to the woods, I did. Hadn't got nothin' to say to Cap'n Bacon—not a thing!"

"Well," said Newera, "it might a been an hour—it might a been two hours—after you had all gone, and Cynthia Bacon got up, she did. She would go off, though I'd taken her body off and told her just to lie down and have some tea. And nothin' would do but she must hitch up the horse and go after him herself." Newera paused, conscious of her effect, for this was news.

"Did you go with her?" at last asked Aunt Mercy Bearse.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I didn't offer to go with her. I didn't ask where she was going. But she went down the South Dennis road."

"Why, I went down the South Dennis road myself," said Lijah Bangs.

"Could she have turned off the old road to South Dennis?" said Mrs. Sampson. "By the old schoolhouse in the woods?"

"There ain't been nobody that way for years," said Mrs. Bearse, "'xcept the children, berryin'. It's as poky a place as I ever see."

"That's curious," said Lijah. "I thought I saw somebody down that road myself. I kinder lingered along, for I mistrusted it might be the Cap'n. But it was only the Roman priest from down to Hyannis."

"Well, I declare," said Newera Howes. "Mis' Dr. Macomber, she told me her husband had had a sudden call—yes, I believe it was that very night! I declare! Father Ryan—that's his name—he knocked 'em up after nine o'clock."

The company looked as if a blind trail had just been struck. There was no use asking the doctor. But Newera had another card to play.

"She went down the South Dennis road; and she hadn't been gone an hour when, just as it got to be candle-time, the Cap'n came in. The Cap'n, he come in. Well, I went down to meet him, jes' as soon as I could throw something on. 'Well, Cap'n Bacon,' says I, 'if you ain't given us a turn!' says I, 'Miss Bacon, she hitched up and went off, an' all the folks, they started right after meetin'-time,' and says he, 'What's all this about?' and s's I, 'Why, Cap'n Bacon, you don't mean to say as you calculate your friends won't worry none when your critter runs away, all alone, back to church—' an' 'Friends!' s's he, 'pretty friends,' s's he, 'it's friends as let a man alone and know his own business.'"

"Was Cap'n Bacon mad?" queried Aunt Bearse.

"Well, I don' know's he was, an' I don' know *ez* he was," said Newera. "Like's not 's he swore some, but he wasn't mad with me. You see, I stayed to home. But pretty soon Mis' Bacon, she came back, an' I went up stairs. An' I heard some talking, I heard them talking. (You see I didn't go down again; I didn't want no tea.) I heard 'em talkin' —I guess 'twas nigh to midnight."

Pretty Mrs. Sampson shook her head. "Oh, these husbands! They're mad if you do care; an' then, again, they're mad if you don't——"

"Well, I don't know's he was mad," said Newera. "And again I don't know's he wasn't. First, he talked pretty low, and then she talked kinder loud. I shut the door, but the voices com' up through the floor. Then he spoke very low, so you couldn't hardly hear any talkin' for a long time. An' the door opened, an' I heard him say 'take your choice,' an' he went out. It was snowin' again, but he went out. And when I went down to Miss Bacon, her chamber-door was locked."

This was a climax, as Newera well knew; she paused, and the company stared at one another, that one woman should refuse to talk it over with another in her time of trouble.

"She didn't make no complaint," said Aunt Mercy.

"She didn't make no complaint, and he didn't come back all that night, Cap'n Bacon didn't. And when I com' down to breakfast (it was kind o' early, but I always helped lay the fire), she was settin' ca'm an' kind o' set-like, and I could see she hadn't had her things off all that night."

"Well, I declare!" gasped Almira Bearse. The fashionable Brockton daughter was tightly laced.

"It can't a been the Cap'n as the priest got the doctor for," observed Aunt Mercy.

"An' do you know, since then," concluded Miss Howes, "since then, I ain't seen 'em speak to each other not so much as one word."

Suddenly, at this moment, the door opened, so that Captain and Mrs. Bacon must have heard the involuntary hush that escaped every woman's lips.

"Is this a prayer-meetin' or a funeral? We heard as how your Almiry was come down, and we thought we'd come and join the welcome—my wife and I."

Mr. Bacon spoke in a loud voice, with a touch of raillery which the neighbors were far too frightened to perceive. And

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as he said "my wife," he paused and looked at her until she nodded. Jethro was now a man of nearly fifty; and the beard he now wore was iron gray.

"My wife and I get kind o' lonely sometimes, now that the young folks is away. Jeth, he's at Brockton with Mis' Bearse's folks, and even little Seth's a-growing. How many children, Mis' Bearse?"

Almira bridled a little, but this strong man beat down all modish barriers. She tried to make her husband answer, in vain. Finally, she seemed hypnotized into saying, "None."

"Lord a' massy," laughed Mr. Bacon. "Why, Cynthy, how many'd we'd a' had if we'd counted?"

Mrs. Bacon was silent, until her husband looked at her. Then she opened her two white rows of china-teeth for the monosyllable "six."

"An' one to come! an' one to come!" laughed the Captain, none too pleasantly. "And how long married? How long married?" he reiterated. Mrs. Henry Bearse rose from her chair, and then checked her motion as if remembering that the house was hers and that she could not go. But Henry had money-dealings with the Captain, so he answered, "Three years." Lijah Bangs was heard to titter, and the ladies rose to go.

"Time to begin! time to begin! ain't it, Mrs. Bacon?" jovially shouted her husband as the party broke up.

IV

MISS NEWERA HOWES

A CAPE man's house is his castle, like an oyster's shell. In no part of the old Puritan kingdom is repression stronger; but no Italy or Spain has stronger passions. The kinder, shallower, Latin countries dare express them; we repress them. Hence, we are true.

The dramas of the New England country have hardly yet been written. The genius of Hawthorne first drew them forth, but dared not, perhaps cared not, to make them contemporary. Hence, the world of readers still looks upon "The Scarlet Letter," "The Minister's Hood," as some old fantastic tale of strange colonial days. But when the Yankee countryman latches his unlocked door at night, he may close in safe from incurious, perhaps sympathetic neighbors, his solitary secret—as the oyster (to go back) its pearl—or its disease.

Tales are told, in old Spain, of lovers never speaking for a score of years, of loves untold, save in the confessional, of bodies kept pure whose only life-giving spirit was a human passion. But, then, these people never met. And in new Spain, in old Caracas, they have a story of a man and wife who loved for half a life—and never spoke. The neighbors thought Jethro Bacon and his wife were much as usual. But, from that day on, until he died, when they were alone together, Jethro and his wife never spoke—save once. Even before the neighbors, the formula, "Your father says," "Tell your mother," to young Jeth, 'Lisha, or Seth, was oftenest used. But those are always Cape ways, and the neighbors saw nothing strange. That peculiarly ungracious manner, as if the children were the only bonds between two antipathetic souls, is too common in Massachusetts to excite remark. The rest was acting—clumsy acting, if you like; Cape folk have no gift for outward show—but now and then, "Mrs. Bacon, it's time to go home," and "Mr. Bacon, will you tell Seth to get some wood," or such like phrases found utterance, and the neighbors were deceived. Yet Mrs. Bacon never asked her husband to bring in her wood.

Meantime, the four big sons grew up; two vanish from our story. Having, perhaps, no fair example of matrimony before their eyes, they did not marry, at least not on the Cape, though they all left sweethearts behind them. Newera Howes was not too old to be one of these; the eldest, Jethro, Jr., was locally considered "her last chance." But that young gentleman, who was first, because the oldest, to break with his father, was now in a Brockton shoe factory, and conducting a substantial flirtation with Mrs. Henry Bearse—it tickled the vanity of the married woman to carry off the lover from a girl, even so old a girl as poor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Newera. Old Howes had died, and the poor woman's first use of liberty was to shorten her absurd name to Nora. Nora lived alone, having the little house and some forty shares of stock in the Barnstable bank. Out of this she contrived to paint it every year, for, as she did her own cooking and could not cook, she bought very little food. Baking powder and canned things helped her out. And you must, on the Cape, paint your house and fence, once a year, or you lose caste. Of the Plymouth High School she was proud to be a graduate, but she had brought away no knowledge of domestic economy, only a box of Shakespeare, a forgotten layer of French, and Bain's "mental philosophy"—the last forgotten the more easily that she never had understood it. Yet she could read Shakespeare to the neighbors (she even organized classes) and was surely in need of such "mental philosophy" as her equipment afforded. But Bain, a Scotchman, had not dilated much on the emotions.

Needless to say that Nora was very much alone. When not busied with wondering whether she should marry Jethro if he came back (that she would, she knew well enough), she was fond of wandering with the volume of "The Tempest" by the sea. Her head told her that her lover would not come back. But hearts have a way of refusing to sign their own death-warrants; and Nora hoped he might grow ill, or friendless, or poor, and yet have need of her.

In April she would walk for mayflowers in the woods; for, once a year, she permitted herself to send Jethro a bunch, "From home" upon the card. Maidenly modesty or (to speak more exactly) shame of emotion, characteristic of the Cape, still permitted as much as this. It was quite the excitement of the year for Nora, and she looked forward to it many months. She was fond of getting the very first flowers, flowers that none would suspect to be under the leaves. On this day (it was, perhaps, some years after old Jethro's escapade) she had been signally successful; a certain dry hollow, opening southward, enfolding a small bog, some miles from Sandwich, was known to her; and here, in the first faint warmth of a windy sun, from the crackle of dead leaves, she had drawn the tender clusters and made her nosegay, so sweet when plucked, so different in odor on the Boston streets. Placing them in a pasteboard-box, filled with green moss, she walked on to the neighboring hamlet of Bourne, a little Baptist church on the sandcliff in sight of Manomet, where the local express agent did not know her. For Nora was, of course, ashamed of her fidelity before the neighbors.

The packet sent, there still remained some hours of the day, and she walked home along that loneliest of lonely shores. "The Tempest" was with her, and some crackers; and she sat down about sunset in the last covert before the great salt marshes. It would do for her supper; she ate a little and then read.

Miranda — ah, but she had beauty. Nora's forebears, who had won for her her little dower, had been unkind to her in this. She would have given all her neat white house for a tinge of rose in her face, a more womanlike swell to her breast. How strange the world should be so arranged that love, which is the all-in-all, should win so little! Nora had, in full, the modern woman's contempt for beauty. She cared nothing for it in Jeth. Yet he was allured by this shell, by this contemptible thing in others— She checked her thoughts, lest they might animadvert upon her God, and read again:

> Full fathom five thy father lies;
> Of his bones are coral made—

"Sea-change!" Ah, that she herself could have one! She and not her love "did fade;" her life that was never bright.

It was too dark to read, and Nora looked up. The shoreless bay lay still with the fall of the wind at sunset; the wooded shore was dark behind her, and what light there was came reflected from the dunes. Just below her, gleaming like white marble, cutting the evening sky with the semblance of a huge wave, they dazzled her, so ghastly white they were. And as she looked, a tall figure in black came out from their very bosom, walking erect and splendidly, her face turned straight to Nora, so that she uttered almost a cry. She half thought she could change shapes with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it, that it came in answer to her wish; it was so beautiful, the face turned full toward the last cloud's light, shadowed only by the mass of unbound dark hair, the neck, whiter than the white sand-wave behind her. Some impulse made Nora stand up. The figure stopped instantly; and the two gazed at one another, perhaps a hundred yards apart. Then the unknown (Nora saw now that she was a woman of forty) turned and walked eastward along the beach.

Nora waited until the black figure had disappeared again behind the dunes. Then she sighed and took the marsh-path back to Sandwich.

V

LIZZIE AMAZEEN

NORA wondered about the foreign woman until, as she rounded the lagoon of the Tintamarre, she saw, over the marshes, and over the long, dwindling sandspit that makes eastward from the Sandwich dunes to the little white lighthouse of Barnstable Harbor, a strange sail, at anchor in the calm bay. It was new, painted white; the peak of the dropped mainsail had the cut of a pleasure yacht; her Cape eyes told her that and sufficiently explained the situation. "Summer-folks." And Nora vaguely wondered if, had she looked like that, and come to the Cape only for the summer, in such a yacht, she would have fallen in love with young Jethro. Coming by the harbor, she saw the old Jethro mooring his own boat; bluff, and roomy in the hold, and full of fish-scales. Deep and undersparred, any woman could have seen that it came from the stormy bay, not south of the Cape, where waters are shallow and harbors plenty. This is the sort of boat she would inherit, even if she married Jethro. And Nora ended with a sigh, as commonly her musings did.

She would not have admitted it to herself, but the excitement of her year was gone with the sending of her Mayflowers. Little chance that he would come home that summer; it was but a dreary household and his mother, Nora knew, kept him well supplied with money—even now that he was getting on at Brockton. For the Bacons were very rich, and it was no secret that the two boys spent the money. Old Jethro, though he never spoke blame to his wife, had been heard to complain of that. It was the one point upon which meek Mrs. Bacon—she had never been meek in her youth—in later years would face him. The boys were hers, she said, and rumors even came that Jethro the younger, with some extravagant young companions, had taken a cottage on the bluff at Siasconset, where Mrs. Bearse was known to have a summer residence.

Skirting the lagoon absent-mindedly, Nora did not come into the village, but found herself behind the old, abandoned glass-works. The earliest attempt in the colony at making glass, they had just, for the second time, been abandoned. Whether labor was dear or coal was high, Sandwich knew not; but the town languished in consequence. Certainly, there was sand enough. In all the century the works had been there the dunes only crested the higher across the meadows; but now (it was said) even the sand came from Indiana. But glass, one supposes, must be made in a sand-country; as aërated waters at a spring, or eau de Cologne at Cologne.

The great, squat, brick buildings lay in her way; the fence-gates hung loose; green grass was growing in the cobbles of the yards; green moss, too, was in the crevices of the brick—giving the whole affair more color than is usual in our uncompromising climate. Leeks, certainly, were on the roof — reminding cultured Nora of Fluellen. Every pane of every window of every factory was broken; had one been discovered whole, there had not been a boy at school in Sandwich till the anomaly was rectified. Since even Mr. Jethro Bacon's salary for care-taking had been discontinued, it was outlawed ground, and free asylum to all boys who dared enter it. For the place was haunted; small boys would not enter it by day, and none by night. It looked haunted, as Nora entered; but Nora was afraid of no ghosts, not even of the past. Before her was a great stone-and-plaster furnace and chimney, an ugly seam now opening in its side, the rubbish falling in; Nora remembered when it had been aglow, and she had gone

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there with Jethro to see them swing the red bowls of glass. The twilight now fell darkly, in the sombre courts; she hurried on. There was the main building where the master's office was; the only *room* in the works, with high desks and a large, circular, iron stove, upon whose polished ring those privileged could sit and put their feet. Had the works gone on, her Jethro was hoping for a superintendency; had he got it, perhaps— There was a light in the room now! Nora's heart beat quicker. She was not curious—but it was easy to look in the shutterless windows as she passed. The breaks were many, and stuffed with rags; but, through what remained of glass, she saw—nothing. Only a fire in the stove, glowing red-hot through the gloom. It was easy to see in all the room; and there was no one there. Why did poor Nora sigh as she went on and out into the village street? Was it likely that he would have been there—a merry place after Brockton! A dead-and-alive place, any part of Sandwich, to one who went, nigh every day, to Boston —Nora thought that he would call upon her there, if she could get some friends to visit with. But why was there a fire in that room in the glass-works?

The spell of the deserted works seemed to be over the part of the village that lay nearest them; for the houses, too, were deserted. Rows and rows of wooden tenements she passed, empty like the works, and rotting: only here the village boys had not dared break windows. The first house to be inhabited was dwelt in by her who was the poorest in the town, outside the poorhouse (which in itself was an "elegant residence")—old Mis' Amazeen. Reversing the old English custom you cannot, on the Cape, tell whether "Mis'" means Miss or Mistress; but Mis' Amazeen was a maid.

Nora had grown chilled with the walk home; the April evening was sharp, and something bade her enter for a cup of tea. No Cape woman is too poor to give another tea. The visit proved opportune enough, for Mis' Amazeen had just had *her* excitement of the year—a letter from her younger sister in Chicago. And it sent her, as Nora knew, not mayflowers, but money. Indeed, Mis' Amazeen had no other means of support; and it was sometimes — not questioned — but wondered, why the sister did not keep her there, rather than in idleness at Sandwich. But Mis' Amazeen let on that her sister's position in Chicago was far too proud for that.

"Yes, she allers writes to me twice a year. Come a little earlier 'n usual, this time, but then, the season's early. Not married yet? No—Barbary never was the marryin' kind. Might a had—might a had—most anybody!" Mis' Amazeen closed, at a loss for sufficient grandeur in Sandwich. "You remember her? *She* wouldn't stay on, workin' in the cranberry-bogs. *She* wouldn't a looked at any gen-l'm'n down here." This was a return thrust; for Cape folk, though they don't ask questions, sometimes know; and women are more merciless to each other's love-affairs than men are. "We Amazeens ain't none of us the marryin' kind. Don't like to be bossed round, I guess. Want to read it?"

"You read it to me," said Nora, tactfully.

With as near an approach to a smile as Mis' Amazeen permitted herself, she drew spectacles upon her sharp, black eyes, and unfolded the precious missive on her knee. "'Chicago, April 4th, 1882, dear sister' (she don't date no house 'cause she's changin' her boardin'-house," Mis' Amazeen interrupted herself, looking over her spectacles).

Nora sat expectant.

"Wa'n't fash'nable enough, I guess."

Nora nodded.

"Like as not, she's gone to one o' them grand hotels. Well, 'Chicago, April 4th, 1882, dear sister. Here's hopin' you're well as I am at this writin'. It seems long since I heard from you' (does seem a long way off, now, don't it?), 'but I hope all is well at Sandwich. I sometimes think I'd like to come East an' see the old place again, but my employer he says he can't spare me, an' less than ever this summer, now they're takin' on a new department in the business. There don't many Cape folks come out here, so don't bother with sendin' anythin'. I enclose—' no matter about that. I'll say that o' Barbara, she always was open-handed an' free with her money."

This meant, and Nora knew it to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mean, that the enclosure had been fabulous in amount; so she nodded again, though the very chair she sat on needed immediate repair.

"'I can't send you my picture, as the last I tried weren't good. Last week I went to a sociable, and I'm goin' to be taken in my party dress.' I suppose they has balls every week in Chicago?"

"I suppose so," said Nora, absently.

"'Write if you want any more money. Some time you must come out here, but the journey costs hundreds of dollars. Your affectionate sister, Barbara.' That's all."

Nora started; the letter ended sooner than she had expected—yet a tenth as much from him—No, no more tea, thank you.

As Nora walked up the hill she saw again the fine white sloop leaving the light and starting free on the northwest wind, not close-hauled—that must mean Provincetown or Wellfleet. Such yachts usually bore the other way. The new sail gleamed in the last level light, cutting the dim, low shore and starlit East; the only other high light in the picture, but nearer in the foreground, like a line of stilled, white breakers, were the dunes.

VI

JETHRO BACON, JUNIOR

ONE morning, in the winter following, Jethro Bacon was more than usually late for breakfast, thereby causing an extraordinary occurrence—nothing less than a conversation between him and his wife. Cynthia Bacon's temper, which had for many years proved equal to a silent dignity under emotional misfortune, suddenly gave way before the petty, daily vexations of their domestic life. To begin with, she had a headache and a bad throat, and had risen rather late herself; then she had come down in a flannel wrapper to find that Seth, their youngest and only boy at home, had failed to bring in the wood. It was bitter cold, but in wrapper and slippers she had had to make an excursion to the snowy woodshed. When the fire was at last started she had brewed herself a bowl of strong tea, which had put an edge to her temper rather than her appetite. She was "feeling miserably, and not looking her best;" in fact, she abused the privilege New England countrywomen use of neglecting, after marriage, their personal appearance. As was her custom of mornings, she had laid aside her teeth; but to-day she had about her sore throat a strip of yellow flannel containing strips of raw, fat pork, her favorite remedy, and she was re-reading a letter from her boy Jethro, the apple of her eye; it begged her for twelve hundred dollars, "to save him from disgrace."

A vigorous stamping was heard at the outer door, and Mrs. Bacon turned herself to scold her Seth. Instead of whom, it was her husband, strong and rosy, the shaven chin, with close, low collar of gray hair and smooth lip becoming him better than the black moustache of yore or the beard which had succeeded it. People wondered why Jethro changed his looks so often.

As he entered, his strong features assumed the grim expression that his wife's presence, now for nearly twenty years, had always set upon them like a seal. He hung his coat in the little entry, and then, shaking the snow off vigorously, strode in his boots to the empty breakfast-table. No breakfast was ready; but he did not look at it.

"I can't help it, n' am just beat out, 'n I'm tired of being your slave, 'n I wun't be looked at so, Mister Bac'n. I'm just tired of it. 'N' here's a letter from Jeth, 'n' he says he's ruined if I can't give him that money, 'n' where Seth is, I don't know, about no good I'll be bound, 'n' it's a Sunday mornin' 'n' *you* don't never get in no wood—" The words came out in a shrill monotone without the slightest touch of pathos. Mrs. Bacon never cried; she only scolded.

Jethro Bacon said nothing, but went to the door and threw out tea and tea-leaves. Then he refilled the pot and set it on the stove to stew, at the same time cutting some slices of bacon on a griddle. Bread of cream-of-tartar, bacon, and strong tea for breakfast, pie and fried steak for dinner, was their Cape fare. There were always pies; Mrs. Bacon

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made them by the dozen in her brighter days, when she felt the joy of living—or the malice of it. Secretly, she was bound to outlast her husband, despite his rosy cheeks. She knew that all he had would be left to her.

"An' every morning o' your life you go out like that, an' every evening, an only Seth to do for me——"

Mr. Bacon, having a better appetite than usual (the snow was ankle-deep and his walk had been six miles in fine snow and sand), got up and went to the dresser for a pie. But he looked at her, as he did so.

"I can't help it, I'm got to speak," cried, from vexation, his better half. "I don't care if I did promise. Jethro must be saved—" She stopped in a tremor, for Mr. Bacon laid his cup down. But when he spoke, it was in kindly tones enough.

"You've had all my income, Cynthy."

"I know what I promised—I know what I promised—you needn't throw it up in my face. But I did it for my children, and I must look after them."

"Nice children," said Jethro. "Nice children. There's Jethro—looking after a poor bloodless thing, took service with her husband, and stole his money. And Silas—he's off with a play-actress, and 'Lisha—likely lost at sea. And Seth—"

"Seth's gone to get the Sunday paper," said Mrs. Bacon, unhumorous, conscienceless of climax.

"Yes, and after he's read it, spends Sunday playing bluff and drinking whiskey with them Onset boys. They've got what they call a club over at Poquoit—Hoodlums, is what they call 'em—Hellions, *I* call 'em!" and Mr. Bacon slammed the door—reopening it in a moment.

"Goin' to meetin'?" said he.

Mrs. Bacon looked at her pink flannel wrapper and the tumbler where her teeth were. "No," she answered,

"Then I won't hitch up." The door closed again—more gently this time—and had Mrs. Bacon taken the trouble to go to the window, she might have seen him, ploughing heavily through the snow-bound road. But he turned back, after a moment, and entered the stable.

The door of the "spare-room" opened slowly behind Mrs. Bacon, but she did not turn her head. Jethro, the younger, peered cautiously out; then walked to the window and looked down the road; then came angrily up to his mother and threw himself upon a chair beside the stove.

"Couldn't get it, mother? Damned old miser."

"You heard," said Mrs. Bacon.

"Well, I must have it. I tell you, I must have it."

The door opened again, and Seth came in. He started at seeing his brother.

"Hallo, *you* here?"

Jeth deigned no notice.

"Guess you haven't seen the papers—" Jeth started—"why, look there," and turning the leaves hastily, Seth pointed to a "local"—"Brockton Items. Shortage of Accounts—Prominent Society Man of Brockton Missing." No names were mentioned, but that of the owner of the factory, Henry Bearse. "Guess it's you, all right," ended Seth.

Mrs. Bacon looked at Jethro in dismay. "It's too late, Jeth"—almost tenderly.

"Nonsense, mother," said Jeth. "Easy enough to fix that, if I had the money, to-morrow morning. I'm temporarily absent on business. Henry wouldn't dare kick. But it's not the money he wants—he wants—he wants to down me." And the young man, at some recollection, grinned unpleasantly. He was showily dressed—light trousers and black coat, a diamond in his scarf, and moustache not yet out of twist with some barber's essence.

Mrs. Bacon made a sudden decision. "Seth," she said, "Seth—you must go and get your father and bring him back."

"Go'n get father? Think I see myself. And, perhaps, if I did, he'd be glad to see me! Whip-poo!"—the interjection stands for a whistle in a quick descending minor third, expressive, in Seth's symbolism, of incredulity.

"Seth, you must go and get your father. Tell him your brother Jeth's here and the officers are after him."

"Dunno where he's gone," said the youth, sullenly.

"Gone? He goes to walk—every afternoon—" Mrs. Bacon paused. "He never goes in the village—you might try

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the South Dennis road—I mean the old road—through the woods, beyond the old town-hall——"

"That's three miles, if it's an inch," growled Seth.

"You'd go twice as far to go to your card-parties—Jethro, make your brother go."

"He needn't go to oblige me—but I'll break his d——d head, if he don't," said Jeth, inconsistently.

"And then you can go to your club—and you needn't come home to tea," added the mother, in a tone as nearly coaxing as she was capable of.

"Yes, 'n the drunker you are, the better," grumbled the elder brother. "There'll be a hot time enough at home here."

"Why can't I take the team?" said Seth, in a last effort of laziness.

"He's taken it," said the mother.

"Thought you said he'd gone to walk. Nice day for walking! ugh!—" But Seth dragged himself to the door and began muffling up.

"You may meet him—perhaps he'll bring you back—only tell him he must come."

"Think he'll do anything?" said Jeth, after the door closed.

"Do anything?" Mrs. Bacon tapped her fingers impatiently. "He can sell the old cranberry-bog—the Roxana. It's too far off to cultivate. He was saying so only the other day."

The hours waned; the snow began again, and the gray twilight of a wet, still snowstorm followed. Nothing more was said, but the two sat silent. After a time the man took up the Sunday newspaper and began to read it. But his mother sat still, her hands folded on her lap, and waited.

VII

THE HOUSE AT SOUTH DENNIS

SETH BACON was a "bad boy," said the people of Sandwich; and when Cape people come to criticising their neighbors, it means something. It was not only that he drank, was idle and disorderly, broke windows, ravaged property, gambled, courted reckless girls; once or twice he had been arraigned in Barnstable court-house for more serious offences than even Cape good-nature would stand. No one in New England country-towns now expects parents to control their young people, and a generation of such manners has produced its natural consequences. Jethro performed more than the whole duty of a Cape father in that he had not only got Seth out of his "court scrapes," but had thrashed him vigorously whenever he caught him privately committing an offence. And in a society where a school-boy sues his teacher for being feruled, Seth resented this stern treatment, and bore malice for it. In fact, he had sworn to his cronies of the Poquoit Club, that next time it happened, he would "have it out with the old man."

Poquoit, too, was a village of ill repute. There was no church within five miles, no justice of the peace, no police, not even a constable, and but one abandoned school-house. It was not that the town was too poor to maintain a teacher—the law required it—but no teacher, that is, no woman (and on the Cape they are all women), dared stay there—or when one did, the children would not go. Poquoit folk are more than half Indian, and the Indian is more than half negro. There is not even a Roman Catholic priest nearer than Father Ryan, at Hyannis; and in the most retrograde of Yankee villages the confessional will save young girls when all else fails.

Seth's friends held their club in this very deserted school-house; a trout-stream made the pretext of their meeting there; but the whiskey drunk in the school-house would float the trout caught there, easily, to sea.

It suggests a curious commentary upon his manners, that Seth's particular friend, just now, should have been "Al" Costello, Mrs. Henry Bearse's younger brother. But so it was: in fact, it was Costello, quite *au courant* of the affair, who had brought the item in the *Sunday Globe* to Seth's attention; it was his custom to come down on the Saturday-afternoon train for the Sunday pleasures of the Poquoit Club. He had hired a horse and wagon, well stored behind with articles that the strict "prohibition" stores of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sandwich could not have furnished, and had driven Seth to his father's house that morning, where (having no desire to meet the old people, still less the younger Jethro, whom he guessed was there) he had waited for Seth, with the horse, outside.

"Old man wouldn't pony up this morning," said Seth, laconically. "And now mother wants me to go find him on the South Dennis road. Likely, she thinks I'd walk three miles and back in a storm like this!"

"Where is he?" asked "Al."

"Gone for a walk, same's he always does at night," said Seth. "What makes the old codger tramp off twice a day, rain or shine, is more'n I can see. He's healthy enough—damn him." And Seth pulled up his coat-collar, to shield his own rather waxy complexion from the slanting snow, and the raw blast that made his eyes turn redder, yet. "You don't mind just takin' a turn that way? We can get the cross-road over from Bass River to Poquoit."

"'Fraid o' gettin' licked?" said Al.

"No, damn him—he won't try that again—guess he's more'n likely to try it, though, for chasin' after him to get Jeth out of a scrape."

"Nawthin'd please Henry more than to get no money back. He's been tryin' to get his thumb on Jethro ever since he knew. He don't dare fight him—an' he don't want no divorce—not before the old man's cut up," chuckled Al.

"Your sister's a snortin' pretty girl," said Seth, enviously. "When'd he first get onto it?"—but into the fraternal discussion of Mrs. Bearse's amour we need not follow them.

They passed the last of the straggling, wooden houses, some weather-stained, with old shingles worn by a century of exposure to the texture and color of raw silk (for Sandwich is not far enough down the Cape to be all fresh-painted), and turned off into the old way, deep-worn through the mossy turf, with a footing of the white sand, on which the snow had melted, "as on the desert's face." The wind already seemed warmer, coming from the Southern shore; the scattered forest of pitch-pine was dreary enough. They passed the old "town hall," lonely and dismantled, the product of some town dispute now ended. The twilight fell apace, and the snow had turned to rain. The road had many forks, and Seth's geography became confused. Was it Bass River, or South Dennis, they should come to first? Cape woods, too, look all alike, yet this seemed strange to him. Cape people are no great travellers, at least to neighboring towns; each township forms a community by itself; many a Yarmouth man has never been to Chatham, and calls it twenty miles, or thirty miles, as the humor strikes him.

Al Costello adjured Seth to "drop the old man and make for the club," and Seth was more than ready, feeling he had done enough for brotherly affection, but the expected four corners did not appear —"Ask the way at that house," said Al—"Who lives in this hole anyhow?"

Seth did not know. It was a modern, two-story, painted cottage, without a stable, a wood-pile in the shed behind it, and red paper-shades at the windows. A lamp was lit at one of them. Suddenly, Seth gave a grunt of astonishment. "It's dad's team," he said. "What's the old man doing here? Just hold the reins, will you?"—and, jumping out, he ran to the illuminated window, and tried to peer through the crack between the shade and the casement. At the same moment, Jethro Bacon himself emerged from the front door, and caught him in the act of spying. In a trice, the sturdy old man had grasped Seth by the collar, and hauled him, as one might a prying cur, headlong to the road.

"Don't, father," whined the youth, "I only came to tell you Jeth was goin' to gaol, that's all—Mother's pet, he is, you know." A mixture of a sneer, of rage, and pain, distorted at once Seth's mean face. "She's waitin' for you—the old woman."

Jethro took a step toward his son—whether to strike him, Al Costello (who, though rather frightened himself, was highly relishing this family scene from the sleigh) could not tell; for at the moment Seth rose and with the cry, "That's the last time you'll ever hit me, by God!" he saw the gleam of a knife. Costello whipped up his horse and drove rapidly away.

But the old man was too quick. Gripping both Seth's arms at once, a vicious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

twist made him drop the weapon with a howl of pain. It fell in the snow, and Mr. Bacon threw it far into the forest. And then, indeed, he gave his son a thrashing. Not a word was spoken.

"Now, get after your friend there!" he said, when he had done. Seth fairly ran away along the road, Costello, who had pulled up at a safe distance, watching him. When Seth got fairly to the wagon he turned, with an oath.

"That's the last you'll see of me," he called to his father.

Jethro made no reply, but stood there, watching, as Seth got in and Costello whipped up again.

"Why didn't you come and help?" Seth turned upon him.

Costello was silent. Fist-fights were well enough, but the sight of the knife had shocked him, and the old man's strength and blazing eyes had awed him, for Seth, without the knife, had been a doll in his hands.

"What'll you do now?" said Costello at last. "You can't go back to your folks."

"Damn it, I don't want to," blustered Seth. "Where's the whiskey?" — and pulling a bottle from the case behind them, he broke the neck off on the wheel, and drank, with a trembling hand, of its fiery contents. And so the last of Jethro's sons left home.

VIII

THE ROXANA BOG

"SO he's back," said Aunt Mercy Bearse.

"Yes, mother, he's back. He had the money before we could get out a warrant, that very Monday. I couldn't do nothin'. And Almira—she says she'll go with him if he's discharged. And her father, old Costello—he kind o' backs her up."

Mrs. Bearse knitted violently. "She's just a piece—that's what she is. As for that Jeth—and there's poor Newera awaitin' all the time."

Henry Bearse's weak face looked almost malignant. "How do you suppose the old man gets all the money? Those boys must 'a' cost him a lot, first and last."

"Well, I wouldn't say they was such a lovin' couple; but Cynthia Bacon, they do say, she can have just what she likes—short o' the Roxana bog. Newera says he wouldn't sell that, tho' it is way out in the woods. He's mortgaged that Bangs farm he foreclosed on poor Lijah."

"That's so?" said Henry. "Well, all I got to say is, Jeth a'n't worth it. It'll be more next time."

"'Sh," said Mrs. Bearse. "There comes Newera. Good-evenin', Newera!" It was a mild, spring afternoon, and Nora Howes walked in from the village street, a light shawl thrown over her head.

"Good-evenin', Nora," said Henry. "Comin' in?"

"Yes, Aunt Mercy. It's a fine warm night."

"Quite seasonable, I call it," answered Henry.

"Sho," said Mrs. Bearse. "You ain't been round by the marsh?"

"I've been to Cynthia Bacon's," said Nora, simply. "You haven't heard any news of Seth?"

"I heard one feller say't he was gettin' quite a salary on a baseball team," said Henry. "Another feller told as how he'd joined one o' them high-kickin' theatrical companies. Seth ain't much good!"

"No, Seth ain't much good," repeated Nora, absently.

"They ain't any on 'em much good," hazarded Henry.

"No, they ain't any of them much good," repeated Nora.

Mrs. Bearse burst in, explosively, as if she had just received permission to talk of the Bacon affairs. "Do tell, Newera—Nora, I mean—how'd the old man ever come to come round? It ain't true as he's really sold the old bog? Always seemed like that Roxana bog was the very apple of his eye. Was you there when he come back?"

Nora nodded, and hesitated.

"O' course, Henry—that is, her brother—young Costello, that is, told us how she sent Seth after Mr. Bacon."

"Al Costello told me they had quite a scrap, out Dennis way," added Henry.

"He—had to have some money," said Nora. "I went in, and found her waiting there."

"'D you see young Jeth?" queried

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Aunt Mercy, breathlessly. Poor Nora still could color.

"I saw—Mr. Bacon—and he told me he was in trouble, and asked me to do what I could. And Mrs. Bacon told me how she'd asked Captain Bacon to sell the Roxana bog."

"He won't sell the Roxana bog." It was Lizzie Amazeen, standing at the open door.

"No," said Nora, simply. "Mrs. Bacon, she wouldn't leave Jeth, so I went out to try find Mr. Bacon. And when I met him, he was driving back the Catholic priest."

"Father Ryan!" cried Aunt Mercy.

"Father Ryan. And I told him what the trouble was, and Father Ryan talked to him. And I walked home alone; but when I come in after, he'd said he'd pay the money if he had it. So I lent it to him."

"You lent it!" shouted Henry Bearse.

"I lent it," said Nora, defiantly.

"Dear me, to think of his gettin' in with the priest, now," said Aunt Mercy, pacifically.

"And why not?" It was Lizzie Amazeen, who spoke, angrily.

"He's got money enough, if them stories Al Costello tells about his boat over to Harwichport is true."

"And why shouldn't he have a boat there?" said Lizzie.

"Oh, I suppose there's more fine yachting over Holmes's Hole way," said Henry, feebly. "He'd better sell his boat rather'n borrow o' Nora, here."

"Please, say nothing more about it," said Nora, "He's going to pay me back. What do you hear of Barbara, Miss Amazeen?"

Lizzie laughed, and pulled out a letter. "She's gone farther West. Spite o' what I said about our not bein' the marrying kind, Miss Howes, it looks like she was goin' to be married, after all. Well, I must go."

"I'll go with you," said Nora, as they interchanged glances.

"There's a girl you oughter married, rather than that Brockton woman," said Mrs. Bearse.

"Poor Nora!" said Henry. "Think I'd take Jeth Bacon's leavings? Why'd she loan him that money? Almira Costello and Nora Howes weren't just the same kind. Darned if I don't believe I'll let Almira go, after the old man cuts up. If he likes, Jeth can have my leavings. She won't get no alimony then."

IX

THE HEAD OF PAMET

JETHRO BACON got up sail, one June evening, and lay out eastward. Behind him was the strange little harbor; sea turns to sound, and sound to bay, and bay to shallow; and shallow to a stream, that winds and dwindles tortuously until it leaves the sea behind it and finds itself a pasture-brook amid the bay-clad hills—only that its flow is salt that laves the meadows, the bitter water that is immortal, the changeless font that both preserves and kills. Salt streams are decked with asphodel, not amaranth—less classically, with dulse and changeless sea-bloom, not with mortal cowslips and violets. The sweet spring stopped at the salt-encrusted march of the two worlds of earth and sea; a few feet separated the rose-mallows from the beach-plums; on either side of the stepping-stones that crossed the end of the brook, the water-cresses ended or the sea-weed began. Yet, but for this, it was a country meadow; the sea's pulse beat there, but its voice was far away. For on the mild, south shore of the Cape, the coast-line shelves, and the sea is tame. Long, low headlands dry out of shallow tides, rooted in beach-grass, thatched with low pitch-pine; and only those who live there through the winters know how that shallow sea can eat into the bases of the shore, so that a cape may go in a night, or a new harbor be cut in a high east tide. But the little streams, set with oysters, hold the land in better, and at their mouths are little villages, each with its fathom-deep harbor, living on the sea-tilth like a farmstead on its farm.

In one of these Jethro Bacon kept his new boat, on the other sea, so that Sandwich had just heard of it; a white sloop, painted without a name, and, since he had had it, the Cape train knew him no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more. It was natural that a mariner in his old age should take to sailing, even on profitless voyages; and Vineyard Sound and Chatham Bay were better pleasure-seas than Cape Cod Bay. For there the northern storms beat pitilessly, and the Arctic current is cold. One might fancy these two sides, so world-wide different, yet but a few land-miles apart, explain the inconsistencies of Cape character. North of the Cape the fauna and flora change; oysters, and sharks, too, cease, and seals and the Northern shells begin. So, in the woods, the holly ceases, and the Northern berries come.

Jethro stood out to windward, in his unknown craft, upon an unknown errand. He stood far out into the sound (as, indeed, the channel required), so that even a curious watcher, had such there been upon the shore, would have seen the dusk come on before he turned. Behind him, the glassy, inmost pool lay, rosy, opaline in the sunset; the tide was with him, and grew in strength, but still without a ripple; an oar gave him steerage-way. Aunt Sally Thacher's lamp-lit window, that serves instead of lighthouse on the outer point, was passed in silence—"There goes Jethro Bacon again!" was doubtless all she said. Bass River people had even ceased to wonder that he had not named his boat; probably his invention, or his paint, had given out; it was a Cape man's privilege to sail as he liked, and that of a meddlesome and ignorant Washington government to hamper traffic—if it knew enough, and could. So Jethro drifted on with the tide and a loose sail until he passed, miles out, between the fir-topped poles that marked Bass River "harbor"; then he slacked his sheet and headed out to sea.

The little standing-room was plain, but scrupulously clean; for Jethro did no fishing. In the cabin was the ordinary wooden berth, and table hinged on the centre-board. Jethro's oilskins hung in the corner; on one side, forward, was a little galley. Jethro dropped the tiller in a comb, and went forward to light the oil-stove to make his tea. But first he opened a door to starboard; and here the visitor, if he ever had any, would be surprised. For this was a dainty, little stateroom, clean white spreads upon the bunk, and pictures on the walls. Among them was a photograph of a beautiful woman, prettily framed, and some books were in a little shelf.

The water-tin put on, Jethro hastened back to the tiller. He had set the helm too far up, and (the wind still lightening) a jibe was imminent. Releasing the tiller, Jethro took advantage of the luff to strike a match to light his pipe. Behind him was a fanlight of crimson cloud, and in the purple gloaming, some miles ahead, gleamed the low, white tower of Monomoy. Jethro headed for it, widening the distance between him and a tow of heavy barges that lay farther southward, meaning the outside passage, while he made for Pollock's rip.

Even here, at midnight, though the tides ran hard, the great forces of the sea were silent. No white water boiled upon the shoals, as usual. Jethro had finished his tea long since, and now sat smoking; his keen eyes were as bright and his grizzled hair as plentiful as when this history began. More than all, he looked like a man that had been happy; and such are always young. The night was dark ahead, and darker to the west, where, over the land, a thunderstorm was forming. Out of habit, his eye wandered to and fro, from the waves ahead to the throat of his mainsail; but it may be doubted if his mind was on these. People wondered that Captain Bacon kept so young; for, in his old age, he had grown poor. All his four sons had turned out ill, and cost him much. His lands were gone; only the homestead, which stood in his wife's name, remained; his homestead and the white sloop. But that his creditors knew nothing of; not even Mrs. Bacon, or she would have sold it. It was said, too, that she, at least, had plenty of money laid by. But what she spent was from him.

The little Chatham light moved by, and, far ahead, the three lights of Nausett, Orion-like, appeared. The sky was black above the Cape, riven and flushed with silent lightning; but to the eastward it shaded into bright azure, sown with stars. Unvexed by the little land-storm, the sea swelled slowly, and as Jethro stood far out, liking the lonely ocean, his only company was the hoarse sound of some por-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poise, spouting. No, it was a whale—actually; and the old whaler delighted in it. Here one got away from folks, among natural beings that went their appointed courses as the Lord directed. Here one could be what one was. His chest dilated with the long, free fill of ocean-air. Even Jethro Bacon could not sleep, in the stillest night, at sea; but he set the helm again and went into the cabin. There, in the light of the little lamp, he looked at the woman's picture, long and silently; then, touching his lips to it, he came out and settled himself for the night.

Morning broke, off the highlands. A shore-wind came at sunrise that brought, with the scent of pine and bay-leaves, the fresher thunder off the surf upon the beach. This is the most terrible of all the perils of the American coast; that spot where, far from any shelter, the unseen floor of the ocean rises to the Peaked Hill Bars shoal. Yet Jethro kept inshore; taking a glass, he scanned the lonely cliff, here rising to its highest above the short breakers of the undertow. Another shoal, and then a very drowning-trap of tide-swept inner channel lay between him and the beach, as Jethro well knew; while, seaward, the Peaked Hill Bars already were getting between him and the deep sea. At last he saw, in all the league of sky-line, one black speck upon the crest of sand. Dropping his signal flag, he stood off shore again.

It is a proverb of the Cape that the wind must box the compass for him who goes to Provincetown; it was nearly noon before Jethro could lay his course again to windward of Billingsgate. Provincetown was left behind, as he stood inshore again, up the bay. The circle of the coast was visible almost to Manomet; Barnstable steeples, even the Sandwich dunes.

But Jethro was not bound for Sandwich. Another sunset was nigh ere he had done the hundred miles without a harbor, and put in to Wellfleet. This, of all the decaying Cape towns, is, perhaps, the farthest advanced in dissolution. Sheltered by the long hook of Billingsgate Island (itself now disappearing, so that little but the light remains), its shallow harbor—which once sent out a larger fleet of sail than Boston, aye! than even Salem itself—now bears most often but a gunner's dory. The chapel, where a mighty parson used to threaten hell, now rots unvisited; of all Parson Thacher's work, only now is growing the row of poplars he planted by the door. They, indeed, are mighty for the Cape—high as the eaves of the low roof; and, after two centuries, *they* are living still.

Jethro moored his sloop in the lee of the tall wharf (room enough there was to shelter a score of whalers), and pulled his dory to the beach. He went up to the village and made some purchases; then he rowed back to the sloop, put up sail again, and stood back northward, after running through the Gut at Jeremy's Point. After a mile or two of quiet water, he came to such another little estuary as he had left the night before, only lonelier, quainter, still more in miniature. Into the shallow cove, lying only open to the west, bubbles a fresh, little stream; this is the mouth of Pamet. The stream itself, born but a few miles back, and under the very sand-cliffs that guard the outer ocean, flows backward a few miles, cutting the Cape; but never more than a brooklet, fringed with dainty willows: this is the Pamet River. High to the south the Wellfleet forests rise, very wild and savage, with quite the air of mountain-gorges, such effects the steep formation of the sand-hollows permits; the eye takes for tall trees the little pitch-pines that densely crown them; they drop suddenly in wooded combes and hollows to a level of bright meadow and flowered pastures; this is the Pamet Valley.

Jethro walked, away from the fading light, up this dearest of toy valleys. The turns and cups of the steep downs glowed redly, before and above him; the nearest village—Truro—lies on the upland, out of sight; he picked some belated may-flowers as he walked, fording the sweet water for the very pleasure of it, where the road crosses, on a grand stone bridge, with an arch some yard or two across. For this is the only running water on the real Cape, and they make much of it. He threaded his way through close apple-orchards, lifting his head lest the topmost boughs should scratch him; he cut the topmost branch of the tallest willow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a switch; he whistled like a boy to the bluebirds and the robins. The valley took again another turn; the downs on either side grew higher, steeper, the brook tinkled faintly. He must have been three miles from its mouth. Again it curved, and before him lay a little amphitheatre of hills, still opening westward to the warm, brown light; their slopes all netted with sheep-paths. Up one of these he climbed; turned to the left, around a brow of the combe; all around him circled the soft, green lap of hills, rising steeper to the top, where, on the shoulder, the white sand showed through—like a girl's shoulder above her gown—and over it eddied a gray sea-fog, and now, again, he heard the rote of the sea.

Below him, in the hollow, lay a shining spring, gay with flag and the swamp-pink, through which the water sparkled. This is the Head of Pamet. Beside him, on the green shelf of down, just lower than the ocean-winds, nestled a little cottage, rose-embowered; as Jethro hastened his steps, the door opened, the woman of the photograph came out, and Jethro folded her close in his arms.

X

THE BEACH AT NAUSETT

THE next day the weather had changed. Gentle rain fell through the night; but the morning showed signs of wind. The rain stopped, and the gray, even sky broke into billows of cloud; at the same time the thunder of the breakers, far below upon the outer beach, was audible from behind the downs.

Barbara Amazeen came home at noon. She had walked to the mouth of Pamet; and she came back alone, not hurrying, for it would take the white sloop till afternoon to come around the point by Highland light. The rose-trellis quivered in the gusts of wind that eddied over the sand-hills' crest, still smoking with the cold, salt spray, and fell to quiet in the little hollow. Barbara lifted, tenderly, and tied back, a vine or two that had broken from the lattice. Then she went in, and busied herself preparing her simple dinner, less simple, though, to-day, for the supplies the sloop had brought.

With Jethro she had walked, through the woods, to the little harbor; he would sail, resisting her entreaties to stay, or, at least, to go back direct across the safer bay; he hated the curious eyes at Sandwich. He never would stay; in all the twenty years they had been together, since first his mere passion had turned to love, he never had been with her through the day. She sighed. He cared far more for her reputation than she did herself. What was her reputation? She had sacrificed her life—lived for twenty years like a hunted animal, venturing abroad but at night, or in lonely places, and all for love of this man. For him, in her budding womanhood, she had foresworn the sun. At first, she had tried living in Boston, but that was too far. So he had given her the cottage in South Dennis, where she lived, hidden; but, for summers, he had built for her a refuge in this more distant spot. In Pamet, at least, she could walk abroad alone. She did not have to pretend to be bedridden. And he could have stayed with her. For what was her reputation? Her life had been lived.

Here, her nearest neighbors were a settlement of Portuguese; they did not trouble her. She liked the freedom, the remoteness of Pamet. But, after all, winter was better, when she saw Jethro twice a day. Mornings, he came to bring her food and water; evenings, to cut and carry in her wood, and see that she was well for the night. At Pamet, he came but once or twice a week; fearing the too frequent trips on the train, he had built the white sloop; in it, too, he took her down, when the warm weather came and she could safely be left alone—for she had no neighbor at either place whom she dared call on for help. The old glass works at Sandwich were a safe trysting-place. The doctor was the only other man that had seen her in the twenty years—the doctor and the priest. It was Jethro's dearest wish that her name should be unscathed; hence the trouble of mailing letters from Chicago, the story of her life there, of her marriage. In the autumn, again, he took her back, to the silent house, in the cedar woods of Dennis.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Still, she was beautiful; over forty, and not a wrinkle nor a silver hair. The room bore marks of refinement; books were there, a pile of sketches that showed no little untrained talent. An Italian grammar lay open on the table; she liked to read the old romances, dealing with times that were kinder to such lives as hers. She had never cared to see another man than Jethro, and for twenty years he had not looked upon another woman than herself. Perhaps it was that she was afraid to meet the old neighbors; or, rather, scorned to. A child when she vanished, she knew nothing of life, as they understood it. Her life was sufficient unto her.

After dinner, she took his picture from a frame and kissed it. Then her eye fell upon the clock. She had worn a pretty summer-gown for his arrival; and she hurriedly threw a wrap about her shoulders. Going out, she locked the cottage-door, and took the upward path.

The moment she reached the ridge of the high bluff, she staggered with the force of the wind. It was a "dry" north-easter; still no rain, but the copper-gray clouds were rolling low, and the ocean, far beneath her, was seen in gaps through the rifts of spray. Far off, the sea was yeasty over Peaked Hill Bars. She looked for the white sloop, half hoping not to see it; it was not visible. Surely Jethro would have gone straight home in such a blow?

Bending down, and walking a rod below the summit, she walked northward along the shoulder of the cliff. Before she got to Pamet River light, she saw the sloop. He had taken the inward passage, and was already sailing free, double-reefed, as she saw with her glass. She was glad of that.

Bracing herself, she stood a moment on the very highest point, and waved her veil. Promptly, she made out a speck of white at the sloop's stern. Then she turned southward and hurried fast, the wind behind her.

The beach below, seen through a mist of spray, was full of wreckage; and, between the fall of the long rollers, she could hear the grinding pebbles of the undertow. At this point it was not possible to scale the cliff, had she wished; though she might have descended in the sliding sand, she would not have got back. And nothing seaward could have been seen, at the spoondrift's level. She meant to walk as far as she could, in the woods, to Cross Hill or Cahoon Hollow; she had often done it before. But she had to hurry to keep pace, for the sloop was gaining fast. At the edge of the forest she turned for a last waving of her veil, hoping still it might be visible against the sombre evergreen; then she plunged into the pitch-pine forest.

Here the winds were silent, and the June day still was June. She even picked a bunch of lady-slippers, wishing she could have him with her, hoping at least that he was dry, or had his oilskins on. She had no thought of danger to him—he had made the voyage too often—but hurried that she might come out into the open before he passed by. The little path was hardly visible in the dense pitch-pine. Now and then it dropped into deep dells, dark already, where no wind had ever been. The walk of a few miles was nothing to her; she hurried faster; it might be a week before he could come again.

Like all lonely persons, Barbara was observant of natural objects. The wood-path was familiar; but, coming down to the hollow of Sheep Pond, she was startled to see its still surface covered with sea-gulls. And even through the pitch-pine, close as box, and over the high hills that separated her from the ocean, she heard the roaring of the surf.

Her heart beat higher as she climbed the opposite hill; soon the woods would end, and she wished to get out of them before the sloop passed by. He would be able to stand in closer, too, beyond the shoals. The open country began again six miles from home; this was to mark the limit of her walk. But, before the trees were even scattered, the force of the wind dismayed her. It had hauled to the southeast, nearly ahead, and she paused, clinging to the last tree, to get her breath. Anxiously, she looked for the white sloop, with a moment of alarm at not seeing it. But, upon carefully sweeping the ocean, she made it out, hardly yet abreast of her. The wind had shifted so nearly ahead that Jethro had to sail close-hauled, and the cross-sea checked his way.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In a moment Barbara saw that his position was perilous. The coast hardly curves in the forty miles, and if the wind shifted one point more the sloop must go ashore or be put about to sea. There was no harbor short of Chatham for the smallest boat; Nausett was a shallow inlet, athwart which pounded the fiercest breakers of the coast; two miles this side there was a life-saving station, but they would never put out for one man in a pleasure-boat. She wished that she could gesture to him to go back; it was a quicker run, at least, as far as Race Point. After that the sea, in the bay, would not be so terrible.

For Barbara saw it was a terrible sea. It was that worst kind which precedes the blow, rather than follows it; though it blew a gale already. Great pebbles were hurled in her face from the beach, a hundred feet below. She wondered if he saw her yet. His bowsprit, heading the sea, was buried in every roller. He was too near the shore, the waves broke worse in the shallow water.

The sloop was gaining on her, though, and Barbara tried to run. She determined to follow him, to the inlet, if possible. Perhaps with his seamanship he might get in there, if it was too late to turn.

It was just the most unfrequented part of the coast. Cahoon Hollow lay behind; Nausett lights were seen five miles ahead. The little boat, stanch in almost any kind of a sea, that might have scudded or sailed free before any wind, was unsuited to facing just the sea that she was getting. Jethro had been forced in too far, and the waves, hollow-crested, buried the bows before the sloop could rise to them.

Barbara suddenly cried out aloud. The sloop was now scarce a mile away; and as she rose from one deep-surging wave, the bowsprit had snapped short off, and the jib was hanging. Instantly the sloop fell away, and pointed toward the beach.

Without a moment's hesitation, Barbara plunged down the bluff. Great loads of sand gave way at each step, and slid down with her. The scanty spears of beach-grass gave no hold nor holding; she fell and slid in a few seconds to the beach, a small avalanche of the cliff behind her.

Fortunately, the tide was low; but the driving spray filled the beach to the cliff, and the flying pebbles made it impossible to face the blast continuously. Creeping along by the shelter of an old wreck, and hanging to its ribs, she waited for a lull. The wind still came by gusts; and in the lull between them she could make out the white sloop. Jethro was forward, cutting or chopping at the bitts; she could see that the jib and jibboom wreck was still dragging to leeward, and the sloop was almost headed backward along the beach. Barbara shouted and let go her shawl; Jethro seemed to see her, for, when the last cut severed the wreck and the bows sprang up, relieved of the drag, he darted back and put the helm down until the sloop was headed for the place where Barbara was standing.

Barbara was down to the water's edge, screaming. Jethro would not luff, though she saw him wave his hand; he was driving her to the shore. In a second the little craft stopped short, in a cloud of spray; Barbara even heard the crash as the mast went out of her; and she screamed again as a combing wave went over the vessel's stern. But when it rolled over, Jethro was still there, lying in the standing-room and holding himself hard beneath the seat. Lightened again, the sloop came in a wave's breadth farther; he sprang forward with a coil of rope in his hand. At the same moment that she crashed in, broadside with another breaker, he whirled the line to windward, and Barbara understood.

As the line whipped across her breast, she seized it and wound it once around her; as she fell down, or was thrown, she dug her heels in the sand. The first shock came, and she turned upon her face, gripping the sharp rope beneath so that it passed across her shoulder and cut almost to the bone. But she had been dragged some yards down; she felt the spent wave touch her feet, and cared not, as she felt his weight and braced herself again. Then one more last agony, and the strain slackened suddenly; the water was around her, but she felt his arms, lifting her and carrying her out of danger. He drew her under the old wreck, and when she felt his kisses on her hair, on her wounded shoulder, she burst into a passion of tears.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

XI

CAPTAIN JETHRO BACON

THE winter's hand lay heavy on the Cape. Slowly the steel-gray sea had brightened to white ice in every bay or channel where the waters got rest. Even the sand was stiff, and the ruts were ringing hard. The deer came into the barnyards; partridges and foxes grew tame, and there was skating on Barnstable Bay. Then there came a heavy fall of snow; nothing had been known to approach it since that storm seven years before, "the storm," as Sandwich people said, "the storm that Jethro Bacon had got lost in." Since then, his age had come upon him; and as it came, his wife had watched him grimly. It was well known, now, that they lived apart, and did not speak. The roomy house invited, to such a life, their shrunken household. Jeth was in the West; Seth had never come back; it was known that Mrs. Bacon sent them large sums of money. Each of the aged couple had now one side of the house, and they met, if at all, upon the staircase. Mrs. Bacon (any other Sandwich woman would by this time have been called Aunt Cynthy)—Mrs. Bacon had grown mean with years, and nobody ever took a meal with them. And it was known that the Captain was not master in his own house.

But she watched her husband. Every morning her face was at her bedroom-window, watching him go out; and every evening at the "best parlor" window, watching his return. Sometimes, this winter, he had stayed away all day; but never for the night. Then the heavy snow came, and he was later in returning. She would watch him, dourly, as he dragged his aching limbs through the deep drifts. Sometimes he would arrive so exhausted, that he could hardly drag himself up the steps, and would have to lie, breathless, with his wet boots on, too weak to remove them, or to get his tea; Cynthia Bacon never troubled herself to help him. But Jethro did his wife's chores, now, since Seth had gone away. He was too poor to hire a man, even if he could have borne the prying eyes of a stranger. And the horse had been sold long since, for even his wife never wanted a carriage now; she had given up going to meeting; in fact, it was some years since she had been outdoors.

Henry Bearse was staying alone at home. His wife had gone across the line to Rhode Island, and got a divorce from him for non-support. She and young Jeth Bacon were believed to be living in Chicago. Aunt Mercy Bearse was long since dead, and Henry had gone to live in the old house, much as a wounded animal goes to its hole. He was a voter, and could get his two dollars a day working on the roads for the town—when he wished to work. He had still some kind of a hold on young Jeth Bacon, and it was supposed that he paid him something, which ultimately came out of Mrs. Bacon's hoardings. For the Costello fortune had vanished, when the old man died; and Jeth, wherever he was, had no visible means of support. Yet, it was known that Bearse still hated all the Bacons.

One morning Henry Bearse was awakened by a knocking at his outer door. Such a thing had never happened before, and, before going down, he looked out of his bedroom-window. A woman was standing at the porch. Half fearing, half weakly hoping, that it might be his wife, he hurried down, and was infinitely more amazed to find that it was old Mrs. Bacon. Such a call could mean but one thing. He asked, if the Captain was ill.

"Mr. Bacon is dead," said Mrs. Bacon. There was a glitter in her eye as she said it; she was dressed in her best, and looked ten years younger for the exertion she had made in walking over. Bearse stammered with a word of sympathy, but Mrs. Bacon interrupted.

"I want you to run to the village and get Ephraim Hallet's team. Him as keeps the poor-farm, and I want you to get Lizzie Amazeen, and bring her here—and you may get Nora Howes."

"Lizzie Amazeen! Here? not to the house?"

"I'll wait here. Mr. Bacon is not at the house."

"Not at——"

"Do as I bid you," answered Mrs. Bacon, impatiently.

"Oh, certainly—yes, of course, take a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chair," said Henry, weakly, as Mrs. Bacon sat down in the kitchen. "Make yourself some tea."

"I don't want no tea—I've had my tea. An' the sooner you go, the sooner you'll get back."

What could Mrs. Bacon want of Mis' Amazeen at such a time? Lizzie Amazeen did not know, herself, but was willing enough to come back to see, as was poor Nora, though more flustered. After all, Captain Bacon was her Jethro's father. What did he die of? But Henry could not tell. The old man had been seeming feebler every day.

When they came back, Mrs. Bacon was sitting, grim and rigid, in the kitchen. The women noticed that she already wore a black crape veil; it must have been prepared for the occasion. She spoke to them first.

"He went out yesterday morning, and he has never returned."

"Dear me," said Nora, "dear me! But, Mrs. Bacon, perhaps, after all—how do you know that he—?"

"I know that he is dead," said Cynthia Bacon, savagely.

Under Mrs. Bacon's guidance, the four got into the wagon, Henry Bearse driving, Miss Amazeen with him on the front seat. Nora and Mrs. Bacon sat behind. No one spoke. At the fork of the roads, it was Mrs. Bacon who indicated the turn we are familiar with, by the old town-house, and the second turn through the cedar-swamp, to South Dennis. No one of the others had ever been that way before. When they came to the wooden cottage we know of, she bade them stop. The drifts lay heavy across the front door, and frosting was on all the window-panes. In all the lower windows the shutters were closed. There were no shutters in the upper-story, but the blinds were closed, save in one room; no smoke came from the chimneys; the house looked uninhabited. But Lizzie Amazeen noticed that there was a sort of path, at least, a line of footprints, cut through the snow from the street to the rear door and the wood-yard.

"Stop here," said Mrs. Bacon. "Henry Bearse, you stay with the horses. No use trying the front door, Nora. Miss Amazeen, you come with me."

Mrs. Bacon entered the yard with the air of an owner; yet it was evident that she had never been there before, as her first path but took her to a woodshed, with cut wood neatly piled. Then she came to the back-door, and loudly knocked; Lizzie and Nora following, in silent wonder.

There was no reply.

She knocked again, and threw her weight against the door. It opened with a jar, and they heard a voice from the upper room, crying who they were. It was a woman's voice; and Lizzie started. "You go up first, Miss Amazeen," said Mrs. Bacon.

Lizzie went up the narrow stairs. The house was cold, and a ripple of blown snow still lay across the kitchen-floor.

The others waited. They heard Lizzie Amazeen open a door; then they heard a scream. "Barbara!"

Nora started in amazement; but Mrs. Bacon's face remained impassive. Perhaps there was a shade of triumph in it. They heard hurried voices in the upper rooms. Then Mrs. Bacon went up, too.

Nora followed Mrs. Bacon up the stairs. It was a large room, with a stove, but very cold; the fire had gone out. On the bed was lying Jethro Bacon, and she could see that he was dead. The body was heaped with shawls and clothing, and by the bedside sat a woman, chafing its hands. Nora recognized the woman of the dunes.

XII

FATHER RYAN

LIZZIE AMAZEEN had fallen at her feet and was kissing her through her own tears; fondling her, as if the woman of fifty years had been a child, crying, softly, "Barbara! Barbara!"

Mrs. Bacon did not sit down, but walked to the foot of the bed, where she stood, looking on her husband's face.

The woman (and Nora saw that she was still beautiful) sat silent, holding the dead man's hand. Suddenly, Mrs. Bacon stepped forward, seized her two wrists, and whipped them away.

"I have come for him," she said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barbara tried to rise; but Nora saw that she was too feeble. She sank back into her sister's arms, or she would have fallen; Lizzie seized her two wrists and kissed them. The dead man's eyes were closed.

"He is my husband," said Mrs. Bacon.

Lizzie Amazeen rose to her feet, one hand upon her sister's shoulder. "You call him your husband!" Her eyes flashed fire. "You, who could not keep him; you, who never loved him! You had his house, and his name, and his money, to spoil your children with; and she for thirty years has had—just *him!* For him she gave up the world, and the life, and the light of day—hid herself, as if she were ashamed—and because she loved him! Would you have done that? And for thirty years, morning and night, rain or shine, sun or storm, he has come to her—walked to this house and back, twice a day, in his youth and in his old age, to bring her food, to cut her wood, to carry her water from the well—had he even not come for two days, she would have starved—as she is starving now, that he is dead. Would he have done that for you?"

The flow of Lizzie's tirade was so volcanic, that Mrs. Bacon stood as if stunned. Her under-jaw dropped, showing the unnatural rows of even teeth. Nora Howes was shocked, but far too timid to speak. Only Barbara said a word, and that was but "Lizzie, Lizzie!" She was crying, softly. It seemed as if she felt no bitterness against Cynthia Bacon; which only gave point to Lizzie Amazeen's next words:

"You may take him, now that he is dead. But Barbara has had his life."

Then Mrs. Bacon began to scold. "You, you—how dare you speak to me like this, you—you poorhouse-woman! And all this time the fine doings we heard of her there, in Chicago! And the moneys that she sent to keep you—they were mine, *mine*, I tell you! And this house is mine, and out of it she bundles—to the poorhouse, you and your fine sister! and he——"

Mrs. Bacon bent over the bed, and removed the shawl that covered her husband's body. With a sort of low, moaning cry, Barbara threw herself upon it, and buried her face. "Oh, no—no—not so—" And even Nora dared to speak. For decency's sake, she interceded, hushing Lizzie Amazeen, promising they would go. But this Mrs. Bacon flatly refused to do if that woman, Lizzie Amazeen, were to stay behind. She wished even to carry Barbara away. But this was impossible; the almshouse-people had to be seen, the undertaker. Finally, it was arranged that Nora was to stay with Barbara, with *him*.

Henry Bearse was called to. After a whispered talk with Nora, he brought up some wood; and she at once began to busy herself with the fire.

Reluctantly, the widow came away; it was clear enough that only the triumph of clearing the house of Barbara that night reconciled her to it. She sat with Bearse upon the front seat; Lizzie Amazeen behind; so the ill-matched trio drove away, while Nora Howes was left, stroking Barbara's soft hair.

Early in the afternoon they returned. In the covered wagon were Mrs. Bacon, the superintendent of the poorhouse, the undertaker, and Lizzie Amazeen. She was allowed to come back, to take her sister, on the insistence of the pauper authorities, against Mrs. Bacon's will. The storm had cleared to bitter cold; the sun was setting brightly.

"I kept my bargain," Mrs. Bacon was heard to murmur. "It was longer than I thought, but I kept my bargain. If I hadn't, he'd have gone with her. And now, I'll take her to the poorhouse!"

Hallet told afterward, the old woman "kind o' gloated;" "I'll take his body to my house—the poorhouse is good enough for her!"

But, on the threshold of the silent house, they were met by Father Ryan. Barbara had taken the last sacrament, and he would not have her moved. Lizzie and Nora were with her through the night, and before morning she, too, was dead.

Father Ryan had with him a paper of many years' date. It was a writing signed by Jethro Bacon, to the effect that he was to be buried in the Catholic Cemetery. He had long been a Catholic, said Father Ryan.

Barbara was buried there, too, not very far away. But Mrs. Bacon went to live in the house upon the Dennis road.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD

OR, ADVENTURES IN KENSINGTON GARDENS

BY J. M. BARRIE

XVIII

WILLIAM PATERSON

WE had been together, we three, in my rooms, David telling me about the fairy language and Porthos lolling on the sofa listening, as one may say. It is his favorite place of a dull day, and under him were some sheets of newspaper, which I spread there at such times to deceive my housekeeper, who thinks dogs should lie on the floor.

Fairy me tribber is what you say to the fairies when you want them to give you a cup of tea, but it is not so easy as it looks, for all the *r's* should be pronounced as *w's*, and I forget this so often that David believes I should find difficulty in making myself understood.

"What would you say," he asked me, "if you wanted them to turn you into a hollyhock?" He thinks the ease with which they can turn you into things is their most engaging quality.

The answer is *Fairy me lukka*, but though he had often told me this I again forgot the *lukka*.

"I should never dream," I said (to cover my discomfiture), "of asking them to turn me into anything. If I was a hollyhock I should soon wither, David."

He himself had provided me with this objection not long before, but now he seemed to think it merely silly. "Just before the time to wither begins," he said airily, "you say to them *Fairy me bola*."

Fairy me bola means "Turn me back again," and David's discovery made me uncomfortable, for I knew he had hitherto kept his distance of the fairies mainly because of a feeling that their conversions are permanent.

So I returned him to his home. I send him home from my rooms under the care of Porthos. I may walk on the other side unknown to them, but they have no need of me, for at such times nothing would induce Porthos to depart from the care of David. If anyone addresses them he growls softly and shows the teeth that crunch bones as if they were biscuits. Thus amicably the two pass on to Mary's house, where Porthos barks his knock-and-ring bark till the door is opened. Sometimes he goes in with David, but on this occasion he said good-by on the step. Nothing remarkable in this, but he did not return to me, not that day nor next day nor in weeks and months. I was a man distraught; and David wore his knuckles in his eyes. Conceive it, we had lost our dear Porthos—at least—well—something disquieting happened. I don't quite know what to think of it even now. I know what David thinks. However, you shall think as you choose.

My first hope was that Porthos had strolled to the Gardens and got locked in for the night, and almost as soon as Lock-out was over I was there to make inquiries. But there was no news of Porthos, though I learned that someone was believed to have spent the night in the Gardens, a young gentleman who walked out hastily the moment the gates were opened. He had said nothing, however, of having seen a dog. I feared an accident now, for I knew no thief could steal him, yet even an accident seemed incredible, he was always so cautious at crossings; also there could not possibly have been an accident to Porthos without there being an accident to something else.

David in the middle of his games would suddenly remember the great blank, and step aside to cry. It was one of his qualities that when he knew he was about to cry he turned aside to do it and I always respected his privacy and waited for him. Of course being but a little boy he was soon playing again, but his sudden floods

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of feeling, of which we never spoke, were dear to me in those desolate days.

We had a favorite haunt, called the Story-seat, and we went back to that, meaning not to look at the grass near it where Porthos used to squat, but we could not help looking at it sideways, and to our distress a man was sitting on the acquainted spot. He rose at our approach and took two steps toward us, so quick that they were almost jumps, then as he saw that we were passing indignantly I thought I heard him give a little cry.

I put him down for one of your garrulous fellows who try to lure strangers into talk, but next day, when we found him sitting on the Story-seat itself, I had a longer scrutiny of him. He was dandiacally dressed, seemed to tell something under twenty years and had a handsome wistful face atop of a heavy lumbering, almost corpulent figure, which however did not betoken inactivity; for David's purple hat (a conceit of his mother's of which we were both heartily ashamed) blowing off as we neared him he leapt the railings without touching them and was back with it in three seconds; only instead of delivering it straightway he seemed to expect David to chase him for it.

You have introduced yourself to David when you jump the railings without touching them, and William Paterson (as proved to be his name) was at once our friend. We often found him waiting for us at the Story-seat, and the great stout fellow laughed and wept over our tales like a three-year-old. Often he said with extraordinary pride, "You are telling the story to me quite as much as to David, aren't you?" He was of an innocence such as you shall seldom encounter, and believed stories at which even David blinked. Often he looked at me in quick alarm if David said that of course these things did not really happen, and unable to resist that appeal I would reply that they really did. I never saw him irate except when David was still sceptical, but then he would say quite warningly "*He* says it is true, so it must be true." This brings me to that one of his qualities, which at once gratified and pained me, his admiration for myself. His eyes, which at times had a rim of red, were ever fixed upon me fondly except perhaps when I told him of Porthos and said that death alone could have kept him so long from my side. Then Paterson's sympathy was such that he had to look away. He was shy of speaking of himself so I asked him no personal questions, but concluded that his upbringing must have been lonely, to account for his ignorance of affairs, and loveless, else how could he have felt such a drawing to me?

I remember very well the day when the strange, and surely monstrous, suspicion first made my head tingle. We had been blown, the three of us, to my rooms by a gust of rain; it was also, I think, the first time Paterson had entered them. "Take the sofa, Mr. Paterson," I said, as I drew a chair nearer to the fire, and for the moment my eyes were off him. Then I saw that, before sitting down on the sofa, he was spreading the day's paper over it. "Whatever makes you do that?" I asked, and he started like one bewildered by the question, then went white and pushed the paper aside.

David had noticed nothing, but I was strangely uncomfortable, and, despite my efforts at talk, often lapsed into silence, to be roused from it by a feeling that Paterson was looking at me covertly. Pooh! what vapors of the imagination were these. I blew them from me, and to prove to myself, so to speak, that they were dissipated, I asked him to see David home. As soon as I was alone, I flung me down on the floor laughing, then as quickly jumped up and was after them, and very sober too, for it was come to me abruptly as an odd thing that Paterson had set off without asking where David lived.

Seeing them in front of me, I crossed the street and followed. They were walking side by side rather solemnly, and perhaps nothing remarkable happened until they reached David's door. I say perhaps, for something did occur. A lady, who has several pretty reasons for frequenting the Gardens, recognized David in the street, and was stooping to address him, when Paterson did something that alarmed her. I was too far off to see what it was, but had he growled "Hands off!" she could not have scurried away more precipitately. He then ponderously marched his charge to the door, where,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assuredly, he did a strange thing. Instead of knocking or ringing, he stood on the step and called out sharply, "Hie, hie, hie!" until the door was opened.

The whimsy, for it could be nothing more, curtailed me of my sleep that night, and you may picture me trying both sides of the pillow.

I recalled other queer things of Paterson, and they came back to me charged with new meanings. There was his way of shaking hands. He now did it in the ordinary way, but when first we knew him his arm had described a circle, and the hand had sometimes missed mine and come heavily upon my chest instead. His walk, again, might more correctly have been called a waddle.

There were his perfervid thanks. He seldom departed without thanking me with an intensity that was out of proportion to the little I had done for him. In the Gardens, too, he seemed ever to take the sward rather than the seats, perhaps a wise preference, but he had an unusual way of sitting down. I can describe it only by saying that he let go of himself and went down with a thud.

I reverted to the occasion when he lunched with me at the Club. We had cutlets, and I noticed that he ate his in a somewhat finicking manner; yet having left the table for a moment to consult the sweets-card, I saw, when I returned, that there was now no bone on his plate. The waiters were looking at him rather curiously.

David was very partial to him, but showed it in a somewhat singular manner, used to pat his head, for instance. I remembered, also, that while David shouted to me or Irene to attract our attention, he usually whistled to Paterson, he could not explain why.

These ghosts made me to sweat in bed, not merely that night, but often when some new shock brought them back in force, yet, unsupported, they would have disturbed me little by day. Day, however, had its reflections, and they came to me while I was shaving, that ten minutes when, brought face to face with the harsher realities of life, we see things most clearly as they are. Then the beautiful nature of Paterson loomed offensively, and his honest eyes insulted over me. No one come to nigh twenty years had a right to such faith in his fellow-creatures. He could not backbite, nor envy, nor prevaricate, nor jump at mean motives for generous acts. He had not a single base story about women. It all seemed inhuman.

What creatures we be! I was more than half ashamed of Paterson's faith in me, but when I saw it begin to shrink I fought for it. An easy task, you may say, but it was a hard one, for gradually a change had come over the youth. I am now arrived at a time when the lightheartedness had gone out of him; he had lost his zest for fun, and dubiety sat in the eyes that were once so certain. He was not doubtful of me, not then, but of human nature in general; that whilom noble edifice was tottering. He mixed with boys in the Gardens; ah, mothers, it is hard to say, but how could he retain his innocence when he had mixed with boys? He heard your talk of yourselves, and so, ladies, that part of the edifice went down. I have not the heart to follow him in all his discoveries. Sometimes he went in flame at them, but for the most part he stood looking on, bewildered and numbed, like one moaning inwardly.

He saw all, as one fresh to the world, before he had time to breathe upon the glass. So would your child be, madam, if born with a man's powers, and when disillusioned of all else, he would cling for a moment longer to you, the woman of whom, before he saw you, he had heard so much. How you would strive to cheat him, even as I strove to hide my real self from Paterson, and still you would strive as I strove after you knew the game was up.

The sorrowful eyes of Paterson stripped me bare. There were days when I could not endure looking at him, though surely I have long ceased to be a vain man. He still met us in the Gardens, there seemed nothing else for him to do, but for hours he and I would be together without speaking. It was so upon the last day, one of those innumerable dreary days when David, having sneezed the night before, was kept at home in flannels, and I sat alone with Paterson on the Story-seat. At last I turned to address him. Never had we spoken of what chained our tongues,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and I meant only to say now that we must go, for soon the gates would close, but when I looked at him I saw that he was more mournful than ever before; he shut his eyes so tightly that a drop of blood fell from them.

"It was all over, Paterson, long ago," I broke out harshly, "why do we linger?"

He beat his hands together miserably, and yet cast me appealing looks that had much affection in them.

"You expected too much of me," I told him, and he bowed his head. "I don't know where you brought your grand ideas of men and women from. I don't want to know," I added hastily.

"But it must have been from a prettier world than this," I said: "are you quite sure that you were wise in leaving it?"

He rose and sat down again. "I wanted to know you," he replied slowly, "I wanted to be like you."

"And now you know me," I said, "do you want to be like me still? I am a curious person to attach oneself to, Paterson; don't you see that even David often smiles at me when he thinks he is unobserved. I work very hard to retain that little boy's love; but I shall lose him soon; even now I am not what I was to him; in a year or two at longest, Paterson, David will grow out of me."

The poor fellow shot out his hand to me, but "No," said I, "you have found me out. Everybody finds me out except my dog, and that is why the loss of him makes such a difference to me. Shall we go, Paterson?"

He would not come with me, and I left him on the seat; when I was far away I looked back, and he was still sitting there forlornly.

For long I could not close my ears that night: I lay listening, I knew what for. A scare was on me that made me dislike the dark, and I switched on the light and slept at last. I was roused by a great to-do in the early morning, servants knocking excitedly, and my door opened, and the dear Porthos I had mourned so long tore in. They had heard his bark, but whence he came no one knew. He was in excellent condition, and after he had leaped upon me from all points I flung him on the floor by a trick I know, and lay down beside him, while he put his protecting arm round me and looked at me with the old adoring eyes.

But we never saw Paterson again. You may think as you choose.

XIX

JOEY

WISE children always choose a mother who was a shocking flirt in her maiden days, and so had several offers before she accepted their fortunate papa. The reason they do this is because every offer refused by their mother means another pantomime to them. You see you can't trust to your father's taking you to the pantomime, but you can trust to every one of the poor frenzied gentlemen for whom that lady has wept a delicious little tear on her lovely little cambric handkerchief. It is pretty (but dreadfully affecting) to see them on Boxing Night gathering together the babies of their old loves. Some knock at but one door and bring a hansom, but others go from street to street in private 'buses, and even wear false noses to conceal the sufferings you inflict upon them as you grow more and more like your sweet cruel mamma.

So I took David to the pantomime, and I hope you follow my reasoning, for I don't. He went with the fairest anticipations, pausing on the threshold to peer through the hole in the little house called "Pay Here," which he thought was Red Riding Hood's residence, and asked politely whether he might see her, but they said she had gone to the wood, and it was quite true, for there she was in the wood gathering a stick for her grandmother's fire. She sang a beautiful song about the Boys and their dashing ways, which flattered David considerably, but she forgot to take away the stick after all. Other parts of the play were not so nice, but David thought it all lovely, he really did.

Yet he left the place in tears. All the way home he sobbed in the darkest corner of the growler, and if I tried to comfort him he struck me.

The clown had done it, that man of whom he expected things so fair. He

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had asked in a loud voice of the middling funny gentleman (then in the middle of a song) whether he thought Joey would be long in coming, and when at last Joey did come he screamed out, "How do you do, Joey!" and went into convulsions of mirth.

Joey and his father were shadowing a pork-butcher's shop, pocketing the sausages for which their family has such a fatal weakness, and so when the butcher engaged Joey as his assistant there was soon not a sausage left. However, this did not matter, for there was a box rather like an ice-cream machine, and you put chunks of pork in at one end and turned a handle and they came out as sausages at the other end. Joey quite enjoyed doing this, and you could see that the sausages were excellent by the way he licked his fingers after touching them, but soon there were no more pieces of pork, and just then a dear little Scotch terrier-dog came trotting down the street, so what did Joey do but pop it into the machine and it came out at the other end as sausages.

It was this callous act that turned all David's mirth to woe, and drove us weeping to our growler.

Heaven knows I have no wish to defend this cruel deed, but as Joey told me afterward, it is very difficult to say what they will think funny and what barbarous. I was forced to admit to him that David had perceived only the joyous in the pokering of the policeman's legs, and had called out heartily "Do it again!" every time Joey knocked the pantaloon down with one kick and helped him up with another.

"It hurts the poor chap," I was told by Joey, whom I was agreeably surprised to find by no means wanting in the more humane feelings, "and he wouldn't stand it if there wasn't the laugh to encourage him."

He maintained that the dog got that laugh to encourage him also.

However, he had not got it from David, whose mother and father and nurse combined could not comfort him, though they swore that the dog was still alive and kicking, which might all have been very well had not David seen the sausages. It was to inquire whether anything could be done to atone that in considerable trepidation I sent in my card to the clown, and the result of our talk was that he invited me and David to have tea with him on Thursday next at his lodgings.

"I sha'n't laugh," David said, nobly true to the memory of the little dog, "I sha'n't laugh once," and he closed his jaws very tightly as we drew near the house in Soho where Joey lodged. But he also gripped my hand, like one who knew that it would be an ordeal not to laugh.

The house was rather like the ordinary kind, but there was a convenient sausage-shop exactly opposite (trust Joey for that) and we saw a policeman in the street looking the other way, as they always do look just before you rub them. A woman wearing the same kind of clothes as people in other houses wear, told us to go up to the second floor, and she grinned at David, as if she had heard about him; so up we went, David muttering through his clenched teeth, "I sha'n't laugh," and as soon as we knocked a voice called out, "Here we are again!" at which a shudder passed through David as if he feared that he had set himself an impossible task. In we went, however, and though the voice had certainly come from this room we found nobody there. I looked in bewilderment at David, and he quickly put his hand over his mouth.

It was a funny room, of course, but not so funny as you might expect; there were droll things in it, but they did nothing funny, you could see that they were just waiting for Joey. There were padded chairs with friendly looking rents down the middle of them, and a table and a horse-hair sofa, and we sat down very cautiously on the sofa, but nothing happened to us.

The biggest piece of furniture was an enormous wicker trunk, with a very lively colored stocking dangling out at a hole in it, and a notice on the top that Joey was the funniest man on earth. David tried to pull the stocking out of the hole, but it was so long that it never came to an end, and when it measured six times the length of the room he had to cover his mouth again.

"I'm not laughing," he said to me, quite fiercely. He even managed not to laugh (though he did gulp) when we dis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

covered on the mantlepiece a photograph of Joey in ordinary clothes, the garments he wore before he became a clown. You can't think how absurd he looked in them. But David didn't laugh.

Suddenly Joey was standing beside us, it could not have been more sudden though he had come from beneath the table, and he was wearing his pantomime clothes (which he told us afterward were the only clothes he had) and his red and white face was so funny that David made gurgling sounds, which were his laugh trying to force a passage.

I introduced David, who offered his hand stiffly, but Joey, instead of taking it, put out his tongue and waggled it, and this was so droll that David had again to save himself by clapping his hand over his mouth. Joey thought he had toothache, so I explained what it really meant, and then Joey said, "Oh, I shall soon make him laugh," whereupon the following conversation took place between them:

"No, you sha'n't," said David doggedly.

"Yes, I shall."

"No, you sha'n't not."

"Yes, I shall so."

"Sha'n't, sha'n't, sha'n't."

"Shall, shall, shall."

"You shut up."

"You're another."

By this time Joey was in a frightful wax (because he saw he was getting the worst of it), and he boasted that he had David's laugh in his pocket, and David challenged him to produce it, and Joey searched his pockets and brought out the most unexpected articles, including a duck and a bunch of carrots; and you could see by his manner that the simple soul thought these were things which all boys carried loose in their pockets.

I daresay David would have had to laugh in the end, had there not been a half-gnawed sausage in one of the pockets, and the sight of it reminded him so cruelly of the poor dog's fate that he howled, and Joey's heart was touched at last, and he also wept, but he wiped his eyes with the duck.

It was at this touching moment that the pantaloon hobbled in, also dressed as we had seen him last, and carrying, unfortunately, a trayful of sausages, which at once increased the general gloom, for he announced, in his squeaky voice, that they were the very sausages that had lately been the dog.

Then Joey seemed to have a great idea, and his excitement was so impressive that we stood gazing at him. First, he counted the sausages, and said that they were two short, and he found the missing two up the pantaloon's sleeve. Then he ran out of the room and came back with the sausage-machine; and what do you think he did? He put all the sausages into the end of the machine that they had issued from, and turned the handle backward, and then out came the dog at the other end!

Can you picture the joy of David?

He clasped the dear little terrier in his arms; and then we noticed that there was a sausage adhering to its tail. The pantaloon said we must have put in a sausage too many, but Joey said the machine had not worked quite smoothly and that he feared this sausage was the dog's bark, which distressed David, for he saw how awkward it must be to a dog to have its bark outside, and we were considering what should be done when the dog closed the discussion by swallowing the sausage.

After that, David had the most hilarious hour of his life, entering into the childish pleasures of this family as heartily as if he had been brought up on sausages, and knocking the pantaloon down repeatedly. You must not think that he did this viciously; he did it to please the old gentleman, who begged him to do it, and always shook hands warmly and said "Thank you," when he had done it. They are quite a simple people.

Joey called David and me "Sonny," and asked David, who addressed him as "Mr. Clown," to call him Joey. He also told us that the pantaloon's name was old Joey, and the columbine's Josy, and the harlequin's Joeykin.

We were sorry to hear that old Joey gave him a good deal of trouble. This was because his memory is so bad that he often forgets whether it is your head or your feet you should stand on, and he usually begins the day by standing on the end that happens to get out of bed first. Thus he requires constant watching, and the worst of it is, you dare not draw attention to his mistake, he is so shrink-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ingly sensitive about it. No sooner had Joey told us this than the poor old fellow began to turn upside down and stood on his head; but we pretended not to notice, and talked about the weather until he came to.

Josy and Joeykin, all skirts and spangles, were with us by this time, for they had been invited to tea. They came in dancing, and danced off and on most of the time. Even in the middle of what they were saying they would begin to flutter; it was not so much that they meant to dance as that the slightest thing set them going, such as sitting in a draught; and David found he could blow them about the room like pieces of paper. You could see by the shortness of Josy's dress that she was very young indeed, and at first this made him shy, as he always is when introduced formally to little girls, and he stood sucking his thumb, and so did she, but soon the stiffness wore off and they sat together on the sofa, holding each other's hands.

All this time the harlequin was rotating like a beautiful fish, and David requested him to jump through the wall, at which he is such an adept, and first he said he would, and then he said better not, for the last time he did it the people in the next house had made such a fuss. David had to admit that it must be rather startling to the people on the other side of the wall, but he was sorry.

By this time tea was ready, and Josy, who poured out, remembered to ask if you took milk with just one drop of tea in it, exactly as her mother would have asked. There was nothing to eat, of course, except sausages, but what a number of them there were! hundreds at least, ropes of sausages, and every now and then Joey jumped up and played skipping rope with them. David had been taught not to look greedy, even though he felt greedy, and he was shocked to see the way in which Joey and old Joey and even Josy eyed the sausages they had given him. Soon Josy developed nobler feelings, for she and Joeykin suddenly fell madly in love with each other across the table, but unaffected by this pretty picture, Joey continued to put whole sausages in his mouth at a time, and then rubbed himself a little lower down, while old Joey secreted them about his person; and when David wasn't looking they both pounced on his sausages, and yet as they gobbled they were constantly running to the top of the stair and screaming to the servant to bring up more sausages.

You could see that Joey (if you caught him with his hand in your plate) was a bit ashamed of himself, and he admitted to us that sausages were a passion with him.

He said he had never once in his life had a sufficient number of sausages. They had maddened him since he was the smallest boy. He told us how, even in those days, his mother had feared for him, though fond of a sausage herself; how he had bought a sausage with his first penny, and hoped to buy one with his last (if they could not be got in any other way), and that he always slept with a string of them beneath his pillow.

While he was giving us these confidences, unfortunately, his eyes came to rest, at first accidentally, then wistfully, then with a horrid gleam in them, on the little dog, which was fooling about on the top of the sausage-machine, and his hands went out toward it convulsively, whereat David, in sudden fear, seized the dog in one arm and gallantly clenched his other fist, and then Joey begged his pardon and burst into tears, each one of which he flung against the wall, where it exploded with a bang.

David refused to pardon him unless he promised on wood never to look in that way at the dog again, but Joey said promises were nothing to him when he was short of sausages, and so his wisest course would be to present the dog to David. Oh, the joy of David when he understood that the little dog he had saved was his very own! I can tell you he was now in a hurry to be off before Joey had time to change his mind.

"All I ask of you," Joey said with a break in his voice, "is to call him after me, and always to give him a sausage, sonny, of a Saturday night."

There was a quiet dignity about Joey at the end, which showed that he might have risen to high distinction but for his fatal passion.

The last we saw of him was from the street. He was waving his tongue at us in his attractive, foolish way, and Josy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was poised on Joeykin's hand like a butterfly that had alighted on a flower. We could not exactly see old Joey, but we saw his feet, and so feared the worst. Of course they are not everything they should be, but one can't help liking them.

XX

PILKINGTON'S

ON attaining the age of eight, or thereabout, children fly away from the Gardens, and never come back. When next you meet them they are ladies and gentlemen holding up their umbrellas to hail a hansom.

Where the girls go to I know not, to some private place, I suppose, to put up their hair, but the boys have gone to Pilkington's. He is a man with a cane. You may not go to Pilkington's in knickerbockers made by your mother, make she ever so artfully. They must be real knickerbockers. It is his stern rule. Hence the fearful fascination of Pilkington's.

He may be conceived as one who, baiting his hook with real knickerbockers, fishes all day in the Gardens, which are to him but a pool swarming with small fry.

Abhorred shade! I know not what manner of man thou art in the flesh, sir, but figure thee bearded and blackavised, and of a lean tortuous habit of body, that moves ever with a swish. Every morning, I swear, thou readest avidly the list of male births in thy paper, and then are thy hands rubbed gloatingly the one upon the other. 'Tis fear of thee and thy gown and thy cane, which are part of thee, that makes the fairies to hide by day; wert thou to linger but once among their haunts between the hours of Lock-out and Open Gates there would be left not one single gentle place in all the Gardens. The little people would flit. How much wiser they than the small boys who swim glamoured to thy crafty hook. Thou devastator of the Gardens, I know thee, Pilkington.

I first heard of Pilkington from David, who had it from Oliver Bailey.

This Oliver Bailey was one of the most dashing figures in the Gardens, and without apparent effort was daily drawing nearer the completion of his seventh year at a time when David seemed unable to get beyond half-past five. I have to speak of him in the past tense, for gone is Oliver from the Gardens (gone to Pilkington's) but he is still a name among us, and some lordly deeds are remembered of him, as that his father shaved twice a day. Oliver himself was all on that scale.

His not ignoble ambition seems always to have been to be wrecked upon an island, indeed I am told that he mentioned it insinuatingly in his prayers, and it was perhaps inevitable that a boy with such an outlook should fascinate David. I am proud, therefore, to be able to state on wood that it was Oliver himself who made the overture.

On first hearing, from some satellite of Oliver's, of Wrecked Islands, as they are called in the Gardens, David said wistfully that he supposed you needed to be very very good before you had any chance of being wrecked, and the remark was conveyed to Oliver, on whom it made an uncomfortable impression. For a time he tried to evade it, but ultimately David was presented to him and invited gloomily to say it again. The upshot was that Oliver advertised the Gardens of his intention to be good until he was eight, and if he had not been wrecked by that time, to be as jolly bad as a boy could be. He was naturally so bad that at the Kindergarten Academy, when the mistress ordered whoever had done the last naughty deed to step forward, Oliver's custom had been to step forward, not necessarily because he had done it, but because he presumed he very likely had.

The friendship of the two dated from this time, and at first I thought Oliver discovered generosity in hasting to David as to an equal; he also walked hand in hand with him, and even reproved him for delinquencies like a loving elder brother. But 'tis a gray world even in the Gardens, for I found that a new arrangement had been made which reduced Oliver to life-size. He had wearied of well-doing, and passed it on, so to speak, to his friend. In other words, on David now devolved the task of being good until he was eight, while Oliver clung to him so closely that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the one could not be wrecked without the other.

When this was made known to me it was already too late to break the spell of Oliver, David was top-heavy with pride in him, and, faith, I began to find myself very much in the cold, for Oliver was frankly bored by me and even David seemed to think it would be convenient if I went and sat with Irene. Am I affecting to laugh? I was really distressed and lonely, and rather bitter; and how humble I became. Sometimes when the dog Joey is unable, by frisking, to induce Porthos to play with him he stands on his hind legs and begs it of him, and I do believe I was sometimes as humble as Joey. Then David would insist on my being suffered to join them, but it was plain that he had no real occasion for me.

It was an unheroic trouble, and I despised myself. For years I had been fighting Mary for David, and had not wholly failed though she was advantaged by the accident of relationship; was I now to be knocked out so easily by a seven year old? I reconsidered my weapons, and I fought Oliver and beat him. Figure to yourself those two boys become as faithful to me as my coat-tails.

With wrecked islands I did it. I began in the most unpretentious way by telling them a story which might last an hour, and favored by many an unexpected wind it lasted eighteen months. It started as the wreck of the simple Swiss family who looked up and saw the butter tree, but soon a glorious inspiration of the night turned it into the wreck of David A— and Oliver Bailey. At first it was what they were to do when they were wrecked, but imperceptibly it became what they had done. I spent much of my time staring reflectively at the titles of the boys' stories in the booksellers' windows, whistling for a breeze, so to say, for I found that the titles were even more helpful than the stories. We wrecked everybody of note, including all Homer's most taking characters and the hero of Paradise Lost. But we suffered them not to land. We stripped them of what we wanted and left them to wander the high seas naked of adventure. And all this was merely the beginning.

By this time I had been cast upon the island. It was not my own proposal, but David knew my wishes, and he made it all right for me with Oliver. They found me among the breakers with a large dog, which had kept me afloat throughout that terrible night. I was the sole survivor of the ill-fated *Anna Pink*. So exhausted was I that they had to carry me to their hut, and great was my gratitude when on opening my eyes, I found myself in that romantic edifice instead of in Davy Jones's locker. As we walked in the Gardens I told them of the hut they had built; and they were inflated but not surprised. On the other hand, they looked for surprise from me.

"Did we tell you about the turtle we turned on its back?" asked Oliver, reverting to deeds of theirs of which I had previously told them.

"You did."

"Who turned it?" demanded David, not as one who needed information but after the manner of a schoolmaster.

"It was turned," I said, "by David A—, the younger of the two youths."

"Who made the monkeys fling cocoa-nuts at him?" asked the older of the two youths.

"Oliver Bailey," I replied.

"Was it Oliver," asked David sharply, "that found the cocoa-nut-tree first?"

"On the contrary," I answered, "it was first observed by David, who immediately climbed it, remarking, 'This is certainly the *cocos-nucifera*, for, see, dear Oliver, the slender columns supporting the crown of leaves which fall with a grace that no art can imitate.'"

"That's what I said," remarked David with a wave of his hand.

"I said things like that too," Oliver insisted.

"No, you didn't then," said David.

"Yes, I did so."

"No, you didn't so."

"Shut up."

"Well, then, let's hear one you said."

Oliver looked appealingly at me. "The following," I announced, "is one that Oliver said: 'Truly, dear comrade, though the perils of these happenings are great, and our privations calculated to break the stoutest heart, yet to be rewarded by such fair sights I would en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dure still greater trials and still rejoice even as the bird on yonder bough.'"

"That's one I said!" crowed Oliver.

"I shot the bird," said David instantly.

"What bird?"

"The yonder bird."

"No, you didn't."

"Did I not shoot the bird?"

"It was David who shot the bird," I said, "but it was Oliver who saw by its multi-colored plumage that it was one of the *Psittacidæ*, an excellent substitute for partridge."

"You didn't see that," said Oliver, rather swollen.

"Yes, I did."

"What did you see?"

"I saw that."

"What?"

"You shut up."

"David shot it," I summed up, "and Oliver knew its name, but I ate it. Do you remember how hungry I was?"

"Rather!" said David.

"I cooked it," said Oliver.

"It was served up on toast," I reminded them.

"I toasted it," said David.

"Toast from the bread-fruit-tree," I said, "which (as you both remarked simultaneously) bears two and sometimes three crops in the year, and also affords a serviceable gum for the pitching of canoes."

"I pitched mine best," said Oliver.

"I pitched mine farthest," said David.

"And when I had finished my repast," said I, "you amazed me by handing me a cigar from the tobacco-plant."

"I handed it," said Oliver.

"I snicked off the end," said David.

"And then," said I, "you gave me a light."

"Which of us?" they cried together.

"Both of you," I said. "Never shall I forget my amazement when I saw you get that light by rubbing two sticks together."

At this they waggled their heads. "You couldn't have done it!" said David.

"No, David," I admitted, "I can't do it, but of course I know that all wrecked boys do it quite easily. Show me how you did it."

But after consulting apart they agreed not to show me. I was not shown everything.

David was now firmly convinced that he had once been wrecked on an island, while Oliver passed his days in dubiety. They used to argue it out together and among their friends. As I unfolded the story Oliver listened with an open knife in his hand, and David who was not allowed to have a knife wore a pirate-string round his waist. Irene in her usual interfering way objected to this bauble and dropped disparaging remarks about wrecked islands which were little to her credit. I was for defying her, but David, who had the knack of women, knew a better way; he craftily proposed that we "should let Irene in," in short, should wreck her, and though I objected, she proved a great success and recognized the *yucca filamentosa* by its long narrow leaves the very day she joined us. Thereafter we had no more scoffing from Irene, who listened to the story as hotly as anybody.

This encouraged us in time to let in David's father and mother, though they never knew it unless he told them, as I have no doubt he did. They were admitted primarily to gratify David, who was very soft-hearted and knew that while he was on the island they must be missing him very much at home. So we let them in, and there was no part of the story he liked better than that which told of the joyous meeting. We were in need of another woman at any rate, someone more romantic looking than Irene, and Mary, I can assure her now, had a busy time of it. She was constantly being carried off by cannibals, and David became quite an adept at plucking her from the very pot itself and springing from cliff to cliff with his lovely burden in his arms. There was seldom a Saturday in which David did not kill his man.

I shall now provide the proof that David believed it all to be true as true. It was told me by Oliver, who had it from our hero himself. I had described to them how the savages tattooed David's father, and Oliver informed me that one night shortly afterward David was discovered softly lifting the blankets off his father's legs to have a look at the birds and reptiles etched thereon.

Thus many months passed with no word

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Pilkington, and you may be asking where he was all this time. Ah, my friends, he was very busy fishing, though I was as yet unaware of his existence. Most suddenly I heard the whirr of his hated reel, as he struck a fish. I remember that grim day with *painful* vividness, it was a wet day, indeed I think it has rained for me more or less ever since. As soon as they joined me I saw from the manner of the two boys that they had something to communicate. Oliver nudged David and retired a few paces, whereupon David said to me solemnly,

"Oliver is going to Pilkington's."

I immediately perceived that it was some school, but so little did I understand the import of David's remark that I called out jocularly, "I hope he won't swish you, Oliver."

Evidently I had pained both of them, for they exchanged glances and retired for consultation behind a tree, whence David returned to say with emphasis,

"He has two jackets and two waistcoats and two knickerbockers, *all real ones*."

"Well done, Oliver!" said I, but it was the wrong thing again, and once more they disappeared behind the tree. Evidently they decided that the time for plain speaking was come, for now David announced bluntly:

"He wants you not to call him Oliver any longer."

"What shall I call him?"

"Bailey."

"But why?"

"He's going to Pilkington's. And he can't play with us any more after next Saturday."

"Why not?"

"He's going to Pilkington's."

So now I knew the law about the thing, and we moved on together, Oliver stretching himself consciously, and methought that even David walked with a sedater air.

"David," said I, with a sinking, "are you going to Pilkington's?"

"When I am eight," he replied.

"And sha'n't I call you David then, and won't you play with me in the Gardens any more?"

He looked at Bailey, and Bailey signalled to him to be firm.

"Oh, no," said David cheerily.

Thus sharply did I learn how much longer I was to have of him. Strange that a little boy can give so much pain. I dropped his hand and walked on in silence, and presently I did my most churlish to hurt him by ending the story abruptly in a very cruel way. "Ten years have elapsed," said I, "since I last spoke, and our two heroes, now gay young men, are revisiting the wrecked island of their childhood. 'Did we wreck ourselves,' said one, 'or was there someone to help us?' And the other, who was the younger, replied, 'I think there was someone to help us, a man with a dog. I think he used to tell me stories in the Kensington Gardens, but I forget all about him; I don't remember even his name.'"

This tame ending bored Bailey, and he drifted away from us, but David still walked by my side, and he was grown so quiet that I knew a storm was brewing. Suddenly he flashed lightning on me. "It's not true," he cried, "it's a lie!" He gripped my hand. "I sha'n't never forget you, father."

Strange that a little boy can give so much pleasure.

Yet I could go on. "You will forget, David, but there was once a boy who would have remembered."

"Timothy?" said he at once. He thinks Timothy was a real boy, and is very jealous of him. He turned his back to me, and stood alone and wept passionately, while I waited for him. You may be sure I begged his pardon, and made it all right with him, and had him laughing and happy again before I let him go. But nevertheless what I said was true. David is not my boy, and he will forget. But Timothy would have remembered.

XXI

BARBARA

ANOTHER shock was waiting for me farther down the story.

For we had resumed our adventures, though we seldom saw Bailey now. At long intervals we met him on our way to or from the Gardens, and, if there was none from Pilkington's to mark him, me-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thought he looked at us somewhat longingly, as if beneath his real knickerbockers a morsel of the egg-shell still adhered. Otherwise he gave David a not unfriendly kick in passing, and called him "youngster." That was about all.

When Oliver disappeared from the life of the Gardens we had lofted him out of the story, and did very well without him, extending our operations to the mainland, where they were on so vast a scale that we were rapidly depopulating the earth. And then said David one day,

"Shall we let Barbara in?"

We had occasionally considered the giving of Bailey's place to some other child of the Gardens, divers of David's year having sought election, even with bribes; but Barbara was new to me.

"Who is she?" I asked.

"She's my sister."

You may imagine how I gaped.

"She hasn't come yet," David said lightly, "but she's coming."

I was shocked, not perhaps so much shocked as disillusioned, for though I had always suspicioned Mary A— as one who harbored the craziest ambitions when she looked most humble, of such presumption as this I had never thought her capable.

I wandered across the Broad Walk to have a look at Irene, and she was wearing an unmistakable air. It set me reflecting about Mary's husband and his manner the last time we met, for though I have had no opportunity to say so, we still meet now and again, and he has even dined with me at the club. On these occasions the subject of Timothy is barred, and if by any unfortunate accident Mary's name is mentioned, we immediately look opposite ways and a silence follows, in which I feel sure he is smiling, and wonder what the deuce he is smiling at. I remembered now that I had last seen him when I was dining with him at his club (for he is become member of a club of painter fellows, and Mary is so proud of this that she has had it printed on his card), when undoubtedly he had looked preoccupied. It had been the look, I saw now, of one who shared a guilty secret.

As all was thus suddenly revealed to me I laughed unpleasantly at myself, for, on my soul, I had been thinking well of Mary of late. Always foolishly inflated about David, she had been grudging him even to me during these last weeks, and I had forgiven her, putting it down to a mother's love. I knew from the poor boy of unwonted treats she had been giving him; I had seen her embrace him furtively in a public place, her every act, in so far as they were known to me, had been a challenge to whoever dared assert that she wanted anyone but David. How could I, not being a woman, have guessed that she was really saying good-by to him?

Reader, picture to yourself that simple little boy playing about the house at this time, on the understanding that everything was going on as usual. Have not his toys acquired a new pathos, especially the engine she bought him yesterday?

Did you look him in the face, Mary, as you gave him that engine? I envy you not your feelings, ma'am, when with loving arms he wrapped you round for it. That childish confidence of his to me, in which unwittingly he betrayed you, indicates that at last you have been preparing him for the great change, and I suppose you are capable of replying to me that David is still happy, and even interested. But does he know from you what it really means to him? Rather, I do believe, you are one who would not scruple to give him to understand that B (which you may yet find stands for Benjamin) is primarily a gift for him. In your heart, ma'am, what do you think of this tricking of a little boy?

Suppose David had known what was to happen before he came to you, are you sure he would have come? Undoubtedly there is an unwritten compact in such matters between a mother and her firstborn, and I desire to point out to you that he never breaks it. Again, what will the other boys say when they know? You are outside the criticism of the Gardens, but David is not. Faith, madam, I believe you would have been kinder to wait and let him run the gauntlet at Pilkington's.

You think your husband is a great man now because they are beginning to talk of his foregrounds and middle distances in the newspaper columns that nobody reads. I know you have bought him a velvet coat, and that he has taken a large, airy and commodious studio in Mews Lane,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where you are to be found in a soft material on first and third Wednesdays. Times are changing, but shall I tell you a story here, just to let you see that I am acquainted with it?

Three years ago a certain gallery accepted from a certain artist a picture which he and his wife knew to be monstrous fine. But no one spoke of the picture, no one wrote of it, and no one made an offer for it. Crushed was the artist, sorry for the denseness of connoisseurs was his wife, till the work was bought by a dealer for an anonymous client, and then elated were they both, and relieved also to discover that I was not the buyer. He came to me at once to make sure of this, and remained to walk the floor gloriously as he told me what recognition means to gentlemen of the artistic callings. O, the happy boy!

But months afterward, rummaging at his home in a closet that is usually kept locked, he discovered the picture, there hidden away. His wife backed into a corner and made trembling confession. How could she submit to see her dear's masterpiece ignored by the idiot public, and her dear himself plunged into gloom thereby? She knew as well as he (for had they not been married for years?) how the artistic instinct hungers for recognition, and so with her savings she bought the great work anonymously and stored it away in the closet. At first, I believe, the man raved furiously, but by and by he was on his knees at the feet of this little darling. You know who she was, Mary, but, bless me, I seem to be praising you, and that was not the enterprise on which I set out. What I intended to convey was that though you can now venture on small extravagances, you seem to be going too fast. Look at it how one may, this Barbara idea is undoubtedly a bad business.

How to be even with her? I cast about for a means, and on my lucky day I did conceive my final triumph over Mary, at which I have scarcely as yet dared to hint, lest by discovering it I should spoil my plot. For there has been a plot all the time.

For long I had known that Mary contemplated the writing of a book, my informant being David, who, because I have published a little volume on Military tactics, and am preparing a larger one on the same subject (which I shall never finish), likes to watch my methods of composition, how I dip, and so on, his desire being to help her. He may have done this on his own initiative, but it is also quite possible that in her desperation she urged him to it; he certainly implied that she had taken to book-writing because it must be easy if I could do it. She also informed him (very inconsiderately), that I did not print my books myself, and this lowered me in the eyes of David, for it was for the printing he had admired me and boasted of me in the Gardens.

"I suppose you didn't make the boxes neither, nor yet the labels," he said to me in the voice of one shorn of belief in everything.

I should say here that my literary labors are abstruse, the token whereof is many rows of boxes nailed against my walls, each labelled with a letter of the alphabet. When I take a note in *A*, I drop it into the *A* box, and so on, much to the satisfaction of David, who likes to drop them in for me. I had now to admit that Wheeler & Gibb made the boxes.

"But I made the labels myself, David."

"They are not so well made as the boxes," he replied.

Thus I had reason to wish ill to Mary's work of imagination, as I presumed it to be, and I said to him with easy brutality, "Tell her about the boxes, David, and that no one can begin a book until they are all full. That will frighten her."

Soon thereafter he announced to me that she had got a box.

"One box!" I said with a sneer.

"She made it herself," retorted David hotly.

I got little real information from him about the work, partly because David loses his footing when he descends to the practical, and perhaps still more because he found me unsympathetic. But when he blurted out the title, "The Little White Bird," I was like one who had read the book to its last page. I knew at once that the white bird was the little daughter Mary would fain have had. Somehow I had always known that she would like to have a little daughter, she was that kind of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

woman, and so long as she had the modesty to see that she could not have one, I sympathized with her deeply, whatever I may have said about her book to David.

In those days Mary had the loveliest ideas for her sad little book, and they came to her mostly in the morning when she was only three-parts awake, but as she stepped out of bed they all flew away like startled birds. I gathered from David that this depressed her exceedingly.

Oh, Mary, your thoughts are much too pretty and holy to show themselves to anyone but yourself. The shy things are hiding within you. If they could come into the open they would not be a book, they would be little Barbara.

But that was not the message I sent her. "She will never be able to write it," I explained to David. "She has not the ability. Tell her I said that."

I remembered now that for many months I had heard nothing of her ambitious project, so I questioned David and discovered that it was abandoned. He could not say why, nor was it necessary that he should, the trivial little reason was at once so plain to me. From that moment all my sympathy with Mary was spilled, and I searched for some means of exulting over her until I found it. It was this. I decided, unknown even to David, to write the book "The Little White Bird," of which she had proved herself incapable, and then when, in the fulness of time, she held her baby on high, implying that she had done a big thing, I was to hold up the book. I venture to think that such a devilish revenge was never before planned and carried out.

Yes, carried out, for this is the book, rapidly approaching completion. She and I are running a neck-and-neck race.

I have also once more brought the story of David's adventures to an abrupt end. "And it really is the end this time, David," I said severely. (I always say that.)

It ended on the coast of Patagonia, whither we had gone to shoot the great Sloth, known to be the largest of animals, though we found his size to have been under-estimated. David, his father and I had flung our limbs upon the beach and were having a last pipe before turning in, while Mary, attired in barbaric splendor, sang and danced before us. It was a lovely evening, and we lolled manlike, gazing, well-content, at the pretty creature.

The night was absolutely still save for the roaring of the Sloths in the distance.

By and by Irene came to the entrance of our cave, where by the light of her torch we could see her exploring a shark that had been harpooned by David earlier in the day.

Everything conduced to repose, and a feeling of gentle peace crept over us, from which we were roused by a shrill cry. It was uttered by Irene, who came speeding to us, bearing certain articles, a watch, a pair of boots, a newspaper, which she had discovered in the interior of the shark. What was our surprise to find in the newspaper intelligence of the utmost importance to all of us. It was nothing less than this, the birth of a new baby in London to Mary.

How strange a method had Solomon chosen of sending us the news.

The bald announcement at once plunged us into a fever of excitement, and next morning we set sail for England. Soon we came within sight of the white cliffs of Albion. Mary could not sit down for a moment, so hot was she to see her child. She paced the deck in uncontrollable agitation.

"So did I!" cried David, when I had reached this point in the story.

On arriving at the docks we immediately hailed a cab.

"Never, David," I said, "shall I forget your mother's excitement. She kept putting her head out of the window and calling to the cabby to go quicker, quicker. How he lashed his horse! At last he drew up at your house, and then your mother, springing out, flew up the steps and beat with her hands upon the door."

David was quite carried away by the reality of it. "Father has the key!" he screamed.

"He opened the door," I said grandly, "and your mother rushed in, and next moment her Benjamin was in her arms."

There was a pause.

"Barbara," corrected David.

"Benjamin," said I doggedly.

"Is that a girl's name?"

"No, it's a boy's name."

"But mother wants a girl," he said, very much shaken.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Just like her presumption," I replied testily. "It is to be a boy, David, and you can tell her I said so."

He was in a deplorable but most unselfish state of mind. A boy would have suited him quite well, but he put self aside altogether and was pertinaciously solicitous that Mary should be given her fancy.

"Barbara," he repeatedly implored me.

"Benjamin," I replied firmly.

For long I was obdurate, but the time was summer, and at last I agreed to play him for it, a two-innings match. If he won it was to be a girl, and if I won it was to be a boy.

XXII

THE CRICKET MATCH

I THINK there has not been so much on a cricket match since the day when Sir Horace Mann walked about Broad Ha'penny agitatedly cutting down the daisies with his stick. And, be it remembered, the heroes of Hambledon played for money and renown only, while David was champion of a lady. A lady! May we not prettily say of two ladies? There were no spectators of our contest except now and again some loiterer in the Gardens who little thought what was the stake for which we played, but cannot we conceive Barbara standing at the ropes and agitatedly cutting down the daisies every time David missed the ball? I tell you, this was the historic match of the Gardens.

David wanted to play on a pitch near the Round Pond with which he is familiar, but this would have placed me at a disadvantage, so I insisted on unaccustomed ground, and we finally pitched stumps in the Figs. We could not exactly pitch stumps, for they are forbidden in the Gardens, but there are trees here and there which have chalk-marks on them throughout the summer, and when you take up your position with a bat near one of these you have really pitched stumps. The tree we selected is a ragged yew which consists of a broken trunk and one branch, and I viewed the ground with secret satisfaction, for it falls slightly at about four yards' distance from the tree, and this exactly suits my style of bowling.

I won the toss, and after examining the wicket decided to take first knock. As a rule when we play the wit at first flows free, but on this occasion I strode to the crease in an almost eerie silence. David had taken off his blouse and rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and his teeth were set, so I knew he would begin by sending me down some fast ones.

His delivery is underhand and not inelegant, but he sometimes tries a round-arm ball, which I have seen double up the fielder at square leg. He has not a good length, but he varies his action bewilderingly, and has one especially teasing ball which falls from the branches just as you have stepped out of your ground to look for it. It was not, however, with his teaser that he bowled me that day. I had notched a three and two singles, when he sent me down a medium to fast which got me in two minds and I played back to it too late. Now, I am seldom out on a really grassy wicket for such a meagre score, and as David and I changed places without a word, there was a cheery look on his face that I found very galling. He ran in to my second ball and cut it neatly to the on for a single, and off my fifth and sixth he had two pretty drives for three, both behind the wicket. This, however, as I hoped, proved the undoing of him, for he now hit out confidently at everything, and with his score at nine I beat him with my shooter.

The look was now on my face.

I opened my second innings by treating him with uncommon respect, for I knew that his little arm soon tired if he was unsuccessful, and then when he sent me loose ones I banged him to the railings. What cared I though David's lips were twitching.

When he ultimately got past my defence, with a jumpy one which broke awkwardly from the off, I had fetched twenty-three so that he needed twenty to win, a longer hand than he had ever yet made. As I gave him the bat he looked brave, but something wet fell on my hand, and then a sudden fear seized me lest David should not win.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the very outset, however, he seemed to master the bowling, and soon fetched about ten runs in a classic manner. Then I tossed him a Yorker which he missed and it went off at a tangent as soon as it had reached the tree. "Not out," I cried hastily, for the face he turned to me was terrible.

Soon thereafter another incident happened, which I shall always recall with pleasure. He had caught the ball too high on the bat, and I just missed the catch. "Dash it all!" said I irritably, and was about to resume bowling, when I noticed that he was unhappy. He hesitated, took up his position at the wicket, and then came to me manfully. "I am a cad," he said in distress, "for when the ball was in the air I prayed." He had prayed that I should miss the catch, and as I think I have already told you, it is considered unfair in the Gardens to pray for victory.

My splendid David! He has the faults of other little boys, but he has a noble sense of fairness. "We shall call it a no-ball, David," I said gravely.

I suppose the suspense of the reader is now painful, and therefore I shall say at once that David won the match with two lovely fours, the one over my head and the other to leg all along the ground. When I came back from fielding this last ball I found him embracing his bat, and to my sour congratulations he could at first reply only with hysterical sounds. But soon he was pelting home to his mother with the glorious news.

And that is how we let Barbara in.

XXIII

THE DEDICATION

IT was only yesterday afternoon, dear reader, exactly three weeks after the birth of Barbara, that I finished the book, and even then it was not quite finished, for there remained the dedication, at which I set to elatedly. I think I have never enjoyed myself more; indeed, it is my opinion that I wrote the book as an excuse for writing the dedication.

"Madam" (I wrote wittily), "I have no desire to exult over you, yet I should show a lamentable obtuseness to the irony of things were I not to dedicate this little work to you. For its inception was yours, and in your more ambitious days you thought to write the tale of the little white bird yourself. Why you so early deserted the nest is not for me to inquire. It now appears that you were otherwise occupied. In fine, madam, you chose the lower road, and contented yourself with obtaining the Bird. May I point out, by presenting you with this dedication, that in the meantime I am become the parent of the Book? To you the shadow, to me the substance. Trusting that you will accept my little offering in a Christian spirit, I am, dear madam," etc.

It was heady work, for the saucy words showed their design plainly through the varnish, and I was re-reading in an ecstasy, when, without warning, the door burst open and a little boy entered, dragging in a faltering lady.

"Father," said David, "this is mother."

Having thus briefly introduced us, he turned his attention to the electric light, and switched it on and off so rapidly that, as was very fitting, Mary and I may be said to have met for the first time to the accompaniment of flashes of lightning. I think she was arrayed in little blue feathers, but if such a costume is not seemly, I swear there were, at least, little blue feathers in her too coquettish cap, and that she was carrying a muff to match. No part of a woman is more dangerous than her muff, and as muffs are not worn in early autumn, even by invalids, I saw in a twink that she had put on all her pretty things to wheedle me. I am also of opinion that she remembered she had worn blue in the days when I watched her from the club-window. Undoubtedly Mary is an engaging little creature, though not my style. She was paler than is her wont, and had the touching look of one whom it would be easy to break. I daresay this was a trick. Her skirts made music in my room, but perhaps this was only because no lady had ever rustled in it before. It was disquieting to me to reflect that despite her obvious uneasiness, she was a very artful woman.

With the quickness of David at the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

switch, I slipped a blotting-pad over the dedication, and then, "Pray be seated," I said coldly, but she remained standing, all in a twitter and very much afraid of me, and I knew that her hands were pressed together within the muff. Had there been any dignified means of escape, I think we would both have taken it.

"I should not have come," she said nervously, and then seemed to wait for some response, so I bowed.

"I was terrified to come, indeed I was," she assured me with obvious sincerity.

"But I have come," she finished rather baldly.

"It is an epitome, ma'am," said I, seeing my chance, "of your whole life," and with that I put her into my elbow-chair.

She began to talk of my adventures with David in the Gardens, and of some little things I have not mentioned here, that I may have done for her when I was in a wayward mood, and her voice was as soft as her muff. She had also an affecting way of pronouncing all her *r's* as *w's*, just as the fairies do. "And so," she said, "as you would not come to me to be thanked, I have come to you to thank you." Whereupon she thanked me most abominably. She also slid one of her hands out of the muff, and though she was smiling her eyes were wet.

"Pooh, ma'am," says I in desperation, but I did not take her hand.

"I am not very strong yet," she said with low cunning. She said this to make me take her hand, so I took it, and perhaps I patted it a little. Then I walked brusquely to the window. The truth is, I was begun to think uncomfortably of the dedication.

I went to the window because, undoubtedly, it would be easier to address her severely from behind, and I wanted to say something that would sting her.

"When you have quite done, ma'am," I said, after a long pause, "perhaps you will allow me to say a word."

I could see the back of her head only, but I knew, from David's face, that she had given him a quick look which did not imply that she was stung. Indeed I felt now, as I had felt before, that though she was agitated and in some fear of me, she was also enjoying herself considerably.

In such circumstances I might as well have tried to sting a sand-bank, so I said, rather off my watch, "If I have done all this for you, why did I do it?"

She made no answer in words, but seemed to grow taller in the chair, so that I could see her shoulders, and I knew from this that she was now holding herself conceitedly and trying to look modest. "Not a bit of it, ma'am," said I sharply, "that was not the reason at all."

I was pleased to see her whisk round, rather indignant at last.

"I never said it was," she retorted with spirit, "I never thought for a moment that it was." She added, a trifle too late in the story, "Besides, I don't know what you are talking of."

I think I must have smiled here, for she turned from me quickly, and became quite little in the chair again.

"David," said I mercilessly, "did you ever see your mother blush?"

"What is blush?"

"She goes a beautiful pink color."

David, who had by this time broken my connection with the head office, crossed to his mother expectantly.

"I don't, David," she cried.

"I think," said I, "she will do it now," and with the instinct of a gentleman I looked away. Thus I cannot tell what happened, but presently David exclaimed admiringly, "Oh, mother, do it again!"

As she would not, he stood on the fender to see in the mantle-glass whether he could do it himself, and then Mary turned a most candid face on me, in which was maternity rather than reproach. Perhaps no look given by woman to man affects him quite so much. "You see," she said radiantly and with a gesture that disclosed herself to me, "I can forgive even that. You long ago earned the right to hurt me if you want to."

It weaned me of all further desire to rail at Mary, and I felt an uncommon drawing to her.

"And if I did think *that* for a little while——," she went on, with an unsteady smile.

"Think what?" I asked, but without the necessary snap.

"What we were talking of," she replied wincing, but forgiving me again. "If I once thought that, it was pretty to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me while it lasted and it lasted but a little time. I have long been sure that your kindness to me was due to some other reason."

"Ma'am," said I very honestly, "I know not what was the reason. My concern for you was in the beginning a very fragile and even a selfish thing, yet not altogether selfish, for I think that what first stirred it was the joyous sway of the little nursery-governess as she walked down Pall Mall to meet her lover. It seemed such a mighty fine thing to you to be loved that I thought you had better continue to be loved for a little longer. And perhaps having helped you once by dropping a letter I was charmed by the ease with which you could be helped, for you must know that I am one who has chosen the easy way for more than twenty years."

She shook her head and smiled. "On my soul," I assured her, "I can think of no other reason."

"A kind heart," said she.

"More likely a whim," said I.

"Or another woman," said she.

I was very much taken aback.

"More than twenty years ago," she said, with a soft huskiness in her voice, and a tremor and a sweetness, as if she did not know that in twenty years all love-stories are grown mouldy.

On my honor as a soldier this explanation of my early solicitude for Mary was one that had never struck me, but the more I pondered it now—. I raised her hand and touched it with my lips, as we whimsical old fellows do when some gracious girl makes us to hear the key in the lock of long ago. "Why, ma'am," I said, "it is a pretty notion, and there may be something in it. Let us leave it at that."

But there was still that accursed dedication, lying, you remember, beneath the blotting-pad. I had no longer any desire to crush her with it. I wished that she had succeeded in writing the book on which her longings had been so set.

"If only you had been less ambitious," I said, much troubled that she should be disappointed in her heart's desire.

"I wanted all the dear delicious things," she admitted contritely.

"It was unreasonable," I said eagerly, appealing to her intellect. "Especially this last thing."

"Yes," she agreed frankly, "I know." And then to my amazement she added triumphantly, "But I got it."

I suppose my look admonished her, for she continued apologetically but still as if she really thought hers had been a romantic career, "I know I have not deserved it, but I got it."

"Oh, ma'am," I cried reproachfully, "reflect. You have not got the great thing." I saw her counting the great things in her mind, her wondrous husband and his obscure success, David, Barbara, and the other trifling contents of her jewel-box.

"I think I have," said she.

"Come madam," I cried a little nettled, "you know that there is lacking the one thing you craved for most of all."

Will you believe me that I had to tell her what it was? And when I had told her she exclaimed with extraordinary callousness, "The book? I had forgotten all about the book!" And then after reflection she added, "Pooh." Had she not added Pooh I might have spared her, but as it was I raised the blotting-pad rather haughtily and presented her with the sheet beneath it.

"What is this?" she asked.

"Ma'am." said I, swelling, "it is a Dedication," and I walked majestically to the window.

There is no doubt that presently I heard an unexpected sound. Yet if indeed it had been a laugh she clipped it short, for in almost the same moment she was looking large-eyed at me and tapping my sleeve impulsively with her fingers, just as David does when he suddenly likes you.

"How characteristic of you," she said at the window.

"Characteristic," I echoed uneasily. "Ha!"

"And how kind."

"Did you say kind, ma'am?"

"But it is I who have the substance and you who have the shadow, as you know very well," said she.

Yes, I had always known that this was the one flaw in my dedication, but how could I have expected her to have the wit to see it? I was very depressed.

"And there is another mistake," said she.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Excuse me, ma'am, but that is the only one."

"It was never of my little white bird I wanted to write," she said.

I looked politely incredulous, and then indeed she overwhelmed me. "It was of your little white bird," she said, "it was of a little boy whose name was Timothy."

She had a very pretty way of saying Timothy, so David and I went into another room to leave her alone with the manuscript of this poor little book, and when we returned she had the greatest surprise of the day for me. She was both laughing and crying, which was no surprise, for all of us would laugh and cry over a book about such an interesting subject as ourselves, but said she, "How wrong you are in thinking this book is about me and mine, it is really all about Timothy."

At first I deemed this to be uncommon nonsense, but as I considered I saw that she was probably right again, and I gazed crestfallen at this very clever woman.

"And so," said she, clapping her hands after the manner of David when he makes a great discovery, "it proves to be my book after all."

"With all your pretty thoughts left out," I answered, properly humbled.

She spoke in a lower voice as if David must not hear. "I had only one pretty thought for the book," she said, "I was to give it a happy ending." She said this so timidly that I was about to melt to her when she added with extraordinary boldness, "The little white bird was to bear an olive-leaf in its mouth. Peter Pan, who is really Timothy, was not to find the window closed."

For a long time she talked to me earnestly of a grand scheme on which she had set her heart, and ever and anon she tapped on me as if to get admittance for her ideas. I listened respectfully, smiling at this young thing for carrying it so motherly to me, and in the end I had to remind her that I was forty-seven years of age.

"It is quite young for a man," she said brazenly.

"My father," said I, "was not forty-seven when he died, and I remember thinking him an old man."

"But you don't think so now, do you?" she persisted, "you feel young occasionally, don't you? Sometimes when you are playing with David in the Gardens your youth comes swinging back, does it not?"

"Mary A—," I cried, grown afraid of the woman, "I forbid you to make any more discoveries to-day."

But still she hugged her scheme, which I doubt not was what had brought her to my rooms. "They are very dear women," said she coaxingly.

"I am sure," I said, "they must be dear women if they are friends of yours."

"They are not exactly young," she faltered, "and perhaps they are not very pretty——"

But she had been reading so recently about the darling of my youth that she halted abashed at last, feeling, I apprehend, a stop in her mind against proposing this thing to me, who, in those presumptuous days, had thought to be content with nothing less than the loveliest lady in all the land.

My thoughts had reverted also, and for the last time my eyes saw the little hut through the pinewood haze. I met Mary there, and we came back to the present together.

I have already told you, reader, that this conversation took place no longer ago than yesterday.

"Very well, ma'am," I said, trying to put a brave face on it, "I will come to your tea-parties, and we shall see what we shall see."

It was really all she had asked for, but now that she had got what she wanted of me the foolish soul's eyes became wet, she knew so well that the youthful romances are the best.

It was now my turn to comfort her. "In twenty years," I said, smiling at her tears, "a man grows humble, Mary. I have stored within me a great fund of affection, with nobody to give it to, and I swear to you, on the word of a soldier, that if there is one of those ladies who can be got to care for me I shall be very proud." Despite her semblance of delight I knew that she was wondering at me, and I wondered at myself, but it was true.

THE END.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

MERCUTIO wreaked all his dislike upon a man that fought "by the book." I have a mortal grudge against one that talks by the book. Let a man write himself into syntactical tangles that would befuddle a German philosopher; let him be pompous as Sir William Temple; let him be purposely archaic as Spenser or as full of coinages as Shakespeare, as parenthetical as Browning or as antithetical as Swinburne; let him follow any whim or scholasticism to the death, so long as he commits bookishness only on paper. But heaven preserve me from frequent encounter with the fatal bore that talks bookishly. I am not patient with the unco' learned who interlard their speech with those crackling "by which's" and "to whom's" rather than seek the direct colloquial forthright that gives them an honest, stout preposition to end a sentence with. Now, the torment of bookishness in actual talk is bad enough; but you can always escape by running, or at least call the police. What refuge is there, though, from the bookish talk of the characters in fiction? When an author is before the curtain *in propria persona*, one is not offended necessarily by magniloquence or over-nicety of construction, but when he steps back and pulls the strings that work his puppets' jaws, then surely, surely he must talk like talk, and not like composition.

Bookishness in Books.

Doctor Johnson, when he conversed, was as straightforward as a boxer's "short-arm jab," and the world thanks Boswell for the presentation of the sage impersonating himself. On the other hand, one may also like the old lexicographer when he is writing his most Johnsonese (though you might sometimes wonder if he were not trying on the sly to encourage the use of his dictionary). I love him when he moves in his *largo pomposo* mood. Every "not only—but also," each "he was not ——, nor was he," the constant appearance of his pet word "without," and all his latinity, I like; but when his people begin to talk I shudder; for they simply open their mouths while he grinds out the same old syntactics, and their speech is only Johnsonese, with quotation marks at either end. Thus Pekuah, when Rasselas asks about the Arab and his seraglio-women:

> "He was not exalted in his own esteem by the smiles of a woman who saw no other man, nor was much obliged by that regard of which he could never know the sincerity, and which he might often perceive to be exerted, not so much to delight him as to pain a rival."

Of course the poor old Doctor wrote the book in seven evenings to pay an undertaker's bill, and he never saw the proofs of it, but it is to be doubted if he would have made any change at his leisure, except to load his sentences a little fuller. Scott, too, was writing against time and money, much of his days, but that again does not explain all of his sins. I think I got my first dread of stilted conversations from this paragraph in "Old Mortality" (Chapter XXXVII.):

> "And yet," she said, "such is the waywardness with which my heart reverts to former times, that I cannot" (she burst into tears) "suppress a degree of ominous reluctance at fulfilling my engagement upon such a brief summons."

Read years and years ago, the wax-worksiness of that paragraph sticks to a memory whence all the rest of the story has faded. When Scott is dealing with churls who talk dialect his conversations have much human naturalness, though a whit too much spiced with his lore; but when his great people talk —plausibility vanishes!

That little interpolation: "she burst into tears," is largely to blame for the wreck of its context, and similar gimlet-holes have scuttled other ambitious emotional passages. A large part of the unnaturalness of unnatural book-talk comes from just this parenthetical mistake; often the clause is thrown in by the speaker himself in a manner the reader resents as impossible colloquially, however elegant grammatically. Even the alertly humorous Jane Austen falls into this trap often, as in "Sense and Sensibility" (Chapter IV.):

> "Of his sense and goodness," continued Elinor, "no one can, I think, be in doubt, who has seen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him often enough to engage him in unreserved conversation. The excellence of his understanding and his principles can be concealed only by that shyness which too often keeps him silent. Of his minute propensities, as you call them, you have from peculiar circumstances been kept more ignorant than myself," etc.

You would expect such a manner of Richardson, though his ready-letter-writer scheme somewhat licenses him; but even that cannot palliate this from Lovelace, who is recounting one of his advances to Clarissa Harlowe:

"O think not, best beloved of my heart," said I, "think not, that this motion, which you may believe to be so contrary to your former injunctions, proceeds from a design to avail myself of the cruelty of your relations: if I have disobliged you by it (and you know with what respectful tenderness I have presumed to hint it) it shall be my utmost care for the future—there I stopped."

Goldsmith's Vicar grows so lofty in his excitement that he shifts from "you" to "thou" in the same speeches; and his children talk fearful and wonderful syntax at times. Even jovial Harry Fielding has his slips. Hear Booth talking to Amelia:

"Compassion, if thoroughly examined, will, I believe, appear to be the fellow-feeling only of men of the same rank and degree of life for one another, on account of the evils to which they themselves are liable."

Fenimore Cooper goes farther, and puts the dialect of his woodsmen and the oratory of his Indians into bookish phrase-carpentry. The historical novelists are particularly prone to this, but in a work of to-day one cannot plead that in excuse for an author. Is there anything to say in defence of the stiltedness of the talk of most of the people of the current novel "Janice Meredith," into whose mouths Mr. Ford puts language which his researches should have shown him to be unnatural to their time or their habits? Washington, in this book, as one reviewer puts it, "moves like a marionette, and talks, for the most part, like a message to Congress." The thing is catching, evidently, for this is the passionate syntax of an aide, who has been caught in a forgery:

"Your Excellency's every word," said Jack, with tears in his eyes, "cuts me to the heart, the more that nothing you can say can increase the blame I put upon myself. I beg of you, sir, to believe me when I say that, be your grief what it may, it can never equal mine."

The worst of such work is that, for all its evidence of painstaking, for all its ostensible culture, it has an illiterate look. It shows a failure to understand or to present the spoken emotion of a serious mind. The cheap melodramas have a plenty of such bathos. A genuinely colloquial speech made under stress is a mighty hard thing to imagine and write; it is a double triumph when achieved.

Perhaps the chief miracle of Shakespeare's style is his ability to hypnotize his people into uttering his frailest conceits or his biggest hyperboles without straining the seemliness or the conviction of the moment. But only one Shakespeare is given to a language, and the sincerest flattery of him is flight from imitation. There is a safety in Thackeray's ruse of making everything colloquial, author's talk and all. There is a fascinating possibility in going sometimes to the length of Dickens, who could put illiteracy and dialect into his own indirect discourse, on this wise:

Miggs howled at this remark in a peculiarly dismal way, and said she knowed that master hated her. That to make divisions was a thing she could not abear to think of, neither could her feelings let her do it. That if it was master's wishes as she and him should part it was best they should part, and she hoped he might be the happier for it, and always wishes him well, and that he might find somebody as would meet his dispositions. It would be a hard trial, she said, to part from such a missis, but she could meet any suffering when her conscience told her she was in the rights . . . . She did not think, she added, that she could long survive the separations, but as she was hated and looked upon unpleasant, perhaps her dying as soon as possible would be the best endings for all parties.

It is a far, far better thing for a writer to yield to the infection of his characters and write colloquially, than to invert his duty and give the children of his brain that ugliest of diseases, bookish aphasia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART

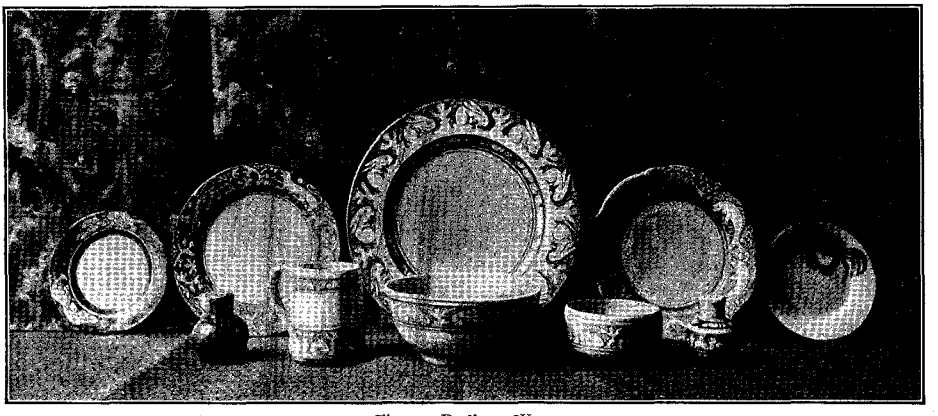


Fig. 1.—Dedham Ware.

AMERICAN POTTERY

IF we were to reckon up the establishments in which artistic pottery is made, in the United States, we should find as many as ten such enterprises. This does not include painters on pottery or porcelain which has been bought ready-made and fired. A great deal of that sort of work is done; persons who are skilful in the painting of flowers and in the invention of decorative patterns will buy bowls and vases of French porcelain and paint upon these, as upon panel or paper, with pleasing results; but, at present, we are not considering these in connection with the making of decorative pottery. The potter is he who makes his vessel, complete, with a view to its subsequent decoration, and decorates it afterward, with a view to its make: holding both processes in his own hands. And in speaking of this artistic industry in the United States, new in its present development, although not so new in the case of one or two establishments, we will speak first of some of those who deal with porcelain or very hard ceramic ware of some kind, the decoration of which is in strict accordance with its character as an earthenware of close and compact body. It does not appear that stoneware, properly so-called, is made by any of these establishments. Porcelain in its true sense is made by at least one maker, probably by

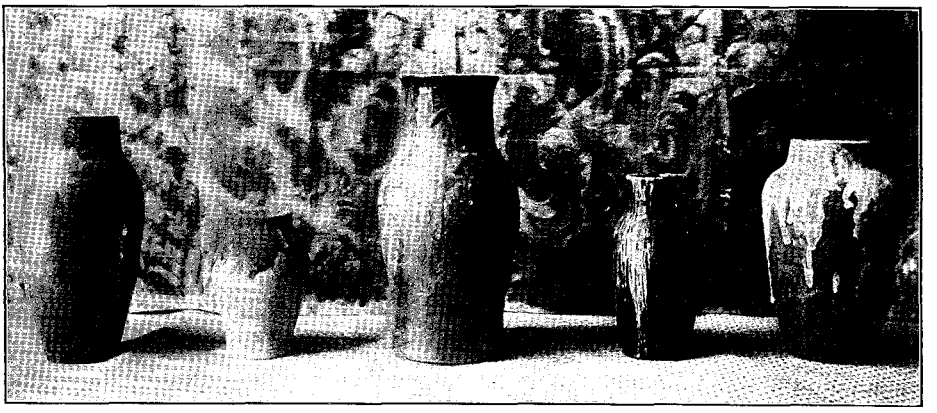


Fig. 2.—Dedham Ware.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two. The complex character of the paste used by some potters, and the tendency in all cases away from the simpler work of old times with natural clay, used nearly as originally found, has caused in America, as in Europe, and, perhaps, in the East, an inclination to assimilate porcelain to fine hard pottery and the reverse. Thus there are among the wares to be named here some which are certainly porcelanous; and these remind us of the cheaper Chinese wares, "Canton" and "Nanking"—those which have been exported for many decades from China to the western lands, and which are certainly of the nature of porcelain, however non-translucent they are and however coarse and commonplace their make and decoration. Pieces of American make, of very refined treatment, considered as works of art, have somewhat the same character of a very hard ware fired at high temperature and capable of enduring almost any extent of table service, while yet they are not porcelain in the usual sense of that term.

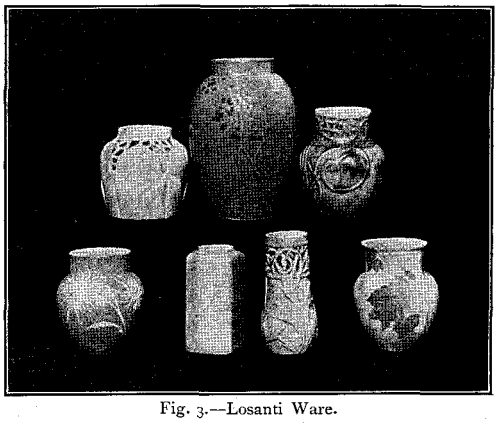


Fig. 3.—Losanti Ware.

Thus, the ware known a few years ago as Chelsea, from the Massachusetts village of that name, and now, since its removal, known as Dedham ware, is widely known for its beautiful soft grayish-white color, its bold crackle passing from a mesh a quarter of an inch on either side to a much smaller—a very fine and delicate crackle, indeed—and for its decoration in subdued blue. This blue color is cleverly used to form a background to the desired pattern; thus, in the case of a large plate, the centre is left plain, the hollow cove between the "cavetto" and the "marly" is painted in blue, so arranged that the color forms the background to a simple pattern reserved in the grayish-white color of the piece, and the marly itself is painted in a much conventionalized pattern of plant or animal form, treated exactly in the same way. Thus, in Fig. 1, the largest plate and the bowls and cups have a border of rabbits differently combined with suggestions of tree-stumps or little bushes. Three of the other plates are adorned with American wildcats of some kind, with what are meant for dolphins or porpoises, and with turtles, all painted in the manner above described, while one only is painted directly in blue upon the gray ground, and that rather loosely and carelessly done. This Dedham ware is found to be excellent for table use. It is hard, and the pieces may be heated as often as desired without apparent injury. There are other kinds of pottery made by Mr. Robertson in the same works, and these are of radically different character; they get their artistic character, such as it is, from the employment of glazes of different colors which are allowed to run freely down the sides of the piece. Some vases so adorned, dark gray and dull green in surface, are interesting pieces. The vases shown in our Fig. 2 are more elaborate. The central piece is eleven and a half inches high, and this and one or two of the smaller ones are brilliant in color, with decided red and yellow mingling with the grays and browns.

It cannot be too often urged that this way of adorning a piece is in a sense a shirking of the difficulty. If you cannot decorate you can at least splash; that seems to be the thought at the bottom of such adornment. But let it be also recognized that the taste for such happy-accident decoration is widespread, prevailing in the Orient as well as among European lands, and that it is a growing taste with us to-day. Even the most artistically minded collectors will value "single-color" pieces and "flashed" or "flambé" pieces, such as are those in Fig. 2, often caring more for them apparently than for the wares decorated with more elaborately designed and certainly more intelligent decoration by hand-painting.

As a great contrast to the Dedham wares of both kinds we may take the work of Miss McLaughlin, of Cincinnati, a kind of porcelain which she has named Losanti-ware. It appears that the clay is found in the Ohio Valley

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

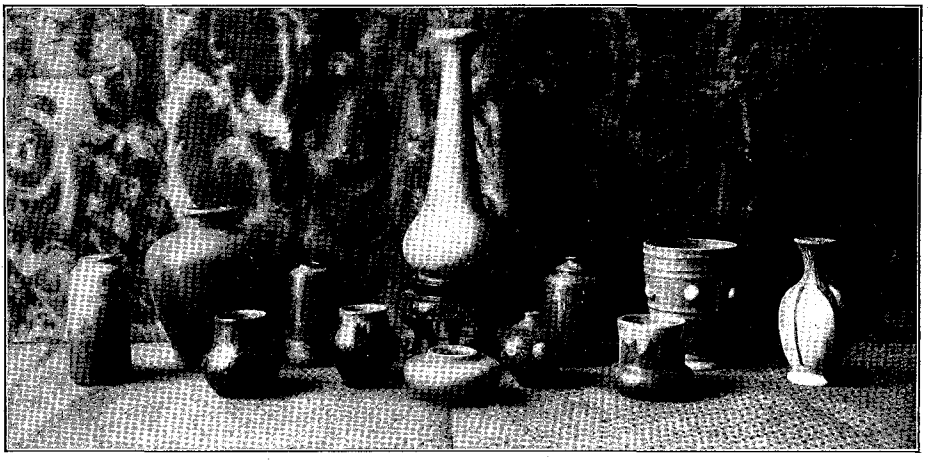


Fig. 4.—Chelsea Ware of the Low Tile Company.

—perhaps the material for the glaze is found there also; at least, we have here a real porcelain of American origin and carried out with extraordinary delicacy, forethought, and purpose. Fig. 3 shows a number of the smaller pieces of this ware, the highest and central one being six and a half inches high and glazed in bluish green passing into blue, the gradation not very perfectly managed; while the modelling and placing of the bare branch with purple berries is an admirable piece of design based on natural form. The small vase on the left of the lower row is pale lavender in color and the chrysanthemums are rather deeply impressed and pure white. This is a delicate piece of pottery, although the glaze has not succeeded perfectly. The right-hand piece in the upper row is an experiment in that process which gives "The grain of rice" wares of China and Persia, the piercings in the paste being filled by the glaze alone so as to show a translucent pattern. The flower-painting in these pieces is very well imagined indeed, severe and decorative. So, in a piece with deep-blue glaze, the flowers are in white. Other pieces, with vine forms in relief or with snakes in almost complete detachment from the body, are equally realistic (for the beast has been carefully studied in either case) and in these the color is subdued and quiet. All these are naturalistic designs, but still designs: the pieces are not perfect in form nor flawless in coloring, but full of interest.

The Low Tile Works, at Chelsea, Mass., which used to supply the market with wall tiles of admirable effectiveness worked in relief, with heads in medallions and similar designs of classical character, offers now such pieces as are shown in Fig. 6. Our business is not with tiles at present; that great subject must be treated by itself. It is the more pleasant to be able to praise the delicate and refined little pieces shown in the way of vases and cups. In Fig. 6 the central and highest piece is ten and a half inches high without including the stand; accordingly the cup on the right, that with the projecting half-balls,

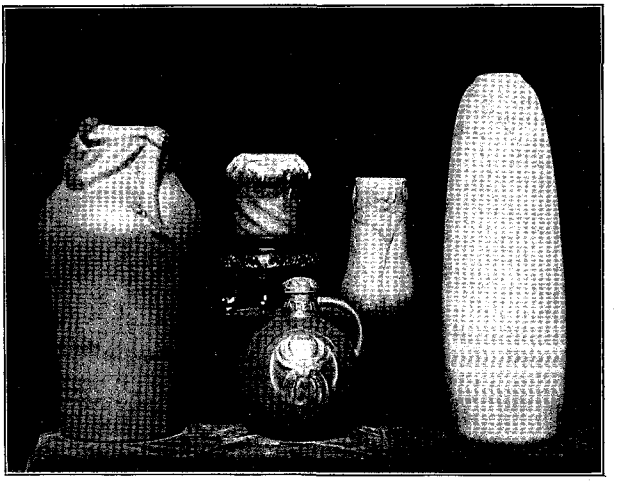


Fig. 5.—Van Briggles Ware, Colorado Springs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is a good-sized goblet holding perhaps a pint. It will be noticed that flower decoration and the like is not carried far in any of these pieces. It will be recognized at once by everyone who knows the conditions that such flower-painting, animal-painting, leaf-painting, scroll-painting, as is a commonplace in the East, is so difficult to procure even in artistic France that the modern attempts at bold design practically ignore it, while in the United States the difficulty is, of course, tenfold greater.

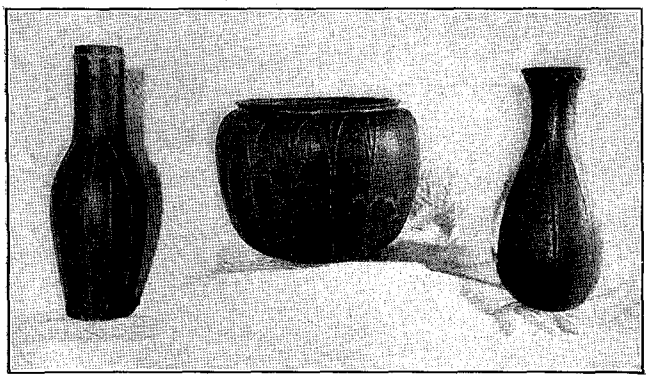


Fig. 6.—Grueby Ware.

The work of Artus Van Briggle, of Colorado Springs, is frankly confessed as being in the spirit of the very recent style of design known as *l'art nouveau*. In Fig. 7 the vase on the left hand is thirteen inches high and of the color of unbaked gingerbread—a disagreeable color to some persons—but its peculiarity is in the nude male figure which nearly encircles the lip. This figure is so posed that the profile of the face is seen relieved in light upon the darkness of the interior; it is modelled with vigor and its pose is not without grace. As to the general scheme of an adornment found in the use of the human body, that and nothing else, combined with the otherwise severe, and as it were, utilitarian form of the piece, it is one with a vast amount of recent work in bronze, silver, block-tin and ceramic ware of different sorts, and forms part of a system of design which has spread all through Belgium, France, and Germany, the subject of heated controversy, defended and attacked with equal vigor by persons interested in a revival of the lost art of decorative design. In the same Fig. 7 the jug with the handle and stopper is decorated with some allusion to American-Indian methods of design, and bears the inscription, Fire-Water.

The work of the Grueby Faïence Company, of Boston, has been for the last three years well known to amateurs of ceramic wares, and has excited very great interest because of the extraordinary beauty of its forms and the well-applied surface decoration in slight relief. The circulars and announcements of 1899–1900 speak of the designs as being entirely by Mr. George Prentiss Kendrick. No change in this arrangement has been made known; and yet it has seemed best to give, in Figs. 6 and 7, pieces of that old-time rather than the more recent productions. The dark-green pieces, of which three are shown in Fig. 6, were faultless, as they were exhibited in the winter of 1899-1900—faultless in general outline and in the placing of those slight ridges and slight undulations which express the delicate leaf-forms investing the rounded mass of the vase as acanthus leaves invest a Corinthian capital. Fig. 7 shows white pieces of similar make; undecorated white vases of the same epoch—those which approach in simple charm the crackled white porcelains of China, and which are most important to our notice of modern pottery. They are less novel, less original, in design; but it is not originality in any striking way that is to be asked for. Beautiful modifications of beautiful old types are what we ask. R. S.

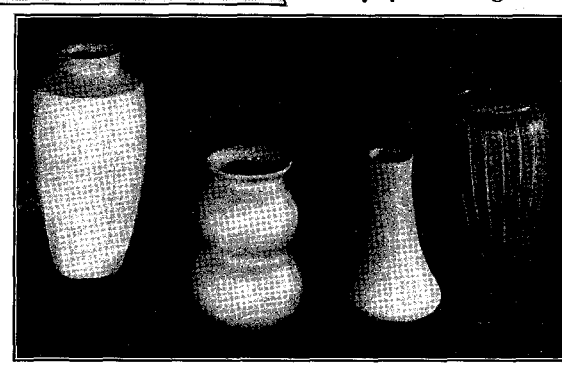
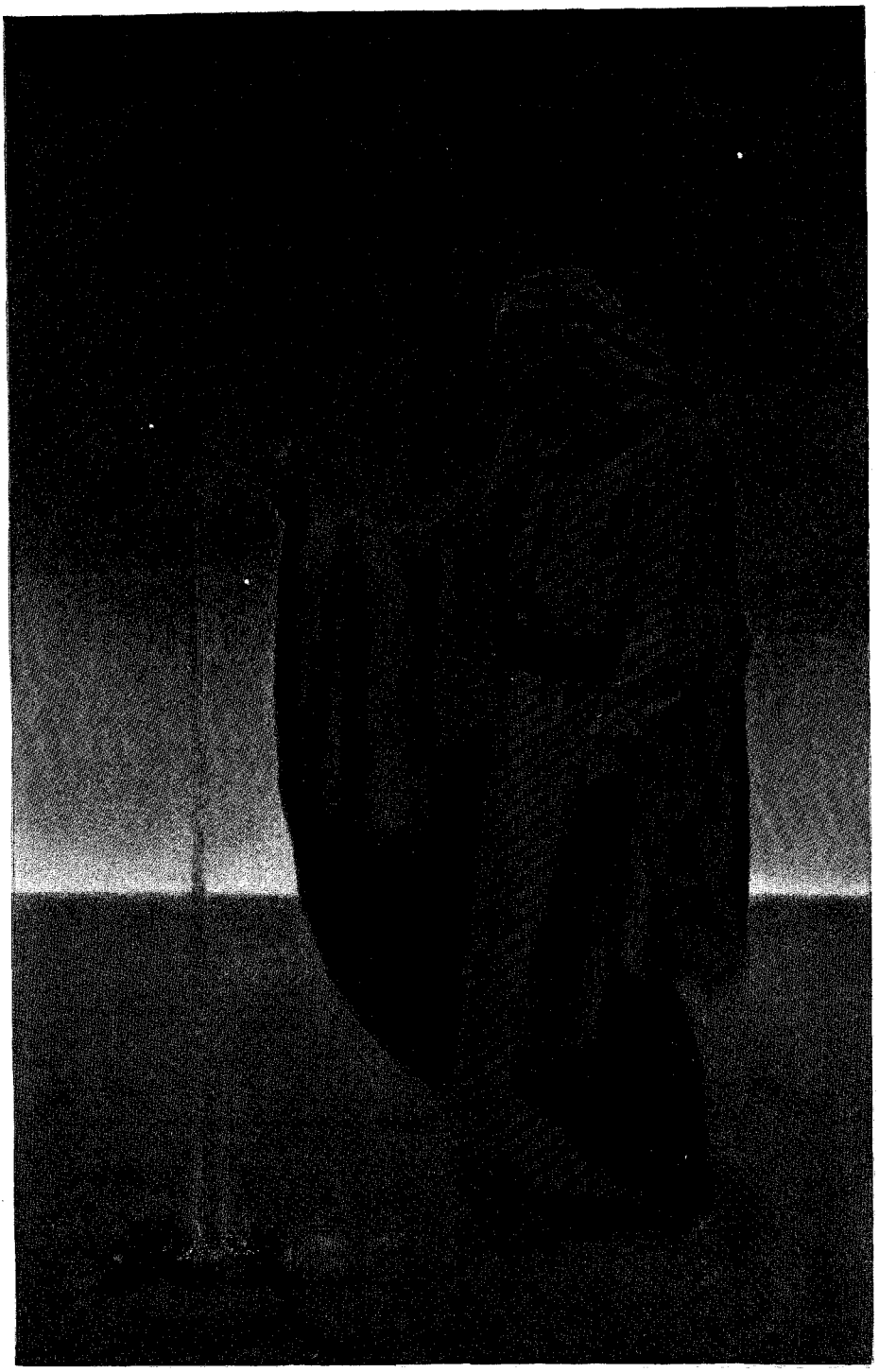


Fig. 7.—Grueby Ware.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

HE . . . DREW OUT TWO FLOWERS, ONE WITHERED, THE OTHER FRESH.

—"The Desert," page 736.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED